



Post-Crisis Earth  
1975

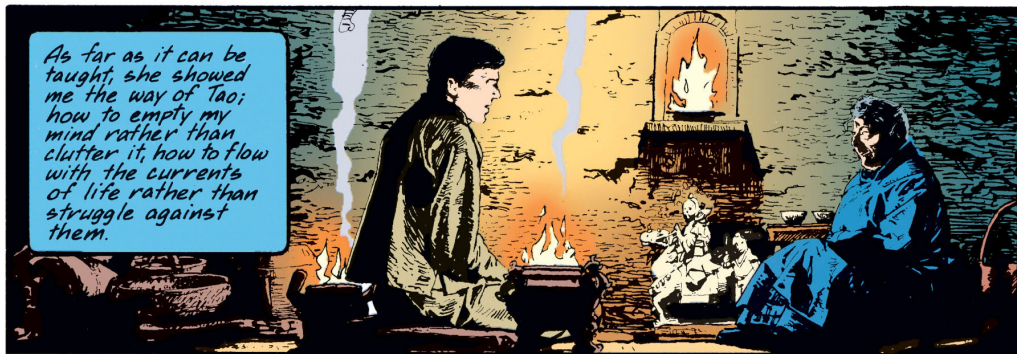


1975-01-01

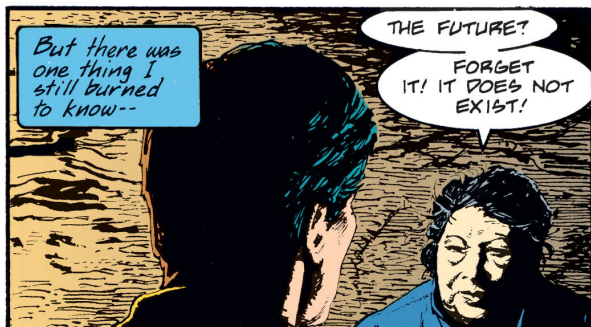
TANGGULA



I stayed three months with the sage Shao-La in her mountain fastness.



As far as it can be taught, she showed me the way of Tao; how to empty my mind rather than clutter it, how to flow with the currents of life rather than struggle against them.



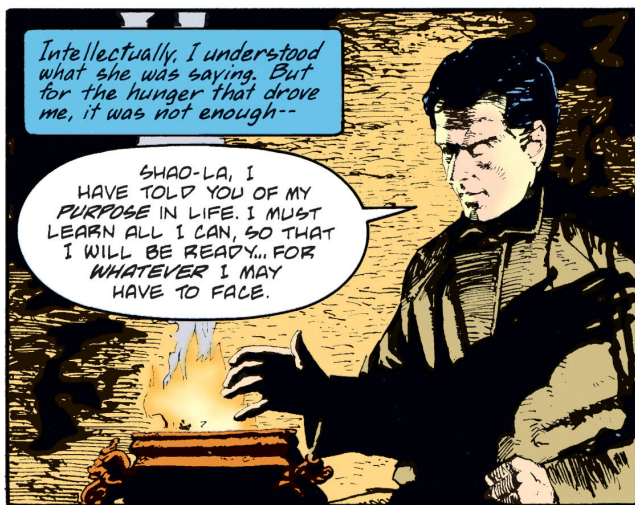
But there was one thing I still burned to know--

THE FUTURE?

FORGET IT! IT DOES NOT EXIST!



ATTUNE YOUR LIFE TO NOW-- FOR TRULY, THAT IS ALL THERE IS. LIVE TODAY TO THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITY, LET TOMORROW TAKE CARE OF ITSELF.



Intellectually, I understood what she was saying. But for the hunger that drove me, it was not enough--

SHAO-LA, I HAVE TOLD YOU OF MY PURPOSE IN LIFE. I MUST LEARN ALL I CAN, SO THAT I WILL BE READY... FOR WHATEVER I MAY HAVE TO FACE.



I MUST KNOW IF I WASTE MY TIME--IF I'M DOOMED TO FAIL--OR IF THE FUTURE IS HOW I DREAM IT!



# TAO

## PART TWO: DRAGON

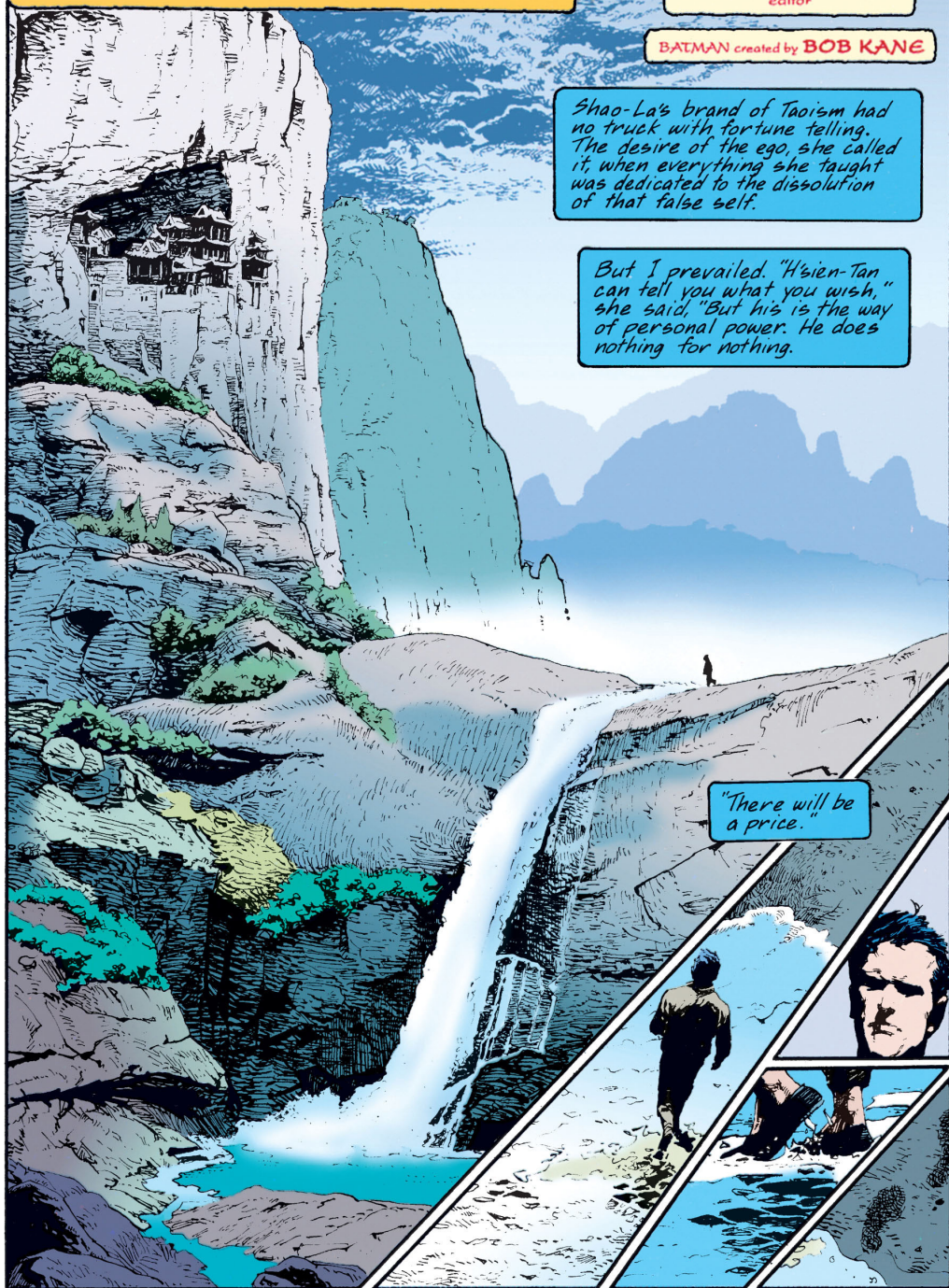
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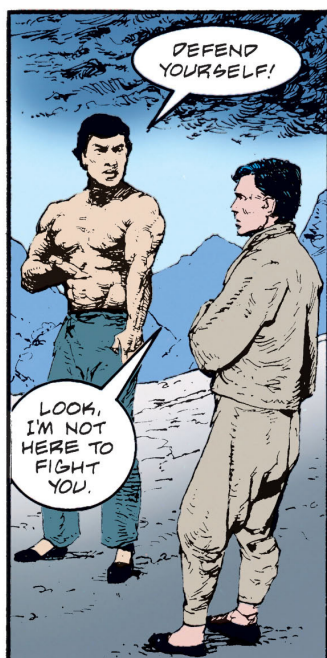
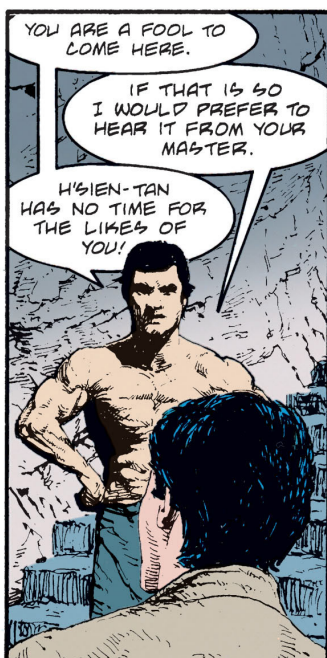
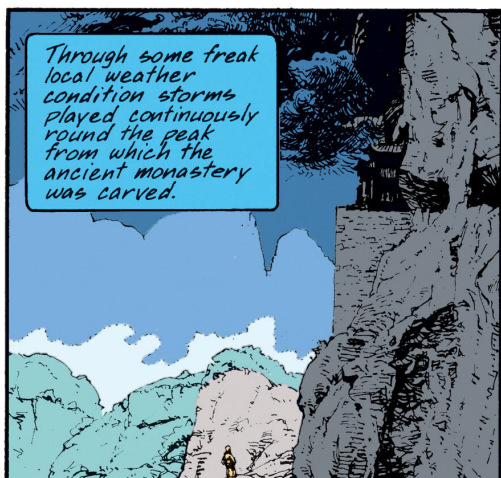
*Shao-La's brand of Taoism had no truck with fortune telling. The desire of the ego, she called it, when everything she taught was dedicated to the dissolution of that false self.*

*But I prevailed. "H'sien-Tan can tell you what you wish," she said, "But his is the way of personal power. He does nothing for nothing."*

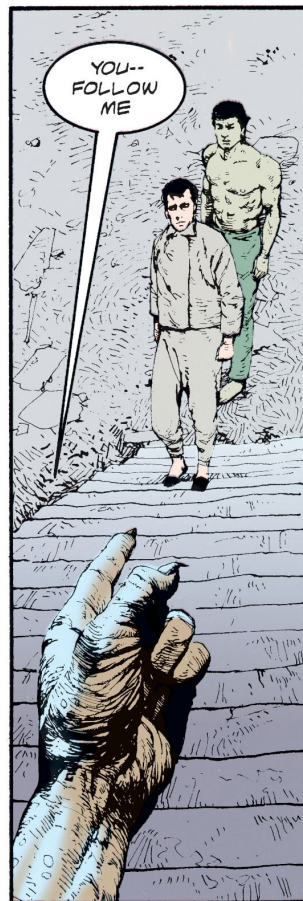
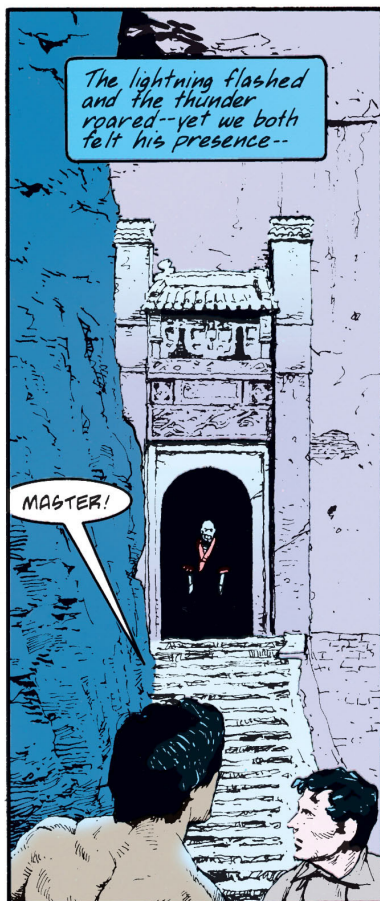
*"There will be a price."*



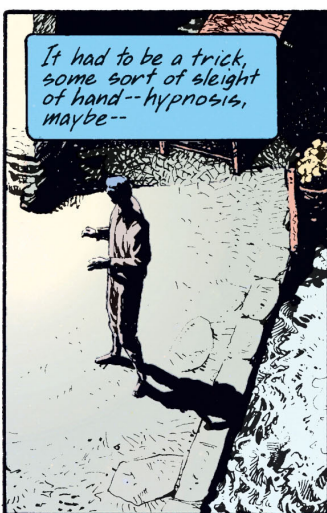
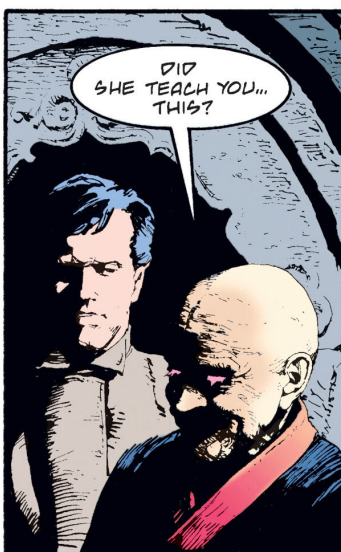
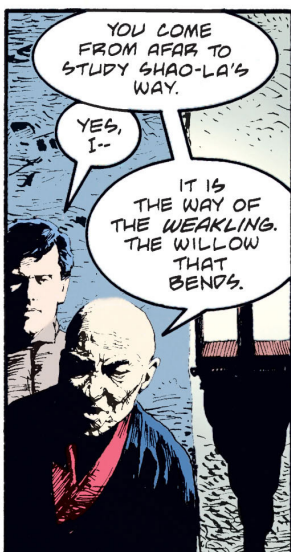




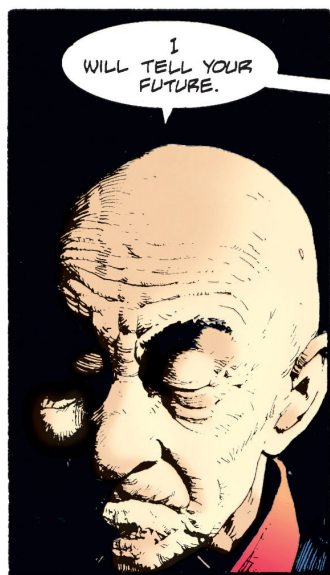
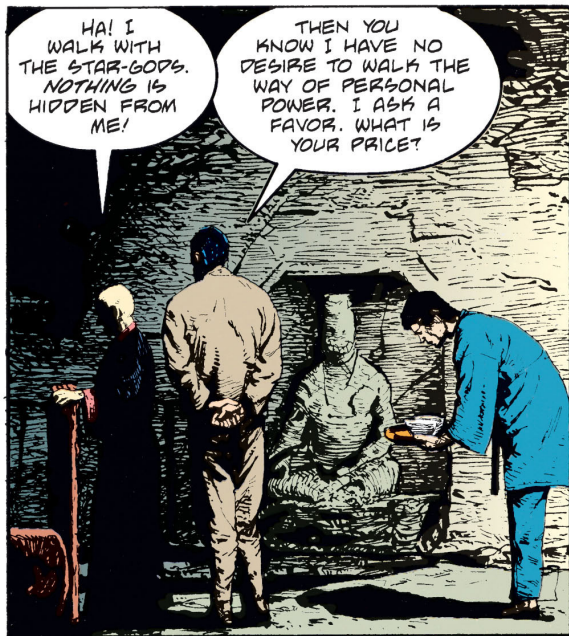




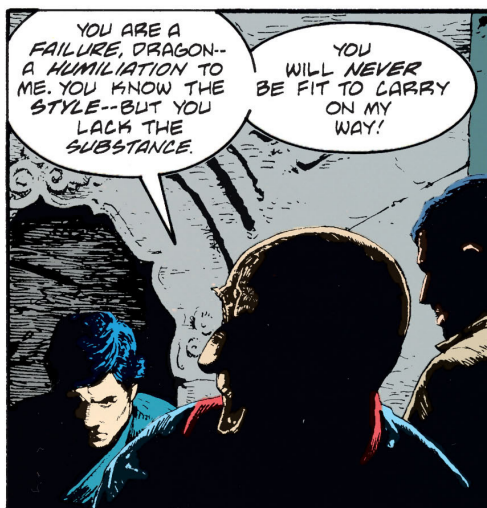




















FOLLOW  
ONE PATH  
AND YOUR WAY  
WILL BE HARD. YOUR  
LIFE WILL BE SPENT  
IN A WAR THAT  
CANNOT BE  
WON--

BUT  
YOU WILL  
BECOME ALMOST  
EVERYTHING YOU  
WANT.

THE  
OTHER PATH  
LOOKS STRAIGHT, BUT  
ITS HEART IS TWISTED.  
YOU WOULD KNOW POWER  
SUCH AS FEW MEN DREAM  
OF. IMMORTALITY  
COULD BE YOURS  
FOR THE  
ASKING!

BUT  
IN THE END  
BOTH PATHS MEET.  
SOONER OR LATER,  
YOU WILL KILL  
DRAGON--







So... I had my wish. H'sien-tan had told me my future. Yet I didn't feel the thrill I'd expected. I felt... cheated.

Any fairground gypsy could have said as much, or as little.



I'd had enough. I wanted away from this place, away from its dingy halls and air of menace.



I turned to take a last look at old H'sien-an, singing, laughing, as he gloried in the power of the storm--



Totally blind to what the future held for him--

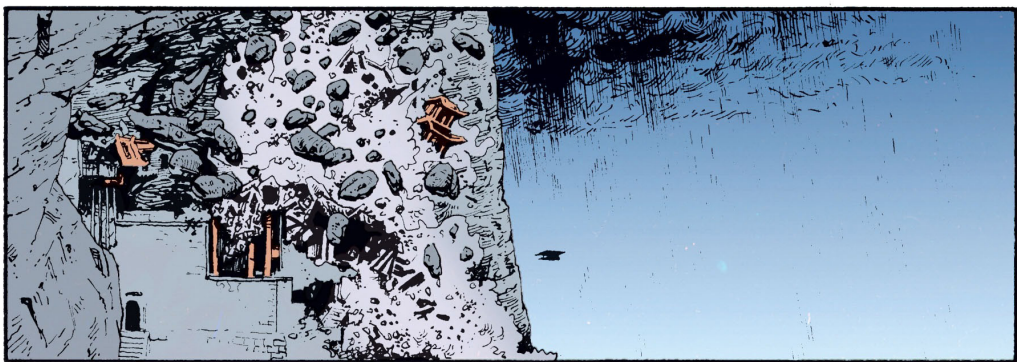
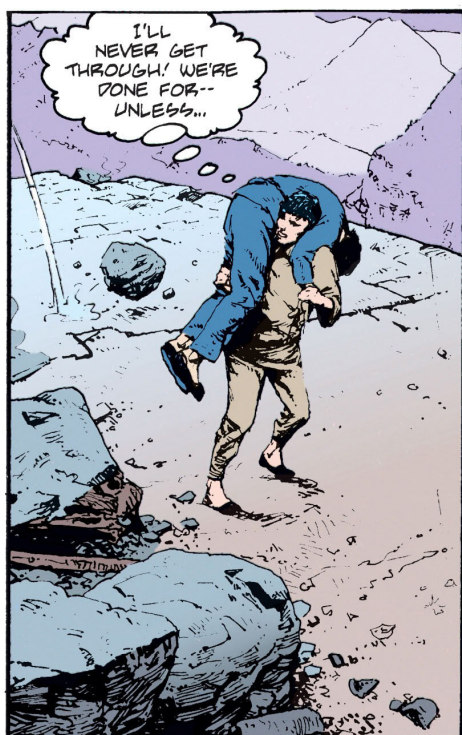


H'SIEN-TAN!



MASTER!  
MASTER--!









1975-01-04

GOtham CITY



January 4

Gotham City.

Maybe it's all  
I deserve, now.

Maybe it's just  
my time in Hell.

Twelve hours. My  
stomach's been  
trying to eat itself  
for the last five.

Barbara's flying  
in. I don't care  
how much it costs.

Train's no way to  
come to Gotham...

...in an airplane,  
from above, all  
you'd see are the  
streets and  
buildings.

Fool you into  
thinking it's  
civilized.

...BEGINNING OUR  
FINAL DESCENT TO  
GOTHAM CITY. PLEASE  
RETURN SEATS AND TRAYS  
TO THEIR UPRIGHT  
POSITIONS...

From here, it's  
clean shafts of  
concrete and  
snowy rooftops.  
The work of men  
who died  
generations  
ago.

From here, it looks like an achievement.

I should have taken  
the train. I should  
be closer.

I should  
see the  
enemy.





By now Barbara's gotten her tests back. I only hate myself a little for hoping they came out negative.

This is no place to raise a family.

NICE BOOK FOR A SMALL DONATION--

NO, PLEASE--

GORDON!

LIEUTENANT JAMES GORDON!



NICE BOOK-- LOOK AT THE PICTURES-- GAA\*

WALK, SKINHEAD.

NAME'S FLASS, LIEUTENANT. DETECTIVE FLASS. COMMISSIONER LOEB SENT ME TO MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T MISS YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH HIM.

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I CALL YOU JIMMY.

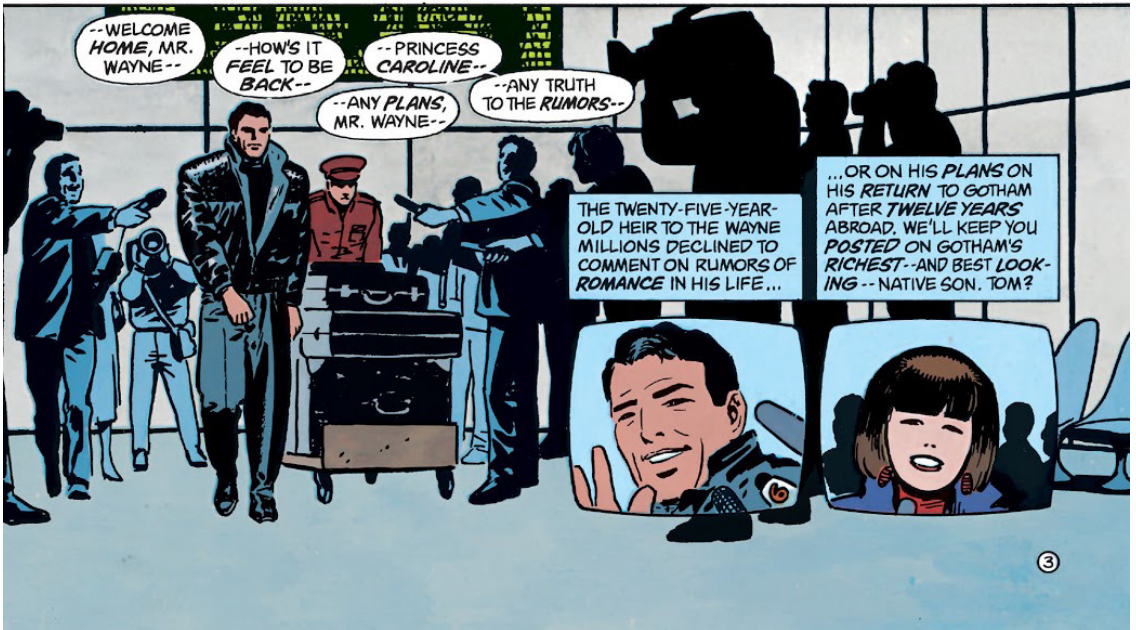


WELL, I--

NICE = koff = COLORS...

WELCOME TO GOTHAM, JIMMY. IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS. ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A COP.

COPS GOT IT MADE IN GOTHAM.



--WELCOME HOME, MR. WAYNE--

--HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE BACK--

--PRINCESS CAROLINE--

--ANY PLANS, MR. WAYNE--

--ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMORS--

THE TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEIR TO THE WAYNE MILLIONS DECLINED TO COMMENT ON RUMORS OF ROMANCE IN HIS LIFE...

...OR ON HIS PLANS ON HIS RETURN TO GOTHAM AFTER TWELVE YEARS ABROAD. WE'LL KEEP YOU POSTED ON GOTHAM'S RICHEST--AND BEST LOOKING--NATIVE SON. TOM?



THANK YOU, JACKIE.  
FOLLOWING THE *DISAPPEARANCE* OF A KEY  
*WITNESS*, ASSISTANT  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY *HARVEY DENT*  
HAS WITHDRAWN  
CONSPIRACY CHARGES  
AGAINST POLICE  
COMMISSIONER *LOEB*...



YOU KNOW WE'RE ALL  
*DELIGHTED* TO HAVE YOU  
ON THE *TEAM*,  
LIEUTENANT.

GILLIAN B. LOEB  
COMMISSIONER  
OF POLICE

YOU'LL GET  
MY BEST WORK,  
SIR. I PROMISE.

AND WE ARE A *TEAM*.  
A *TEAM* NEEDS *TEAM*  
*SPIRIT*, DON'T YOU  
THINK?

YES IT DOES.  
AND YOUR *RECORD*  
SHOWS YOU'VE *GOT*  
WHAT IT *TAKES*.

I KNOW I'VE  
MADE MY *MISTAKES*,  
SIR. I'M *GRATEFUL*  
FOR THIS CHANCE  
TO *PROVE*  
MYSELF...

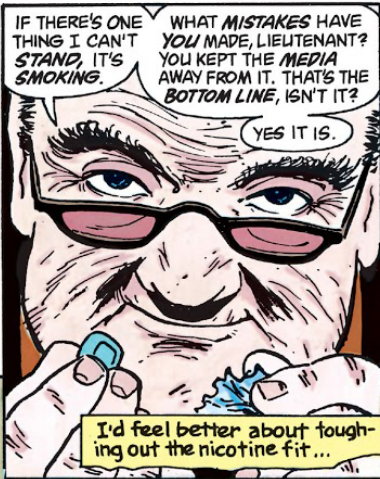


IF THERE'S ONE  
THING I CAN'T  
*STAND*, IT'S  
*SMOKING*.

WHAT *MISTAKES* HAVE  
YOU MADE, LIEUTENANT?  
YOU KEPT THE *MEDIA*  
AWAY FROM IT. THAT'S THE  
*BOTTOM LINE*, ISN'T IT?

YES IT IS.

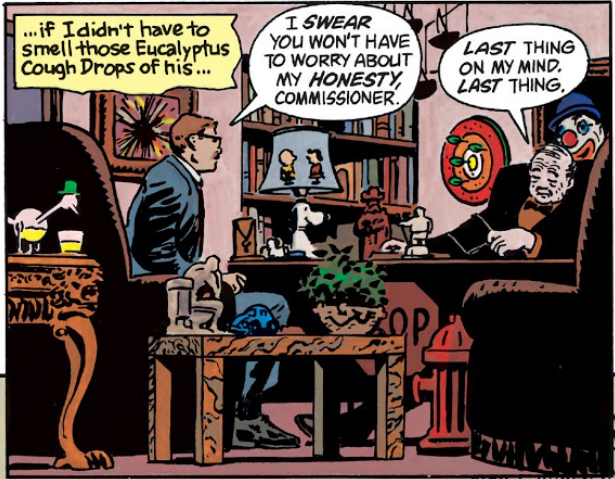
I'd feel better about tough-  
ing out the nicotine fit ...



...if I didn't have to  
smell those Eucalyptus  
Cough Drops of his ...

I *SWEAR*  
YOU WON'T HAVE  
TO WORRY ABOUT  
MY *HONESTY*,  
COMMISSIONER.

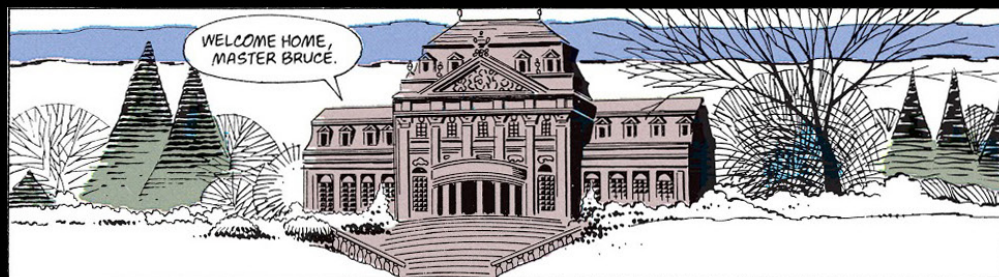
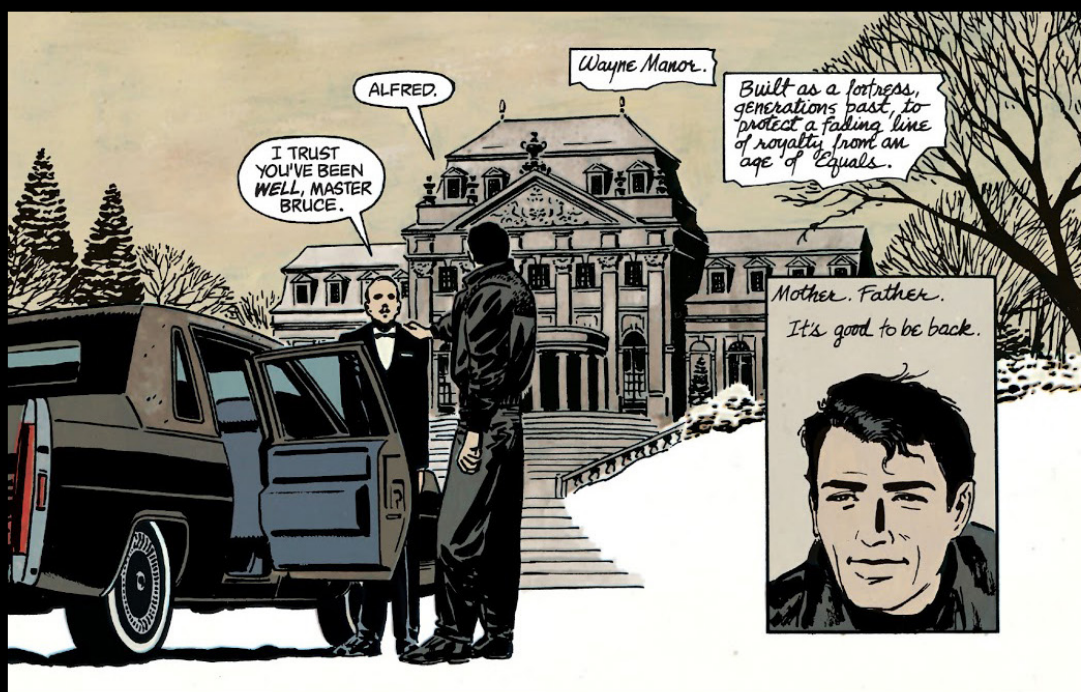
*LAST THING*  
ON MY MIND.  
*LAST THING*.





FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS...

...I DENIED THE DREAM...







THANK YOU, ALFRED.

HOW LONG WILL WE BE STAYING THIS TIME? LONG ENOUGH TO GET OUR BAGS UNPACKED?



I'M BACK FOR GOOD. TRAVELS ARE DONE, AT LEAST FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE.

I'M READY TO BEGIN.



I SHALL REFRAIN FROM CELEBRATION UNTIL I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE READY TO BEGIN.

A PACKAGE OF BOOKS ARRIVED YESTERDAY FROM LONDON --



SOME OLD STUFF ON CRIMINOLOGY I PICKED UP ON CHARING CROSS ROAD.

"A TREATISE ON THE CRIMINAL MIND," BY SIR MAXWELL FLOPPY.



LISTEN TO THIS... "CRIMINALS ARE A COWARDLY AND SUPERSTITIOUS LOT --"

SHEER POETRY. WHEN I CATCH MY BREATH, I SHALL BEGIN DINNER.



MEANWHILE, I SHALL BREATHLESSLY CONSIGN THIS ILL-SMELLING GARMENT TO THE INCINERATOR.

NO. HAVE IT CLEANED AND... PUT IT AWAY.



...UPHELD THE LEGACY...

I'M SO GLAD TO BE HERE. I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE.

ABOUT THAT, SIR...





I HAVE CARED FOR THE MANOR  
SINCE MY FATHER PASSED ON AND  
THROUGH YOUR FAMILY'S TRAGEDY.  
BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE HOME...

...I WISH TO CONTINUE MY  
ACTING CAREER. SO, I MUST  
ASK YOU TO FIND ANOTHER  
BUTLER.

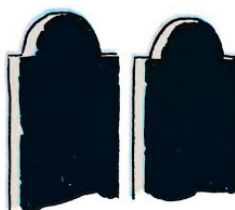
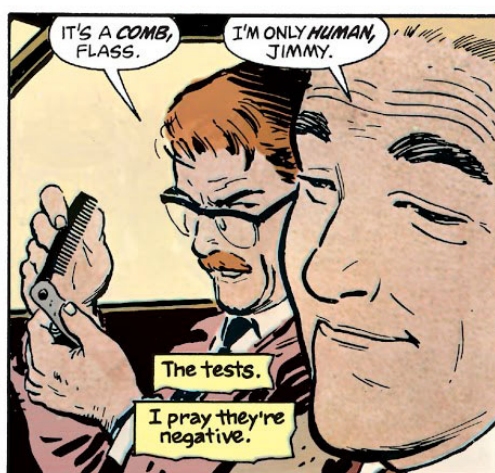
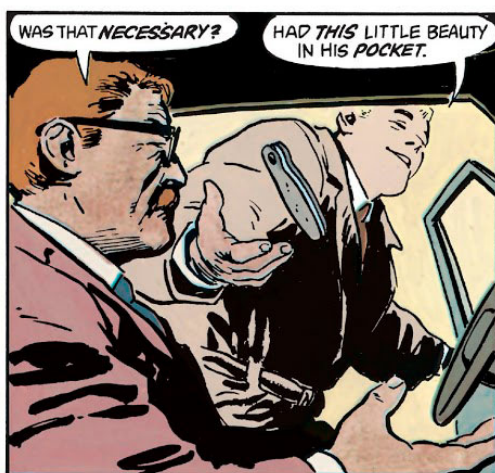
... I'VE  
JUST  
BEEN...

## Waiting in the Wings

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ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERER \* ADRIENNE ROY - COLORIST \* DAN RASPLER - ASSOC. EDITOR  
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RESURFACING  
MEMORIES:

FATHER SERVED THE WAYNES AS  
DID HIS FATHER. HE TRAINED ME  
FOR THE SAME FUTURE ...

... BUT MOTHER WAS  
NEVER A BUTLER'S  
WIFE. THE STAGE  
CALLED.

AFTER MOTHER LEFT,  
FATHER AND I ARGUED  
ABOUT MY FUTURE...

... MOTHER WROTE OF  
HOW PROUD SHE WAS  
OF ME.

I LOVED THE THEATER,  
PREFERING SUPPORTING  
ROLES.



MOTHER, ON THE ROAD, COULDN'T  
ATTEND FATHER'S FUNERAL.

FATHER'S WISH WAS THAT I  
CONTINUE THE LEGACY  
BEFORE I COULD ARRANGE  
OTHERWISE, THE WAYNES  
WERE KILLED.

DR. LESLIE THOMPSON HELPED  
RAISE MASTER BRUCE. WE BOTH  
CARED BEYOND MERE CARING. HE  
STUDIED IN EUROPE...



... AND NOW, WITH  
MASTER BRUCE BACK,  
THE LEGACY IS  
OVER.



SINCE AGE SIX HIS TRAGEDY  
HAS BEEN HIS LIFE.

MY LIFE WILL BE MORE THAN. "YES,  
SIR. VERY GOOD, SIR." I WILL DO  
SOME GOOD WITH MY LIFE.

I TEACH HIM MAKE-UP--  
WHAT IT CAN'T DISGUISE.



THE GOOD  
ONE MAN  
CAN DO.



HE IS AS OBSESSED  
WITH HIS FATHER'S  
DEATH AS I AM WITH  
MY FATHER'S LIFE.





1975-02-01

BALTIMORE



*indeed indeed indeed*

MACE GOT OUT OF  
THAT BED.

BUT NOT WITHOUT  
A LOT OF HELP.



ONE BULLET  
SEVERED HIS  
SPINE.

HE'D NEVER  
WALK AGAIN.



1975-02-12

GOtham CITY



February 12



THE *BOYS*-- THEY'VE BEEN ASKING ME TO *TALK* TO YOU, JIMMY. THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD GET A *WORD* IN, KNOWING HOW *TIGHT* WE ARE.

THEY'RE *WORRIED* ABOUT YOU.

I'M *TOUCHED*, FLASS. BUT RIGHT NOW I'M *WORRIED*--ABOUT A *HOMICIDE*. TURN *LEFT*.



*NEVER* MAKE IT IN THIS BUSINESS IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO *RELAX*, JIMMY. I MEAN, WE'VE GOT OUR OWN WAY OF *DOING* THINGS, HERE IN GOTHAM.

I MEAN, YOU CAME DOWN PRETTY *HARD* ON MORGAN...

I MEAN, YOU WITH A *BABY* ON THE WAY...

CALL ME *LIEUTENANT*. MAKE YOUR NEXT *RIGHT*.

1975-02-21

GOtham CITY



February 21

I'm not ready.



I have the means, the skill -- but not the method...



...no. That's not true. I have hundreds of methods.

But something's missing. Something isn't right.



I have to wait.

I have to wait.

1975-02-26

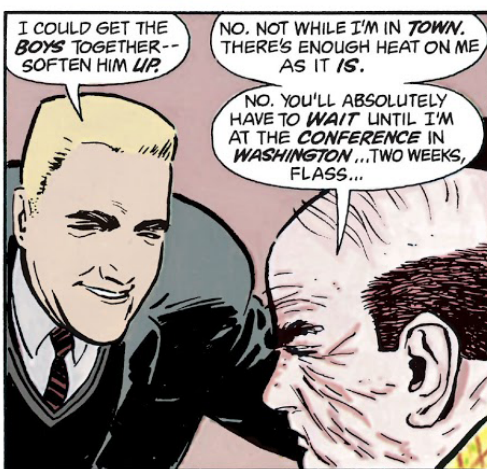
GOtham CITY



February 26

...SO FATHER  
DONELLEY, HE SLIPS  
GORDON A *FIFTY* WITH  
THE *HANDSHAKE*...

GILLIAN B. L  
COMMISSIONER  
OF POLICE



1975-03-01

BALTIMORE



THE DOCTORS SAID IT TOOK  
A HELL OF AN EFFORT TO MAKE  
IT TO THE RIVERSIDE.

SHAME HE DIDN'T PUT  
THAT EFFORT INTO  
LIVING.



1975-03-11

GOtham CITY





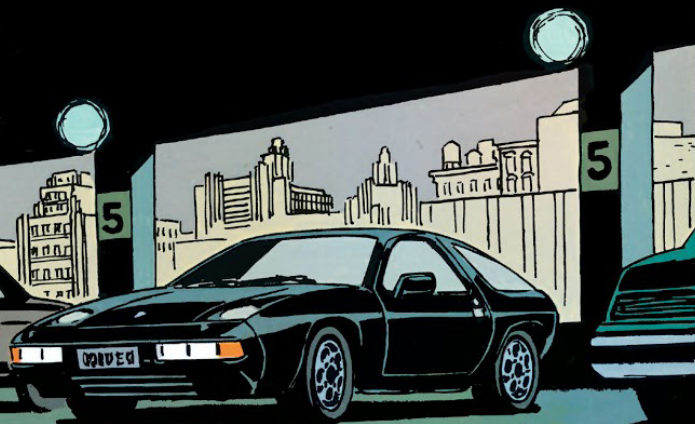
# March 11

The engine hums, gently,  
not quite convinced it  
should stop.

Everything is in place.  
The attendant was even  
obliging enough to ask me  
for my autograph. My  
alibi is set.

Bruce Wayne has been  
sighted at the same hotel  
as a visiting Hollywood  
sex queen. That should  
generate sufficient rumors--

--to account for my  
whereabouts for the  
next few hours.



This is a reconnaissance mission. Until I  
know more, I must avoid combat. Until  
I'm ready...

...my anonymity is an  
obvious priority. The  
murder of my parents  
is a matter of public  
record.



All it requires  
is a change in  
clothing and  
complexion--

--and a single, memorable,  
distracting detail.



Requested off this  
night shift four times  
now-- damn it, Barbara  
needs me at night  
these days, Barbara,  
and little James...

...so I hope it's  
a boy. So what.

Four times and no  
reply, I'm not making  
friends in the department--



GOING TO  
BE LATE.

MAY  
HAVE TO SKIP  
THE WHOLE  
NIGHT.

GOING TO WORK,  
LIEUTENANT?







Old trick--talking  
to distract me--

--guarantees  
an attack from  
behind--

--should've checked my  
military record--

--I was taught to handle  
worse than this--



--but  
then--

--it's been  
a while--



Somewhere in the middle  
of it they tell me it's  
just a warning.

They remind me  
that I've got a  
pregnant wife.

Toward the end  
I hear a  
familiar chuckle.



Flass.





It's a twenty block walk to the enemy camp.

It's been educational. I was sized up like a piece of meat by the leather boys in Robinson Park. I waded through pleas and half hearted threats from junkies at the Finger Memorial. I stepped across a field of human rubble that lay sleeping in front of the overcrowded Sprang Mission.

Finally, the worst of it.

The East End.



Hard to believe it's gotten worse.

CHEER YOU UP.

BIG TRIPLE FEAT  
1 ALL NIGHT LO  
2 SENSUOUS SU  
3 EROTIC WON



I DOUBT IT. HOW OLD ARE YOU?

YOUNG AS YOU WANT ME TO BE.

STUPID B-- THAS ALL WRONG, HOLLY. YOU DOIN' IT WRONG.



DID WHAT YOU SAID. JUST LIKE--

THAS RIGHT, HONEY. BUT YOU GOT TO PICK YOU TYPES. GOT TO KNOW WHICH ONES WANT WHAT YOU GOT.

THIS ONE'S NOT--

I HAVEN'T SAID HAVE I?



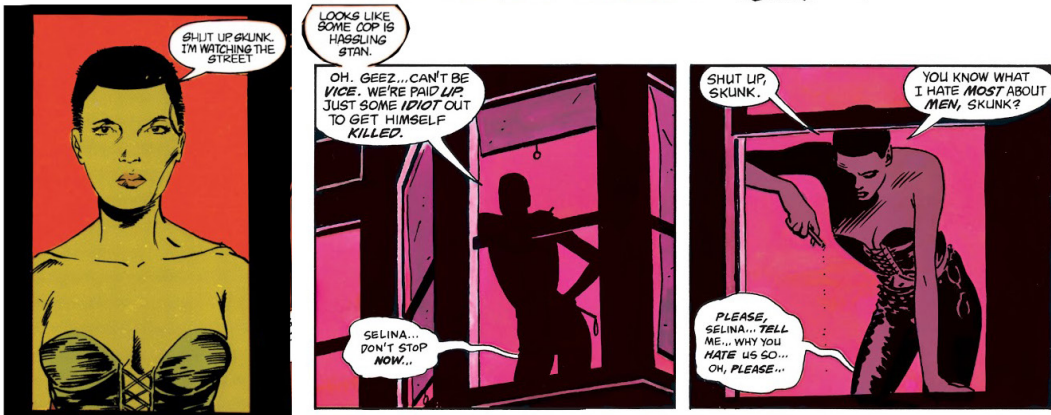
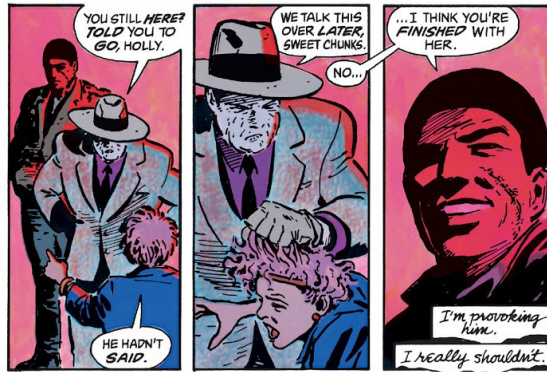
THAT VICE I SMELL?

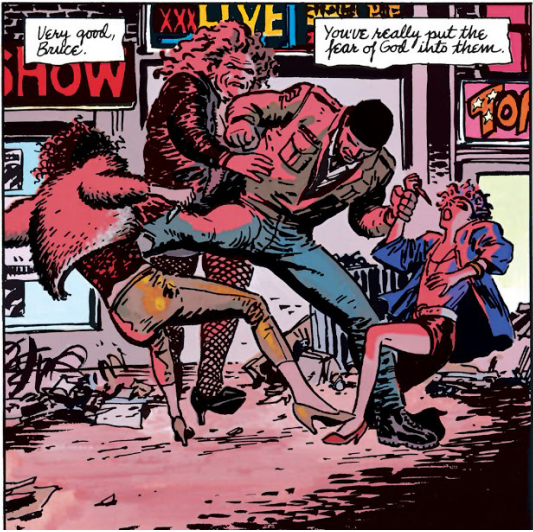
THAT CRAZY VET BIT-- THAS OLD, MAN.

I'M NOT THE POLICE.

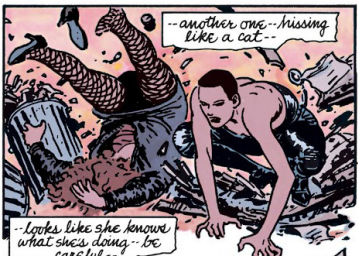
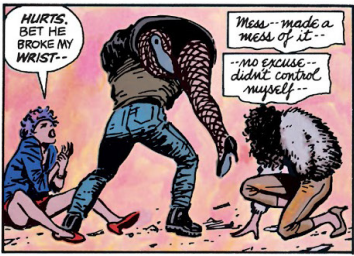
BELIEVE ME.

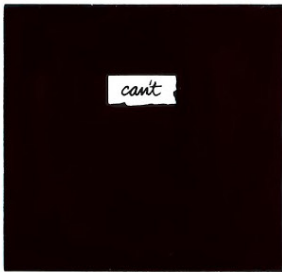
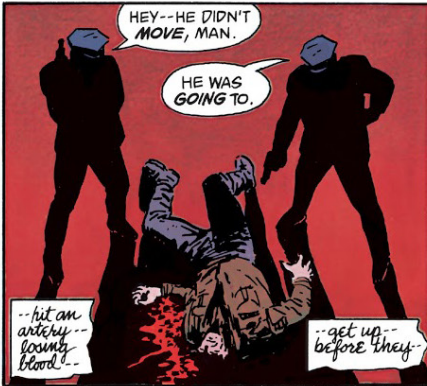




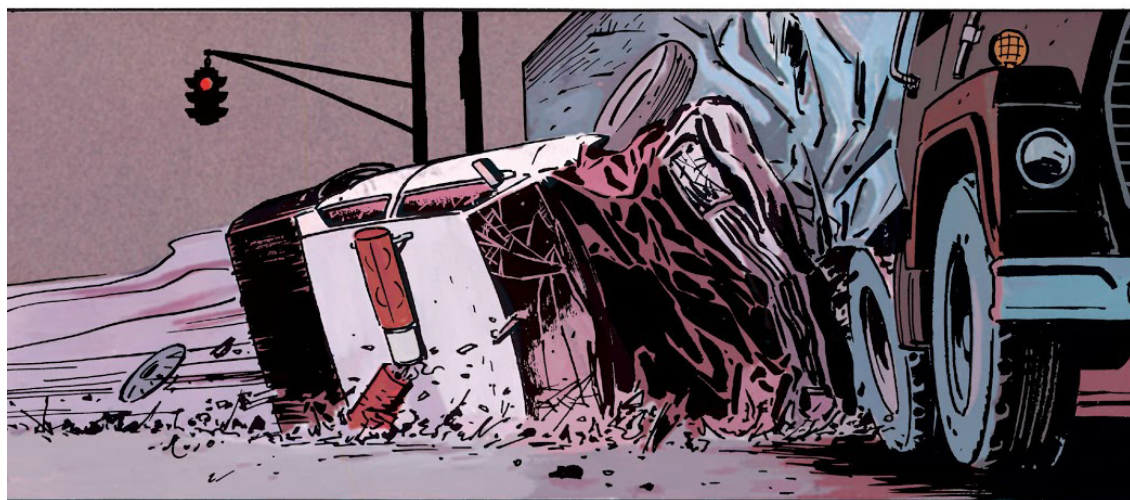
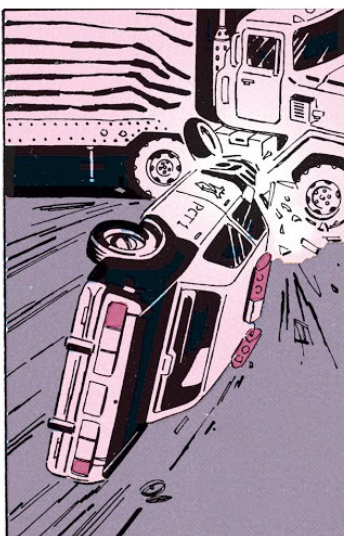














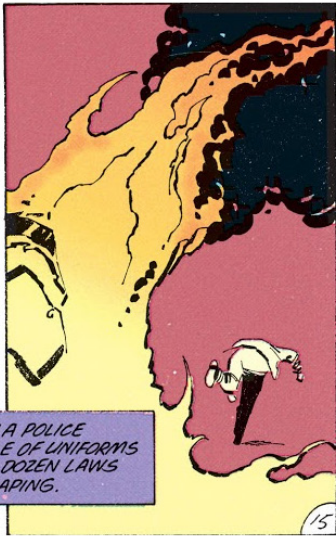
Fire--only take  
seconds to reach  
the gas tank--



Sirens--more  
police--

--tank will go before  
they get here--!

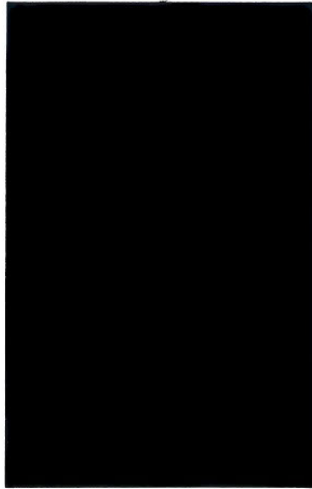
--these men--they probably  
have families--



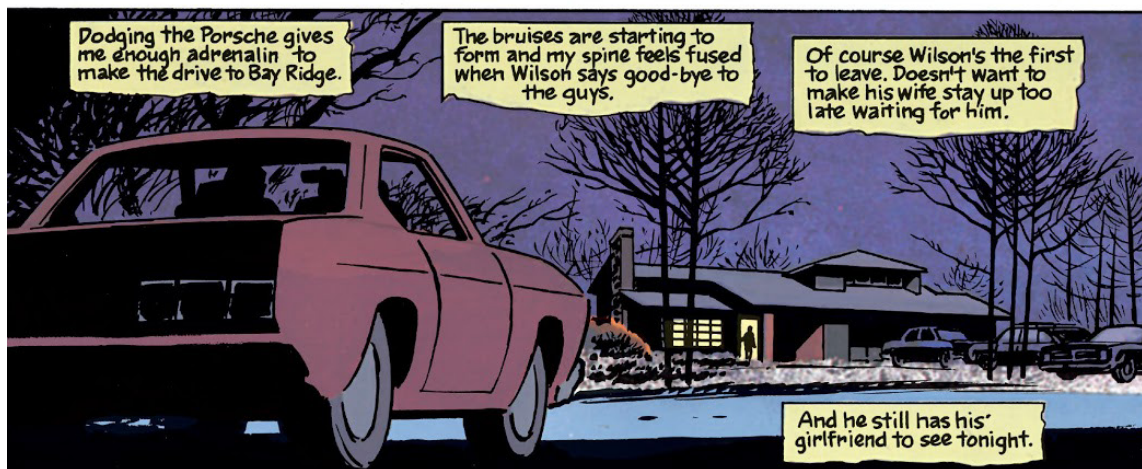
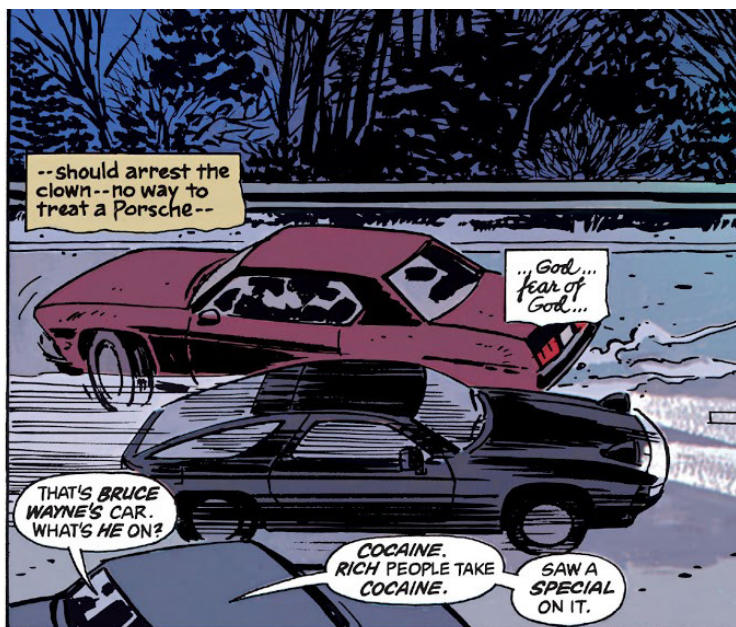
-- NOT WRECK A POLICE  
CAR, A COUPLE OF UNIFORMS  
AND ABOUT A DOZEN LAWS  
ESCAPING.



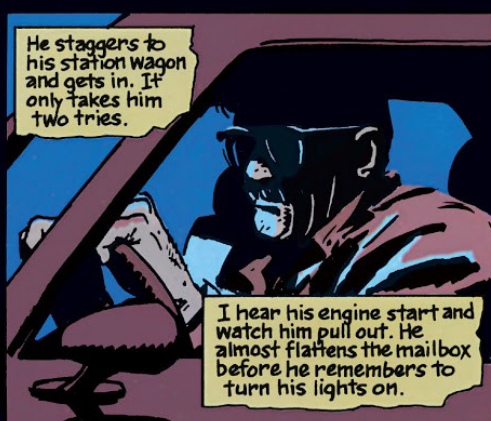
SMOKE FROM THE  
BLAZING POLICE CRUISER  
CAN BE SEEN FOR BLOCKS--  
THE TWO OFFICERS WERE  
FOUND UNCONSCIOUS,  
THIRTY FEET AWAY...













I don't crack his skull.



I don't crush his larynx.



I don't break his ribs or punch my hand through his chest.



I do just enough--

--to keep him out of the hospital.



I toss his gun into the woods. It should be rusty by morning.

I take his clothes off and leave him in his own cuffs by the side of the road.

He'll never report it. Not Flass. He'll make up some story that involves at least ten attackers and never admit I did it.



But he'll know. And he'll stay away from Barbara.

Thanks, Flass.

You've shown me what it takes to be a cop in Gotham City.



TO SAY MY DEBUT AS A  
CRIMEFIGHTER WAS INAU-  
SPICIOUS WOULD BE LIKE--



--SAYING SITTING BULL WAS  
IMPOLITE TO CUSTER AT THE LITTLE  
BIG HORN.



Father...

...I'm afraid I may  
have to die tonight.



I've tried to be  
patient. I've tried  
to wait.

But I have  
to know.



How, father?  
How do I do it?

What do I use... to  
make them afraid?

If I ring this bell,  
Alfred will come.

He can stop the  
bleeding, in time.

Another of  
your gifts to  
me, father.

I have wealth. The family  
manor rests above a huge  
cave that will be the  
perfect headquarters...

...even a butler with  
training in combat medicine...

...yes, father. I  
have everything  
but patience..

I'd rather die...  
than wait...  
another hour..

I have waited...  
eighteen years...

WHAT'S THIS? "A  
TREATISE ON THE  
CRIMINAL MIND."

YEAH, SURE... TELL ME ALL  
ABOUT IT, SIR MAXWELL  
FLOPPY.

"CRIMINALS  
ARE A  
COWARDLY AND  
SUPERSTITIOUS  
LOT--"







*Without warning,  
it comes...*



*...crashing through the  
window of your study  
...and mine...*







...I have seen it before... somewhere...

...it frightened me... as a boy...



...frightened me...

...yes, Father.

I shall become a bat.



HE WENT OUT HIS FIRST NIGHT.

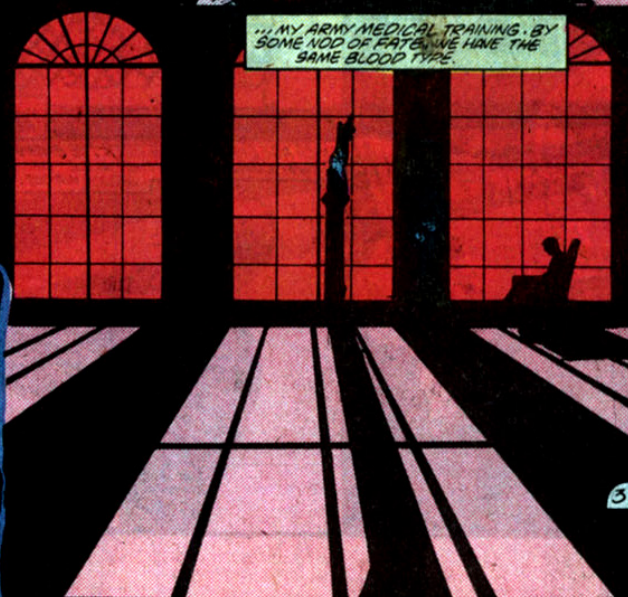
I AWAKE TO HEAR BREAKING GLASS.



A TRAIL OF BLOOD TO THE STUDY. THE BELL TO CALL ME.

TINGA-  
TINGA-  
TINGA-  
CLUNK

I KNEW IT WOULDN'T BE LONG BEFORE HE'D NEED...



...MY ARMY MEDICAL TRAINING. BY SOME NOD OF FATE, WE HAVE THE SAME BLOOD TYPE.

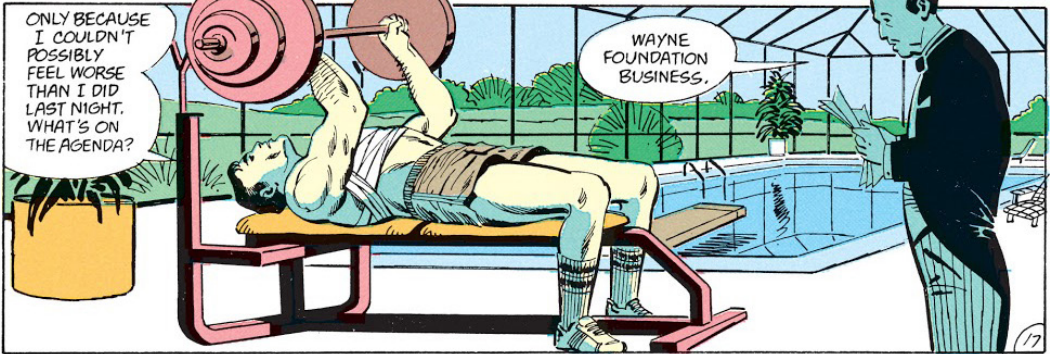
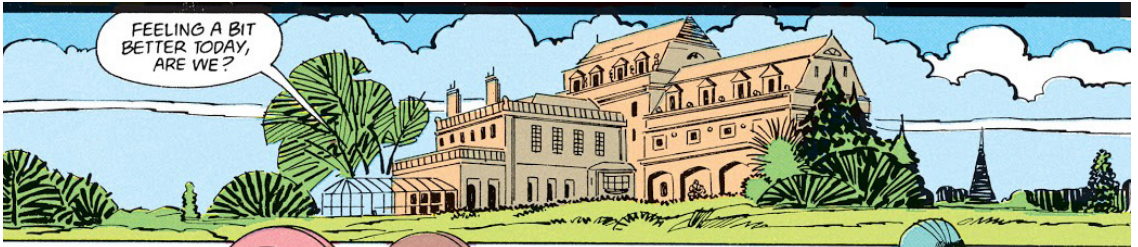


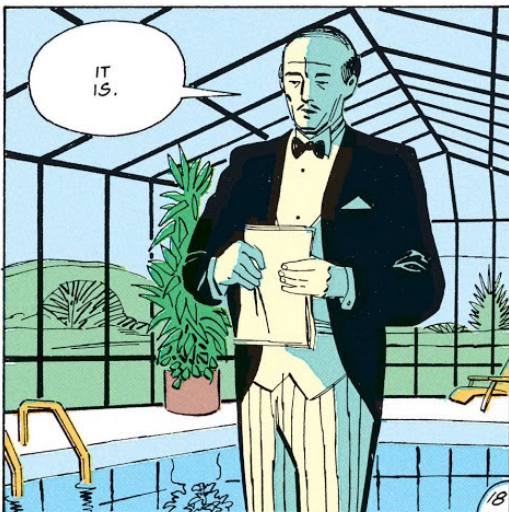
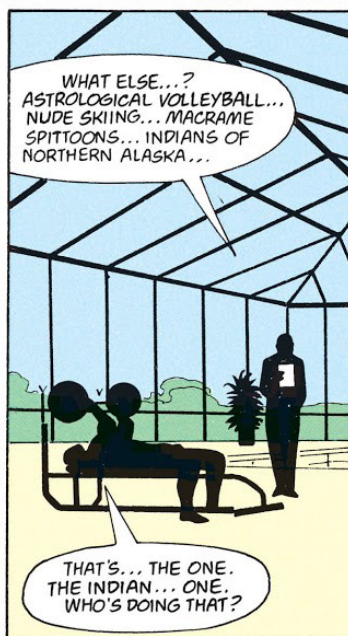
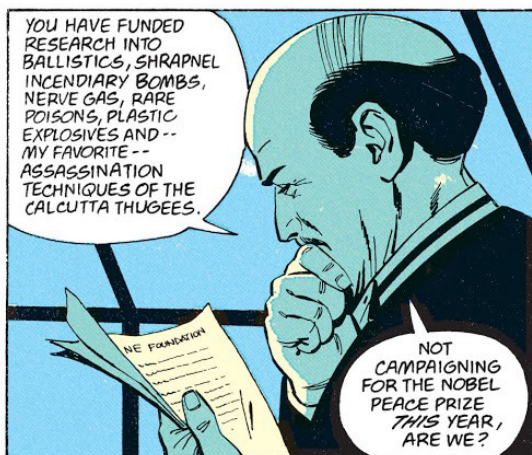


1975-03-12

GOtham CITY



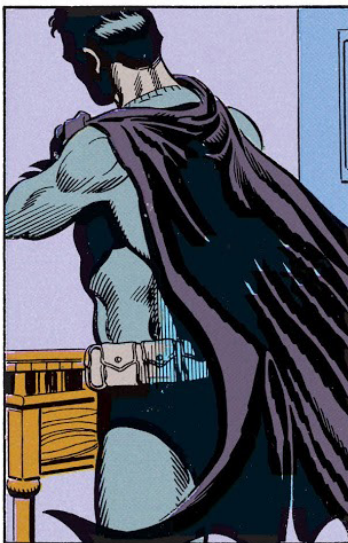
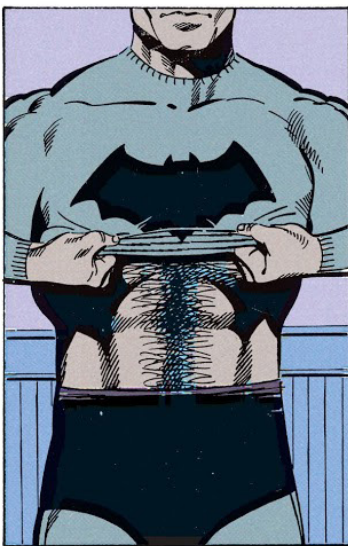






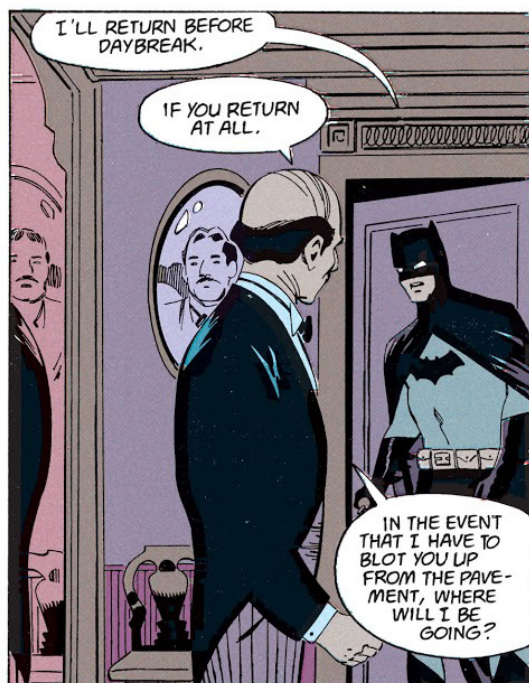
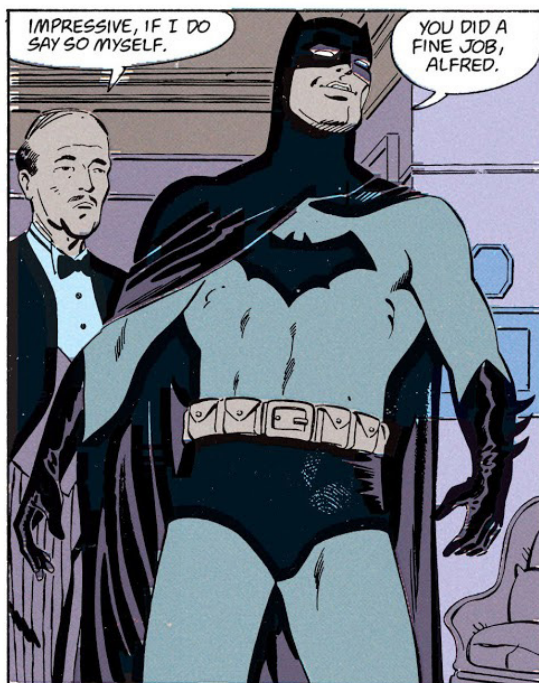














ALL THOSE  
YEARS AGO,,



THE NIGHT AFTER  
THE BAT CAME  
CRASHING IN HIS  
WINDOW AND  
SHOWED HIM THE  
WAY--



HE STOOD HERE THEN,  
AND LOOKED DOWN AT  
THAT SAME DIZZY,  
TERRIFYING DROP. HE  
FELT HE WAS READY  
THEN, TOO--AND JUST  
TO MAKE *SURE*, HE'D  
SET HIMSELF ONE  
*FINAL TEST*--



IF HE PASSED IT,  
TOMORROW NIGHT HE'D  
BE A *VIGILANTE*. IF HE  
FLUNKED--

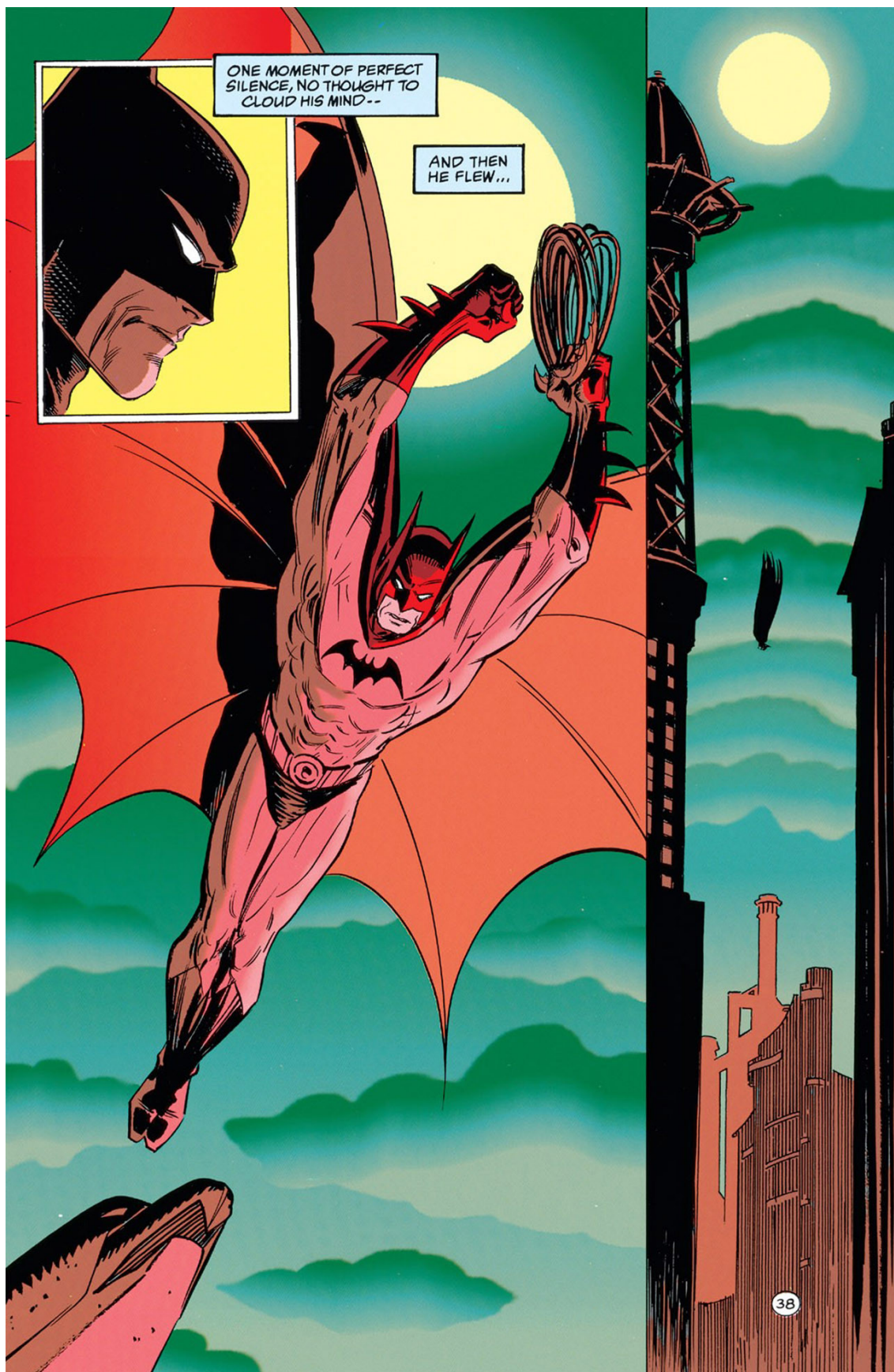
HE DIDN'T EVEN  
CONSIDER THAT.





ONE MOMENT OF PERFECT  
SILENCE, NO THOUGHT TO  
CLOUD HIS MIND--


AND THEN  
HE FLEW...







FIVE HUNDRED FEET, STRAIGHT  
DOWN, THE NIGHT WHIPPING  
PAST, TEARING AT HIS CLOTHES,  
BITING DEEP INTO HIS SKIN AND  
BRINGING TEARS TO HIS EYES.

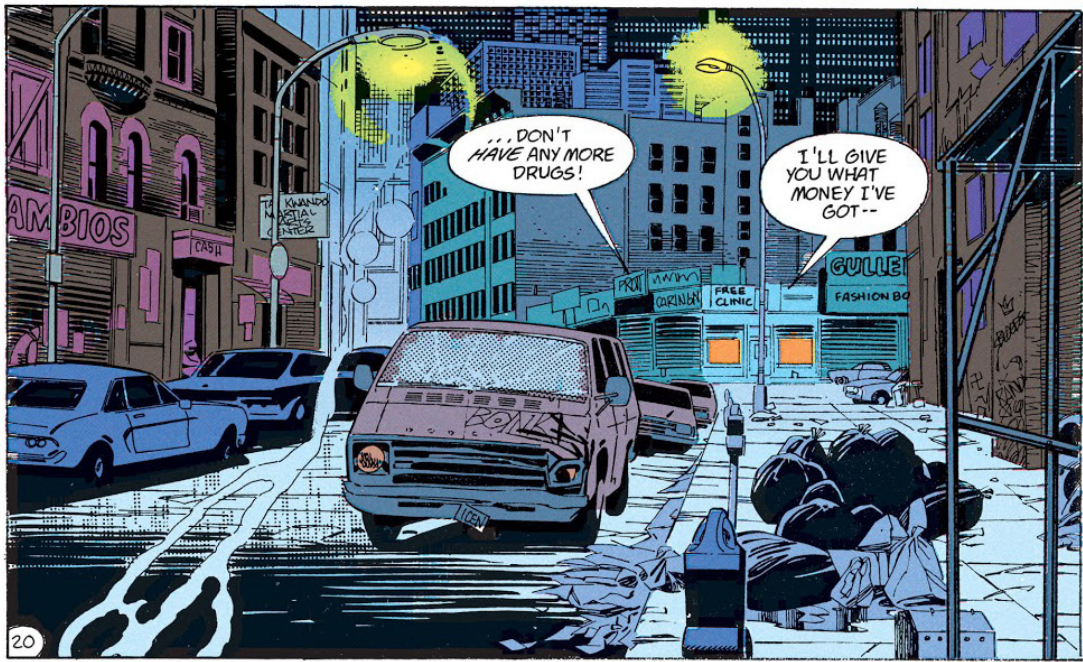


THEN HIS LINE--THE ONE HE  
DESIGNED AND MADE AND  
TESTED HIMSELF-- SNAKED  
OUT INTO DARKNESS AT THE  
ONLY MOMENT IT COULD--



**TCHLAK!**

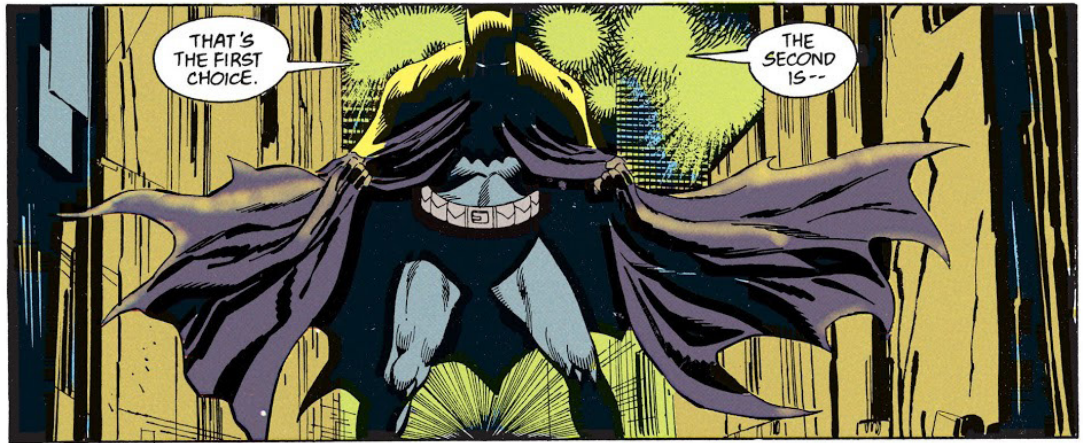




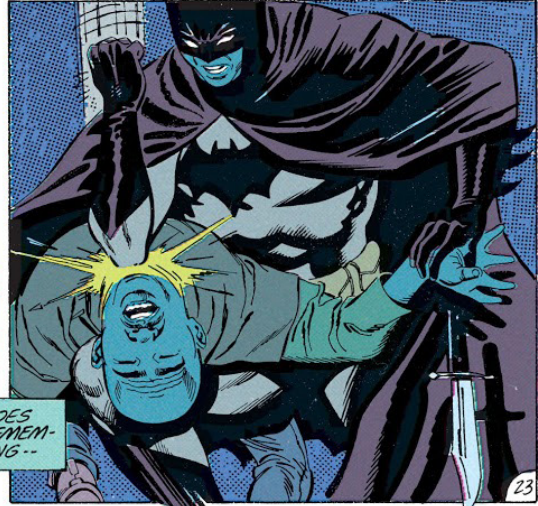




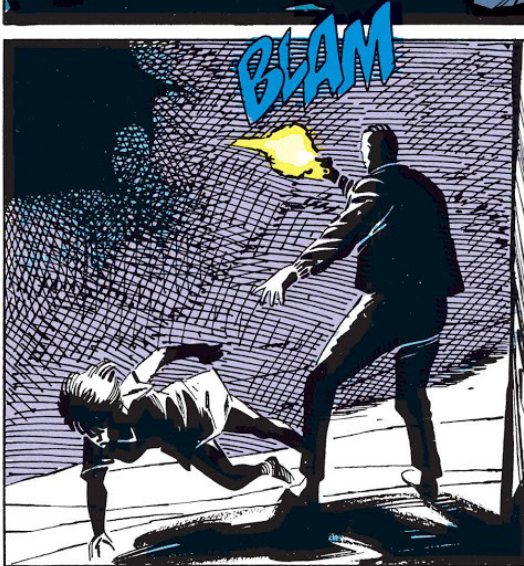
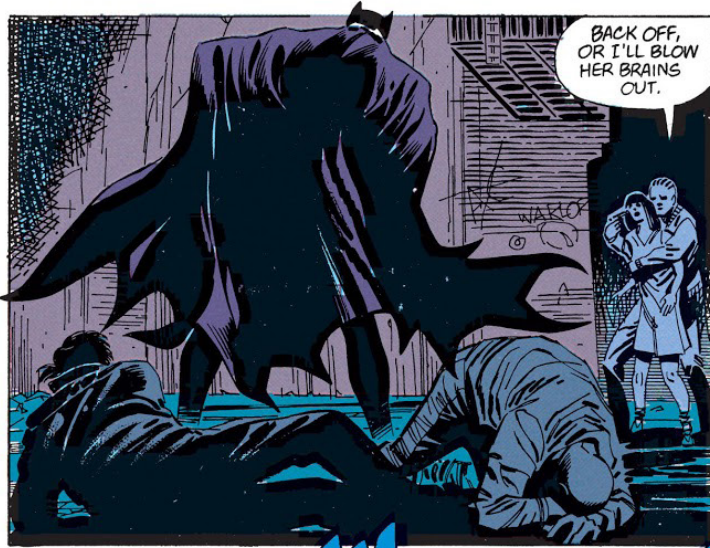




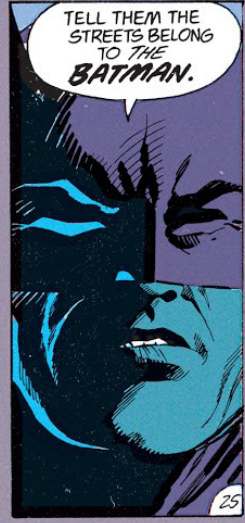




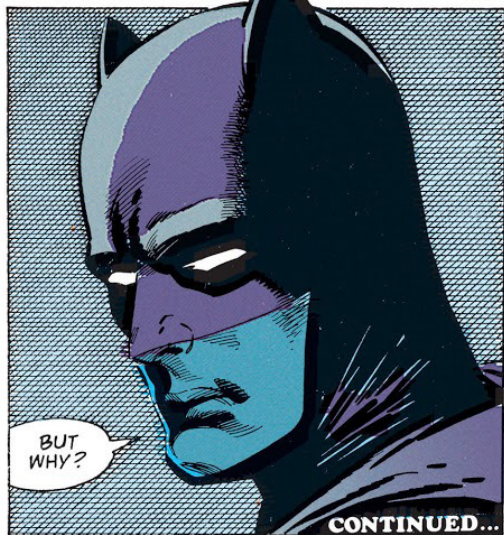












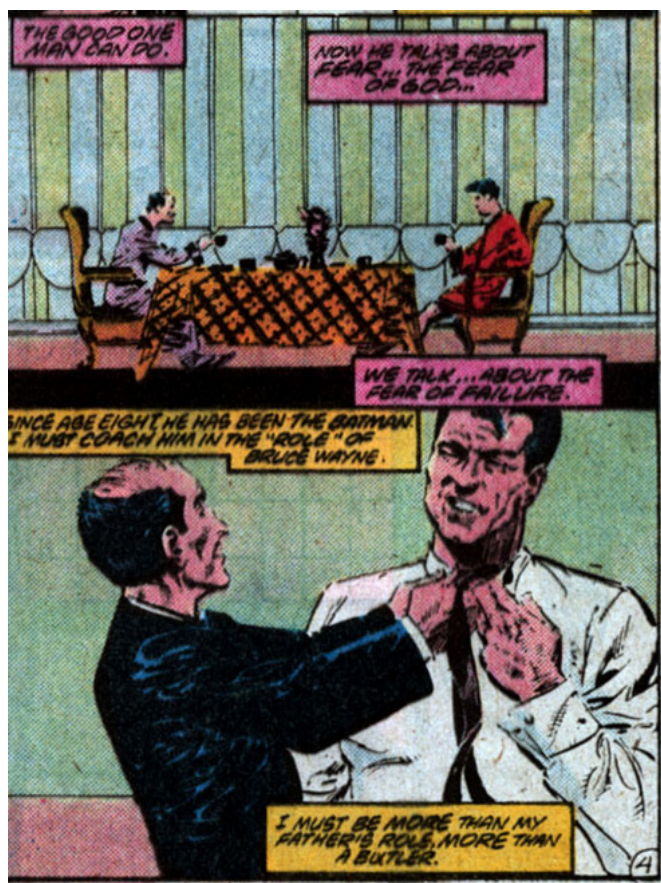




1975-03-13

GOtham CITY





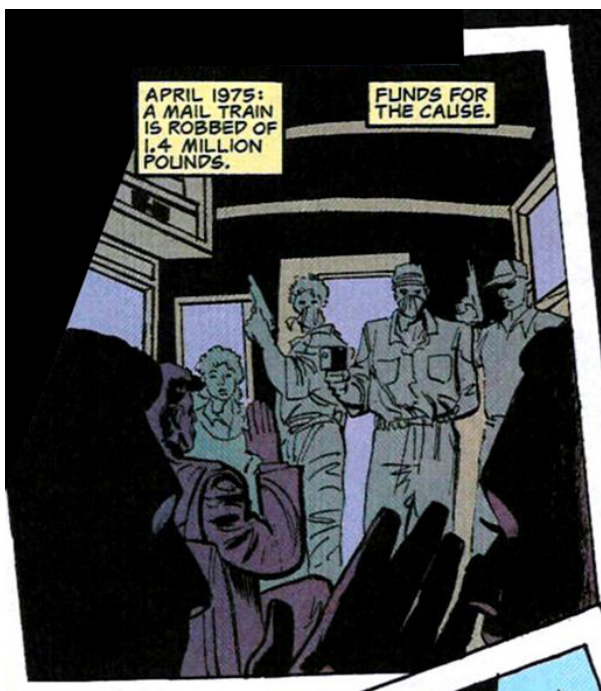
1975-04-01

NEW YORK



APRIL 1975:  
A MAIL TRAIN  
IS ROBBED OF  
1.4 MILLION  
POUNDS.

FUNDS FOR  
THE CAUSE.



1975-04-01

BALTIMORE

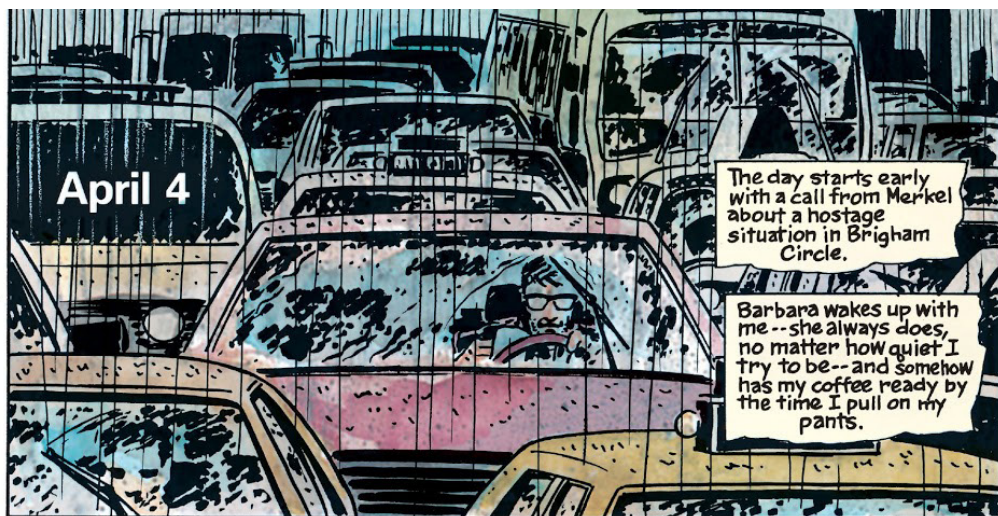




1975-04-04

GOtham CITY





April 4

The day starts early with a call from Merkel about a hostage situation in Brigham Circle.

Barbara wakes up with me--she always does, no matter how quiet I try to be--and somehow has my coffee ready by the time I pull on my pants.



COME IN, MERKEL...

The rain has worked its magic on the wiring of my heap. Between Rice Krispy sounds I get every fourth word.

I'm two blocks from the action, my stomach lurching with the engine through backed-up traffic.

Damn rubberneckers...



NO CAN'T DON'T WANT ISN'T BLANK

Best I can tell, nobody's sure what the kidnapper wants. He isn't making much sense.

He's holding three children at gunpoint. Sounds like Merkel's got some background on him...



...I SAID NO, SIR. HE HASN'T FIRED A SHOT...

...NO, SIR, NOT A CRIMINAL RECORD. GOT THE WORD FROM ARKHAM ASYLUM...YES, SIR. ARKHAM...

...NAME'S ALBERT BLUME. DIAGNOSED PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC, RELEASED TWO WEEKS AGO...

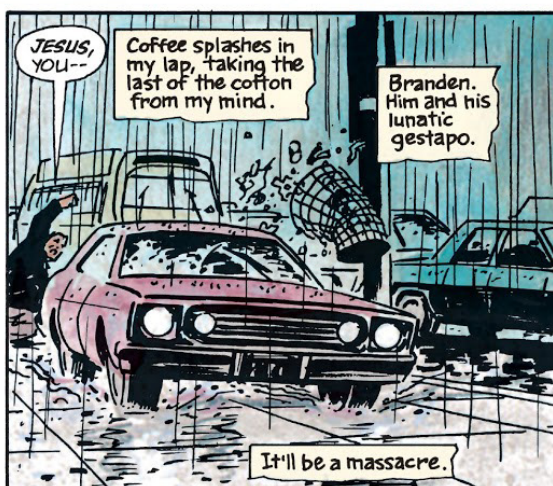


SKRKK NO, SIR--NO SKRKK OF VIOLENT SKRKK

SIR--TROUBLE--IT'S SKRKK

SKRKK BRANDEN SKRKK

Branden.



JESUS, YOU--

Coffee splashes in my lap, taking the last of the cotton from my mind.

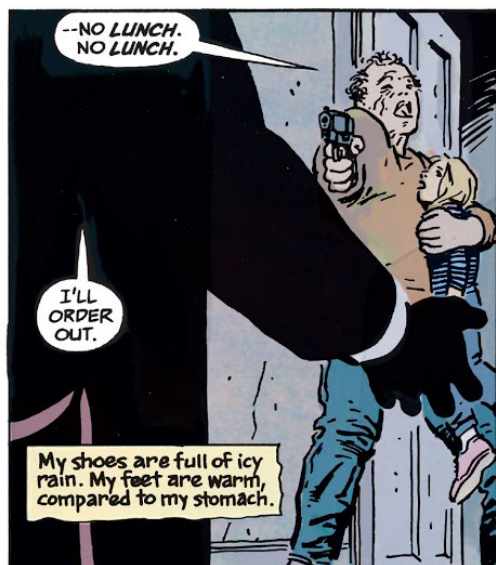
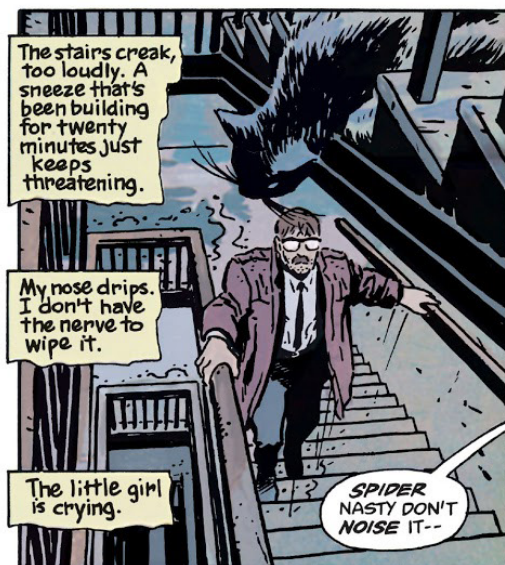
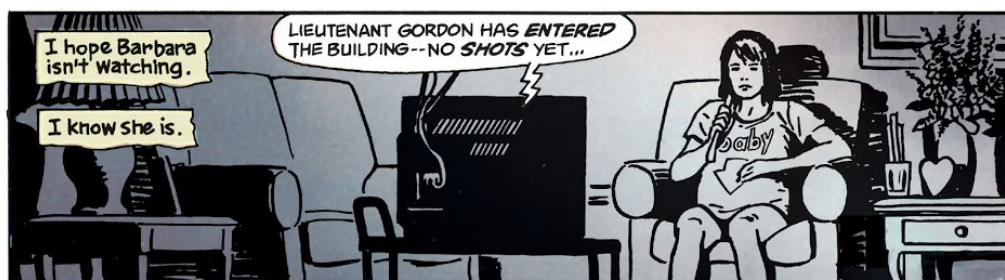
Branden. Him and his lunatic gestapo.

It'll be a massacre.









1975-04-05

GOtham CITY



April 5

HUMILIATED ME.  
IN FRONT OF MY MEN.  
HUMILIATED ME.

GILLIAN B. I  
COMMISSIONER  
OF POLICE

NOTHING  
BUT TROUBLE,  
THAT ONE.

YOU DO KNOW  
I SYMPATHIZE, DON'T  
YOU, BRANDEN?



1975-04-06

GOtham CITY



April 6

Another kick.

Strong boy,  
little James...

...I pray he's very  
strong. And smart  
enough to stay alive.

How did I let this  
happen?

How did I screw up  
so badly...to bring an  
innocent child to life...

...in a city  
without hope...



1975-04-09

GOtham CITY

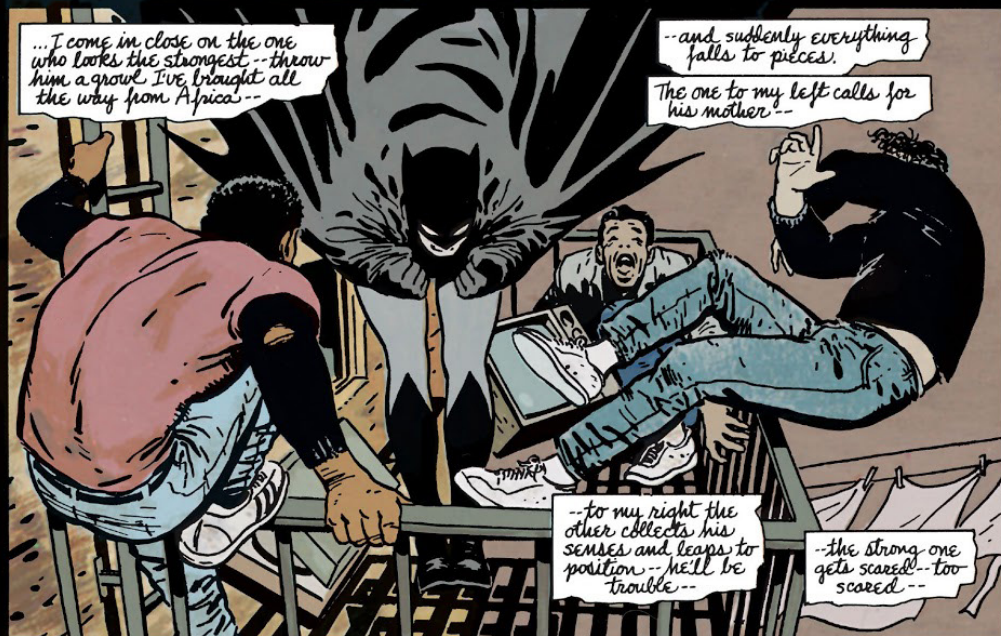






The costume works--  
better than I'd  
hoped.

They freeze and  
stare, and give me  
all the time in  
the world...



...I come in close on the one  
who looks the strongest--throw  
him a growl. I've brought all  
the way from Africa--

--and suddenly everything  
falls to pieces.

The one to my left calls for  
his mother--

--to my right the  
other collects his  
senses and leaps to  
position--he'll be  
trouble--

--the strong one  
gets scared--too  
scared--



--No--

--I'm no  
killer--



--he screams--  
like a girl--

--can't be  
older than  
fifteen--

--a child--  
just a  
child--



--the one I was  
worried about  
takes his shot--

--he's trained--  
kicks got  
power--





--he doesn't realize--  
or he doesn't care--

--that if I let go--



--we're twenty  
stories up--



--again--

--this is  
getting bad--



--steady--  
hold on--

--some of that  
one's ribs go--

--forget him--



The television--still  
hasn't hit the street--

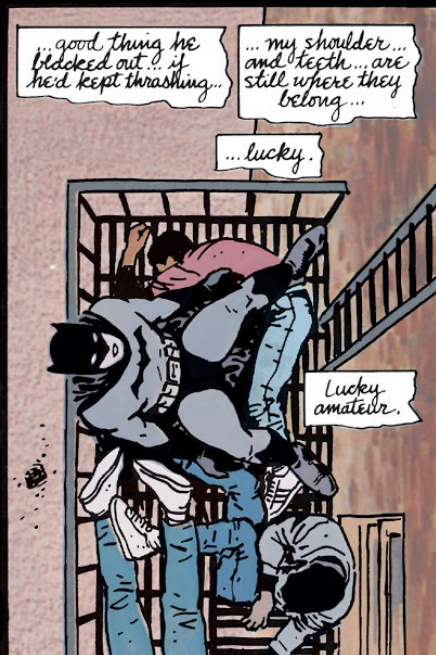
--doesn't matter--hold on--



--here he  
comes--

--brace--  
with leg--

--now--  
grab it--





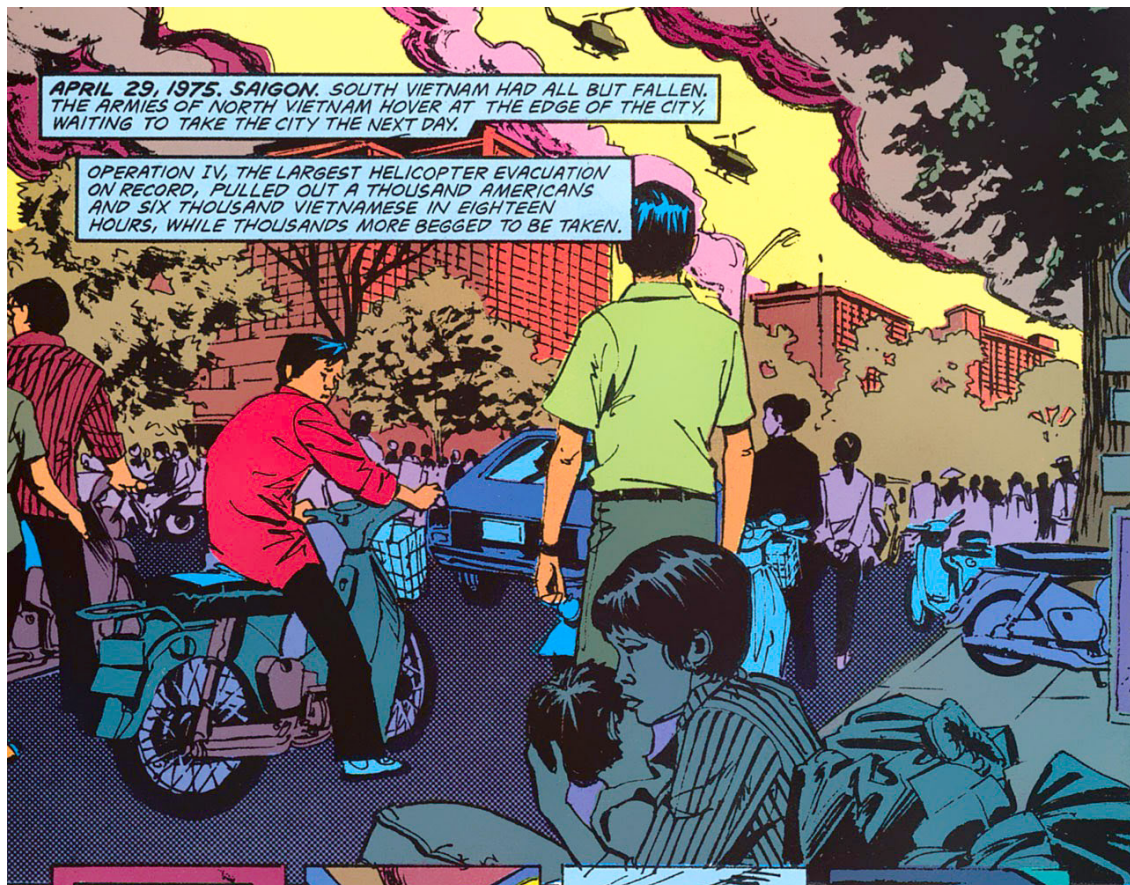


1975-04-29  
Saigon



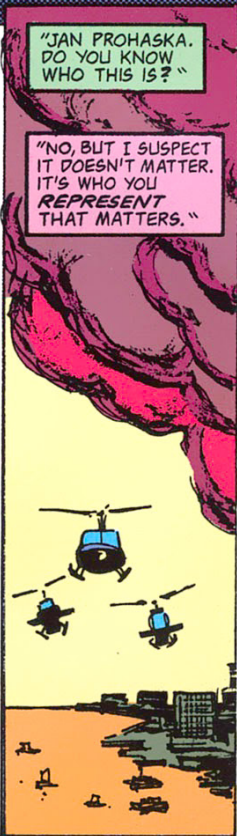
APRIL 29, 1975. SAIGON. SOUTH VIETNAM HAD ALL BUT FALLEN. THE ARMIES OF NORTH VIETNAM HOVER AT THE EDGE OF THE CITY, WAITING TO TAKE THE CITY THE NEXT DAY.

OPERATION IV, THE LARGEST HELICOPTER EVACUATION ON RECORD, PULLED OUT A THOUSAND AMERICANS AND SIX THOUSAND VIETNAMESE IN EIGHTEEN HOURS, WHILE THOUSANDS MORE BEGGED TO BE TAKEN.



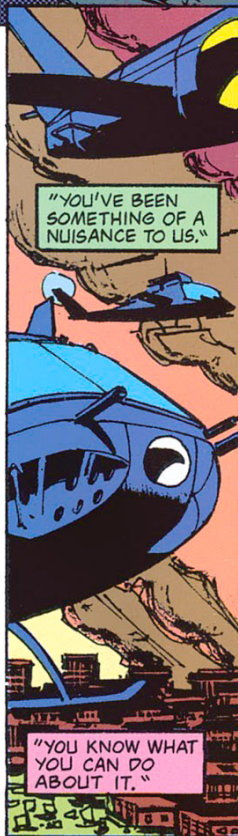
"JAN PROHASKA. DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?"

"NO, BUT I SUSPECT IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S WHO YOU REPRESENT THAT MATTERS."



"YOU'VE BEEN SOMETHING OF A NUISANCE TO US."

"YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT."



"WE COULD KILL YOU."

"IF YOU WERE GOING TO, YOU WOULDN'T BE TALKING TO ME. YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT. GIVE ME WEIR."



"FINE BY US. HE'S IN SAIGON, WAITING TO BE EVACUATED. IF YOU CAN GET TO HIM BEFORE HIS TRANSPORT --OR BEFORE THE NORTH VIETNAMESE DO--HE'S ALL YOURS."

"GIVE ME THE CO-ORDINATES."



**SCHWUPSCHWUPSCHWUPSCHWUP!**



**SCHUPSCHUPSCHUPSCHUPSCHUP!**



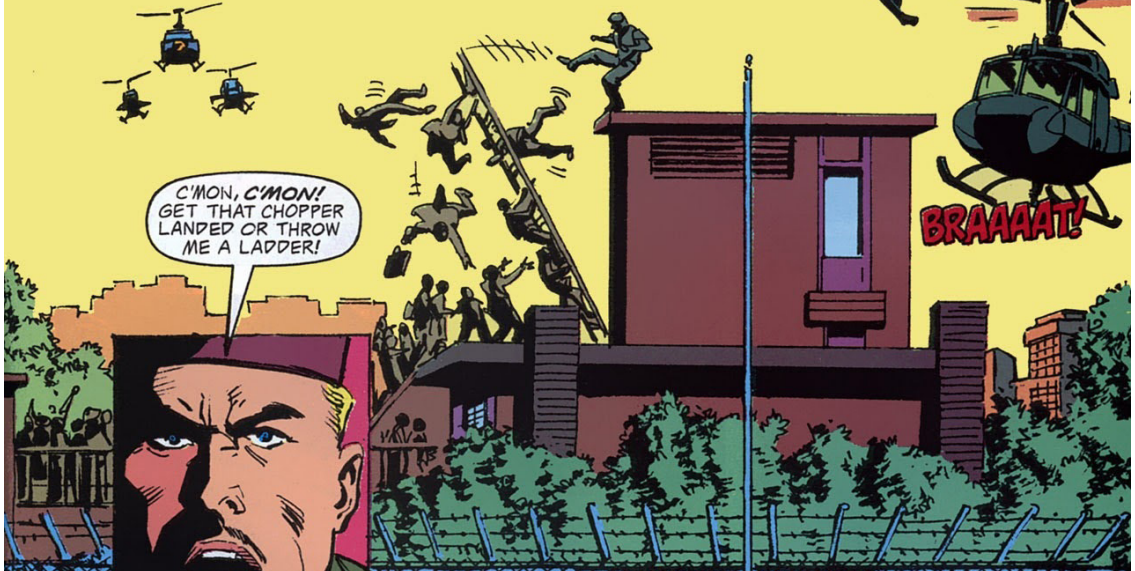
NO MENTION OF OLAF?

OLAF'S DEAD, OR CAPTURED. WE TAKE CARE OF WEIR. THEN WE CHECK ON OLAF.

**BRAAAAAAT!**



**BRAAAAAAT!**



C'MON, C'MON! GET THAT CHOPPER LANDED OR THROW ME A LADDER!

**SCHUPSCHUPSCHUPSCHUPSCHUP!**



**HAWKAAAAA!**

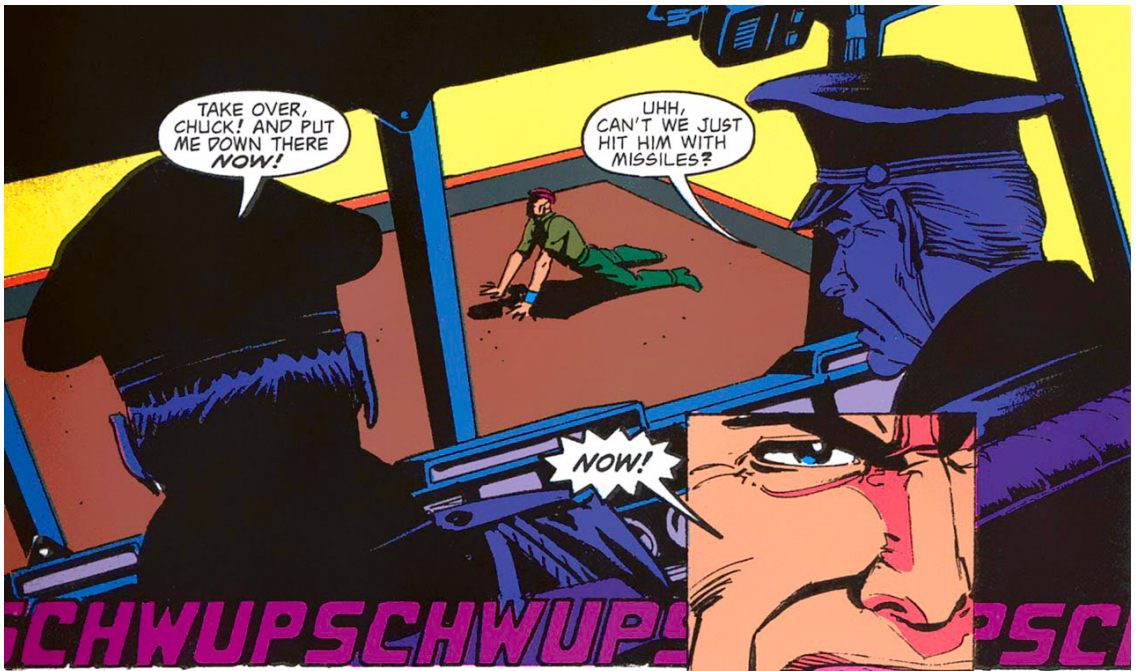
**BRAAP!BRAAAP!BRAAP!BRAP!**



SORRY, COLONEL! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN 'TIL WE HANDLE THESE INTRUDERS!

NO, YOU DAMN FOOLS! THAT'S WHAT THEY WANT! PULL ME OUT! NOW!





SCHWUP SCHWUP SCHWU



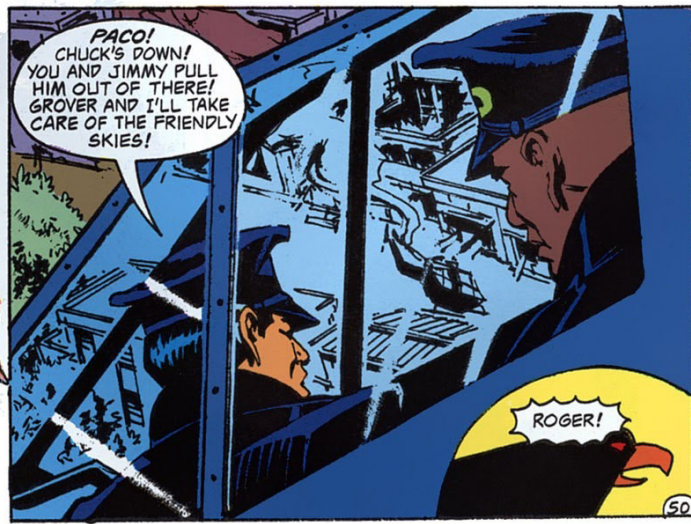
# SCHWUPSCHWUPSCHWU



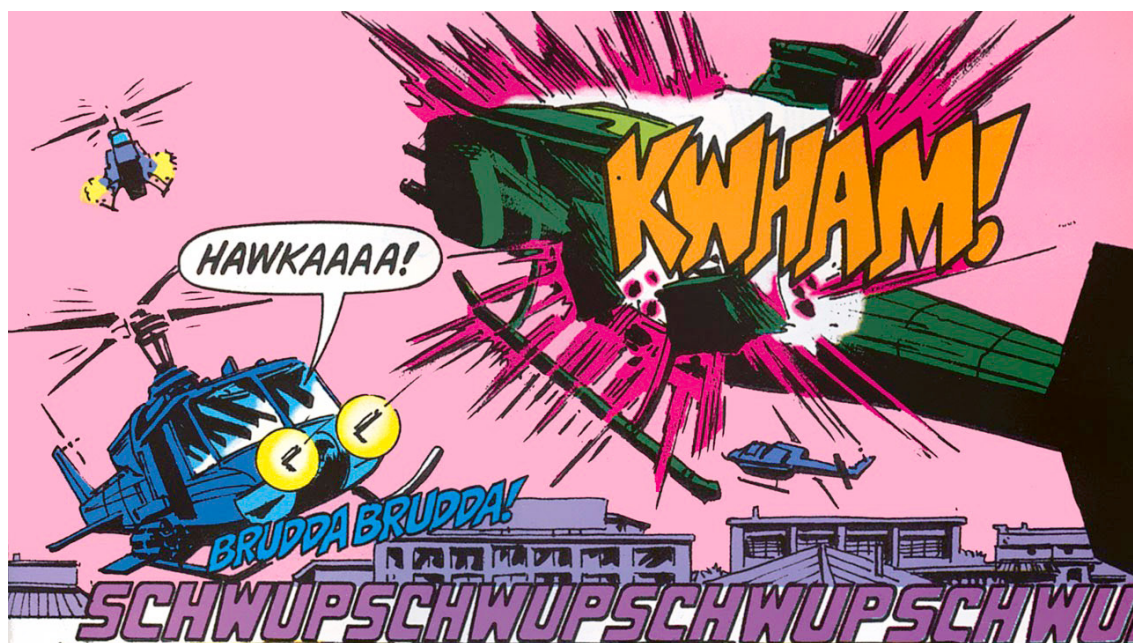
# SCHWUPSCHWUPSCHWUP



# SCHUPSCHUPSCHUP











**KRAK! WHAM! WHOK! CHUD!**







HOW'S  
IT GOIN',  
C.S.?

BEEN BETTER,  
BEEN WORSE,  
PACO.

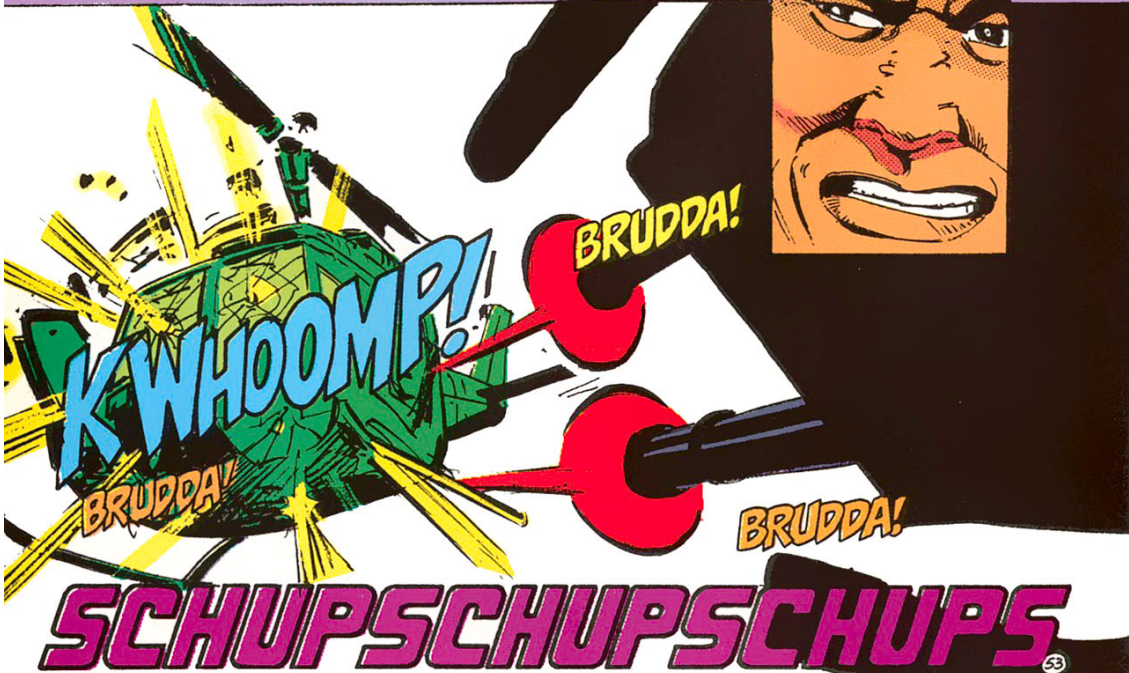
UH OH. WE'VE  
ATTRACTED SOME  
ATTENTION.

JIMMY!  
WARN CHOP-CHOP  
WE GOT SOME NORTH  
VIETNAMESE COMING  
UP THE STREET!



I SEE 'EM,  
TOO. AND DON'T  
CALL ME  
CHOP-CHOP!

TIME TO  
STOP DANCING  
AND FINISH THE  
ACTION!



KWHOOOMP!

BRUDDA!

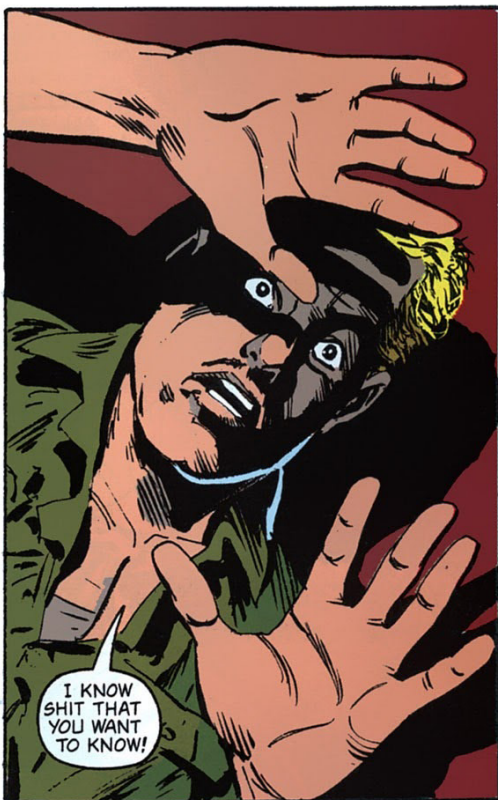
BRUDDA!

SCHUPSCHUPSCHUPS







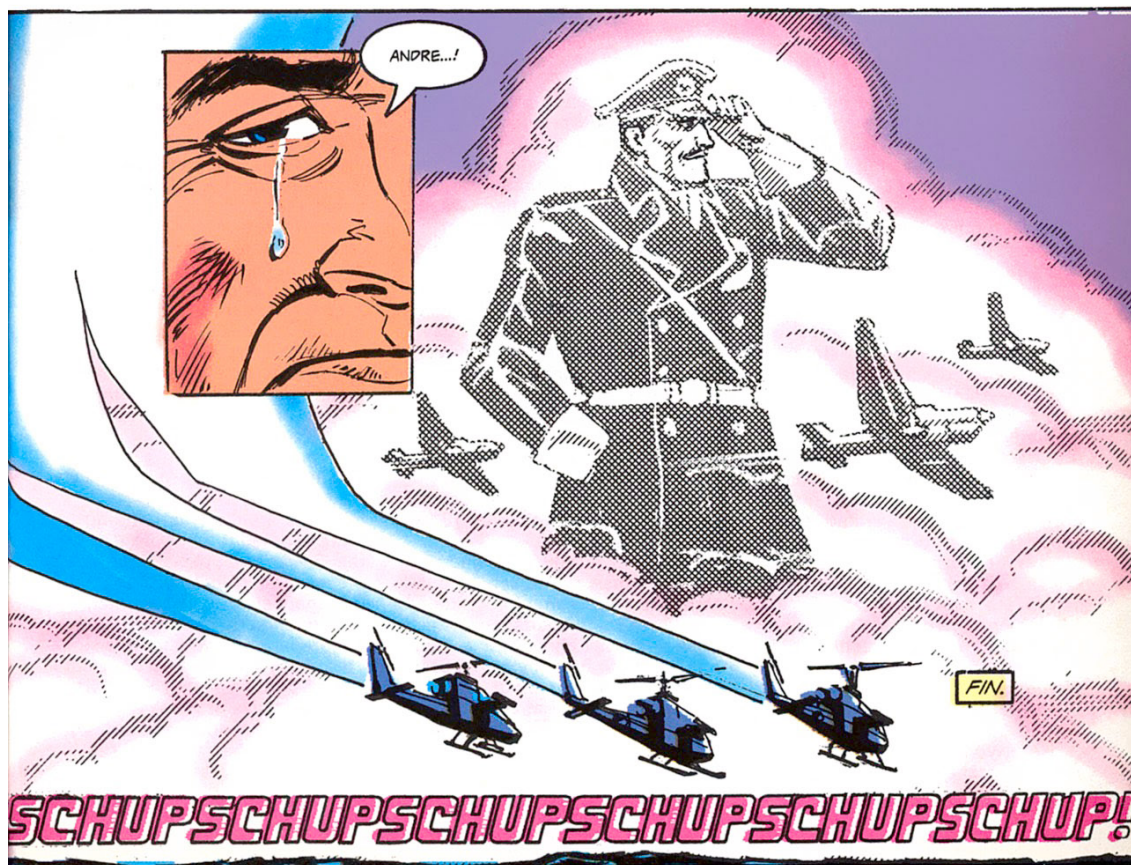








# SCHUPSCHUPSCHUPSCHUP







1975-05-14

GOtham CITY





"...I was in the process of single-handedly apprehending the felons," says Flass, and coughs.

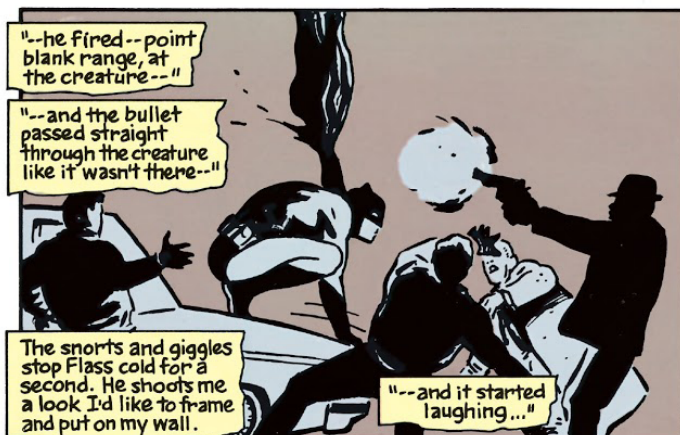
He looks around the room to see if anybody's going to challenge him, and goes on...

"...then I heard giant wings flap. It flew down from the sky--"

Somebody chuckles. Flass turns another shade redder.

"--its wings were about thirty feet across. It bellowed like...well, I've never heard anything like it..."

"...one of the felons I had not yet disarmed produced a 357 magnum--"



"--he fired--point blank range, at the creature--"

"--and the bullet passed straight through the creature like it wasn't there--"

The snorts and giggles stop Flass cold for a second. He shoots me a look I'd like to frame and put on my wall.

"--and it started laughing..."



"...Other members of the gang drew forth their guns--something flew from the creature's hand."

"I remember noticing it had claws..."

1975-05-15

GOtham CITY



# May 15

IF WE CAN STOP BEING  
**HYSTERICAL** FOR A MOMENT,  
GENTLEMEN.

OUR **VIGILANTE** --OR **BATMAN**, AS HE'S CALLED--HAS APPARENTLY COMMITTED SEVENTY-EIGHT ACTS OF **ASSAULT** IN THE PAST FIVE WEEKS.

DURING THIS TIME, CERTAIN PATTERNS OF TIMING AND METHOD HAVE EMERGED. IT IS CLEAR THAT HE POSSESSES EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL SKILL ...

NOT HE. IT.

YOU'VE GOT  
SOMETHING TO  
**CONTRIBUTE,**  
DETECTIVE  
FLASS?

**CLAWS  
RIGHT.**

...IT WAS LITTLE DART THINGS...THEY PARALYZED THE FELONS...

...BUT  
ME HE  
SINGLED  
OUT...

GENTLEMEN,  
GENTLEMEN...

GO ON,  
FLASS.  
PLEASE.

...LITTLE  
DART  
THINGS...

1975-05-19

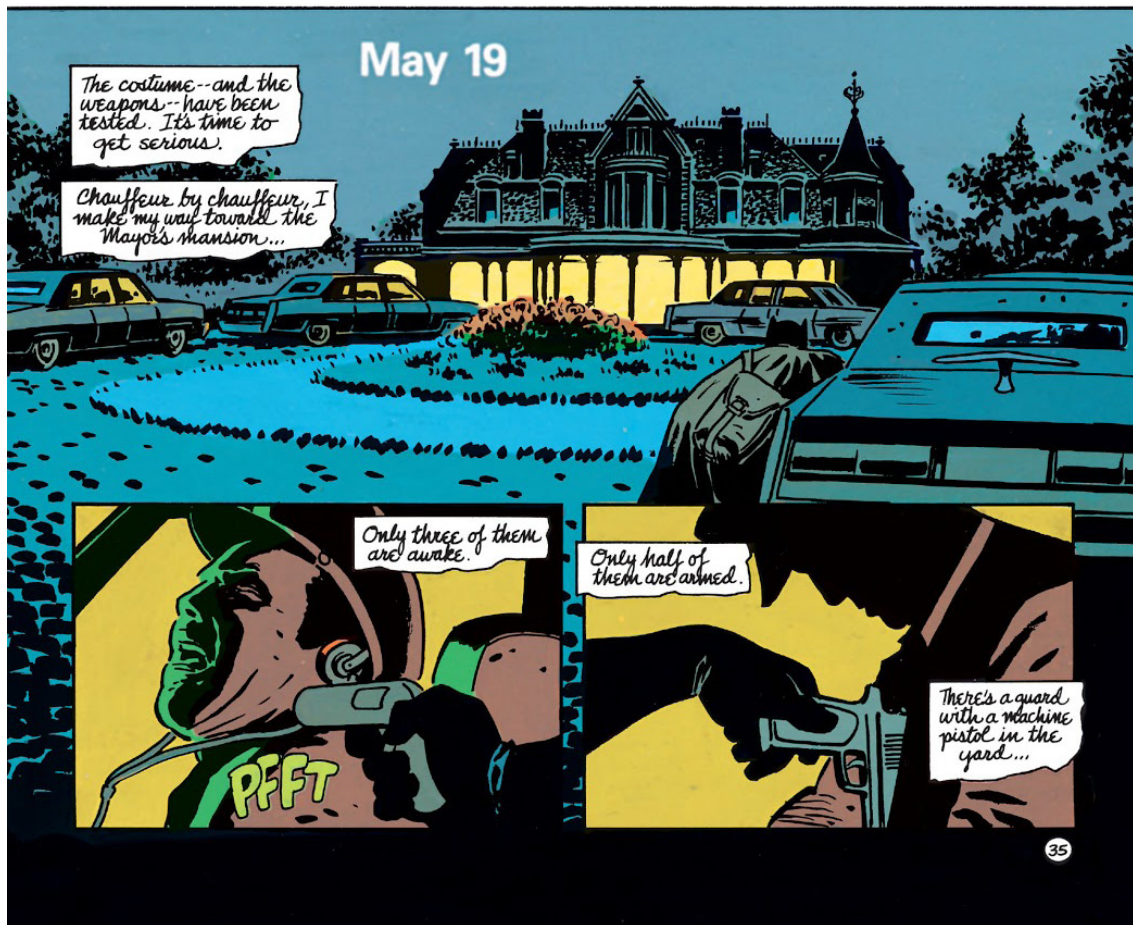
GOtham CITY



May 19

The costume--and the weapons--have been tested. It's time to get serious.

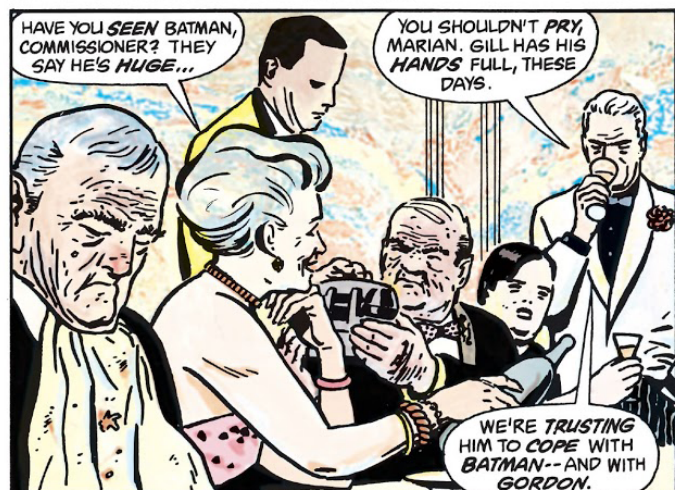
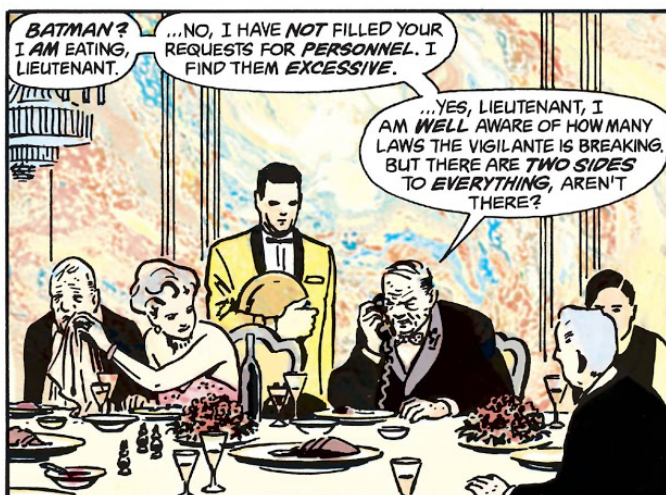
Chauffeur by chauffeur, I make my way toward the Mayor's mansion...



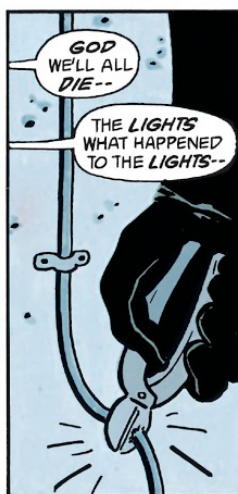
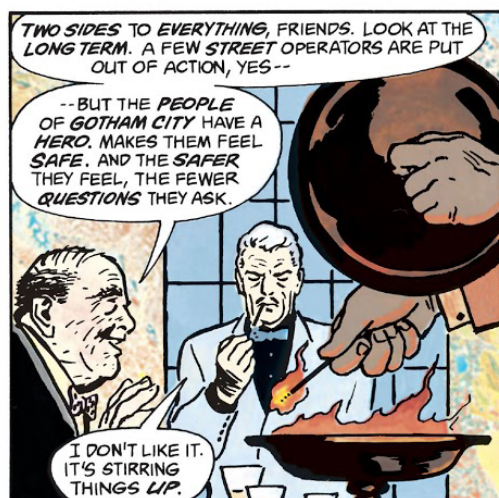
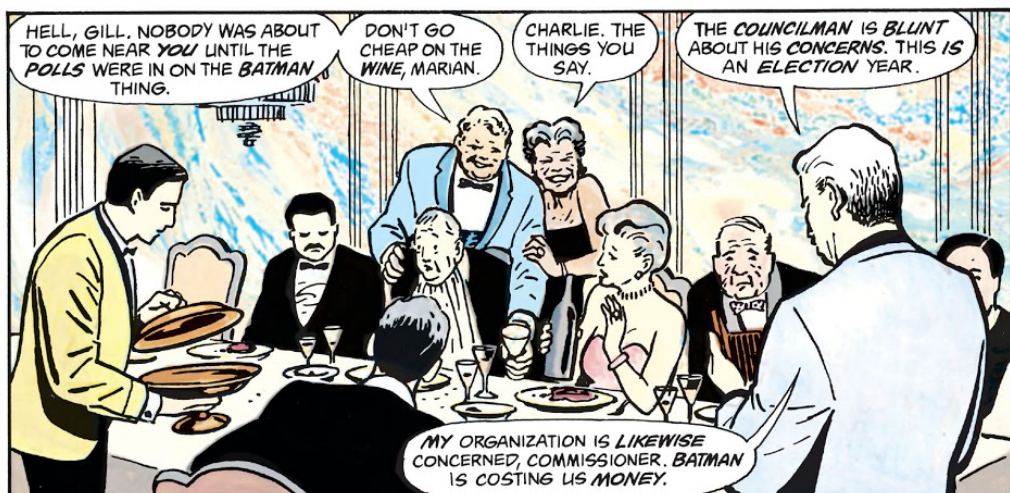
Only three of them are awake.

Only half of them are armed.

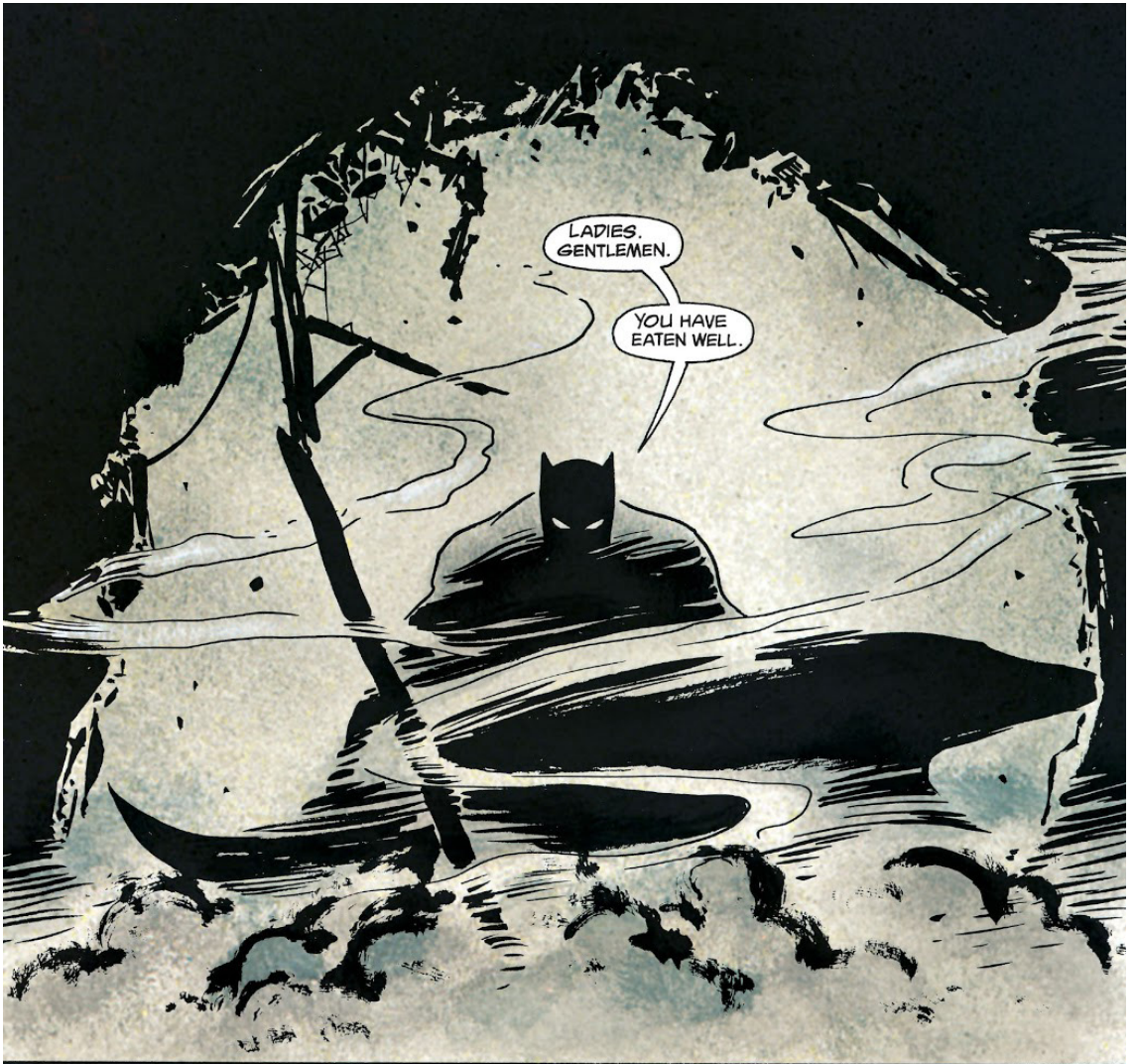
There's a guard with a machine pistol in the yard...











LADIES.  
GENTLEMEN.

YOU HAVE  
EATEN WELL.



YOU'VE EATEN GOTHAM'S  
WEALTH. ITS SPIRIT.

YOUR FEAST  
IS NEARLY  
OVER.



FROM THIS  
MOMENT ON--

-- NONE  
OF YOU ARE  
SAFE.





1975-05-20

GOtham CITY



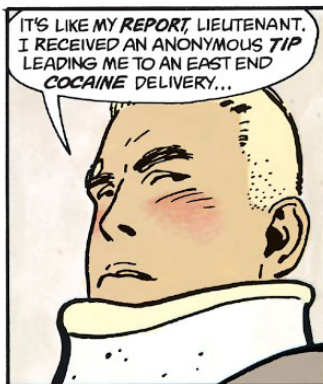
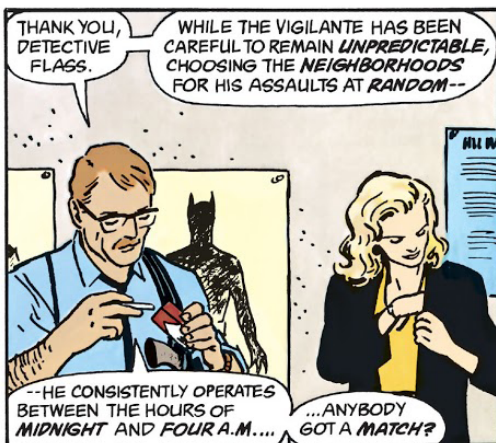
May 20

-- NO *EXCUSES*, GORDON.  
THAT *VIGILANTE* GOES *UNDER*  
-- *INSTANTLY*-- OR IT'S  
YOUR *JOB*!

... YES, SIR ...

GILLIAN E.  
COMMISSIONER







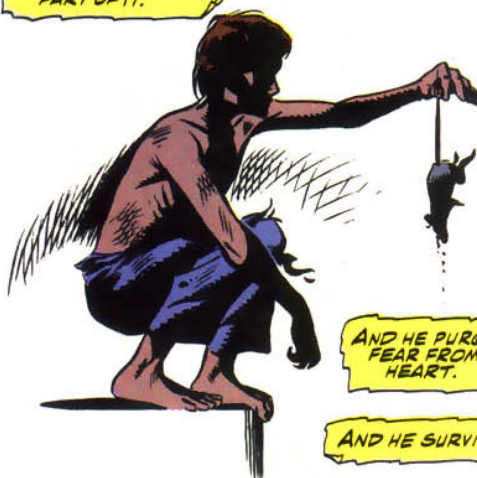


1975-06-01

SANTA PRISCA



HE STARED INTO THE  
DARKNESS OF THAT  
PIT AND BECAME A  
PART OF IT.



AND HE PURGED  
FEAR FROM HIS  
HEART.

AND HE SURVIVED.

THE CELL WAS BELOW THE LEVEL  
OF THE SEA AT HIGH TIDE.



AND EACH NIGHT  
THE OCEAN  
WOULD FLOOD IT.

AND EACH NIGHT  
HE WOULD FIGHT  
FOR HIS LIFE.



1975-06-01

CENTRAL CITY





1975-06-01

SIBERIA





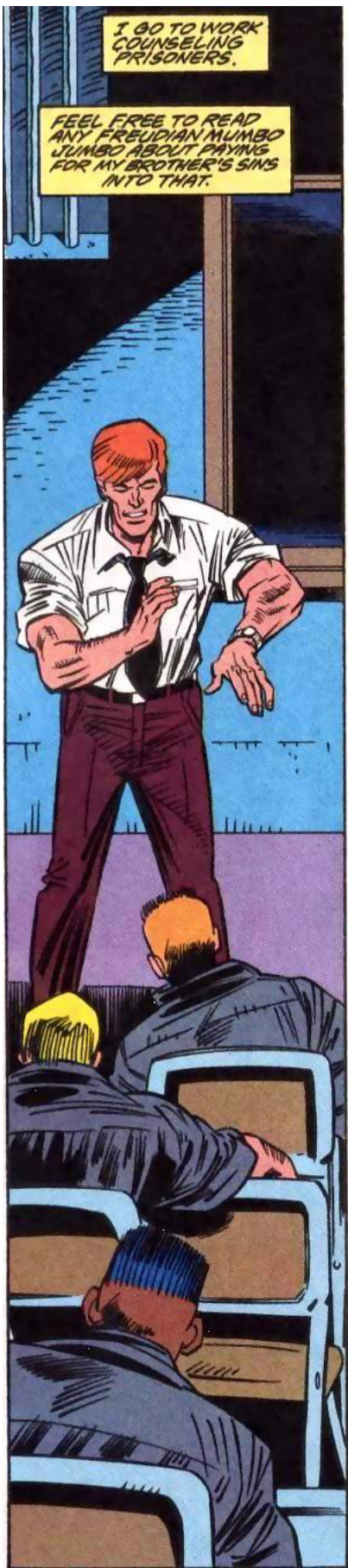
1975-06-01

BALTIMORE



I GO TO WORK  
COUNSELING  
PRISONERS.

FEEL FREE TO READ  
ANY FREUDIAN MUMBO  
JUMBO ABOUT PAYING  
FOR MY BROTHER'S SINS  
INTO THAT.



1975-06-01

NEW YORK



"THE BROADS  
DON'T GO FOR  
DIRTY MEN. THEY  
LIKE THEM CLEAN.



"THE DIRT HAD  
HOW SPECIAL  
I WAS FROM  
THEM.

"THE TIME HAD COME  
FOR ME TO CLEAN UP  
MY ACT.

"I WANTED SOME OF  
THOSE LONG-LEGGED  
WOMEN.



"THE FIRST STEP  
WAS TO GET  
ANOTHER JOB.



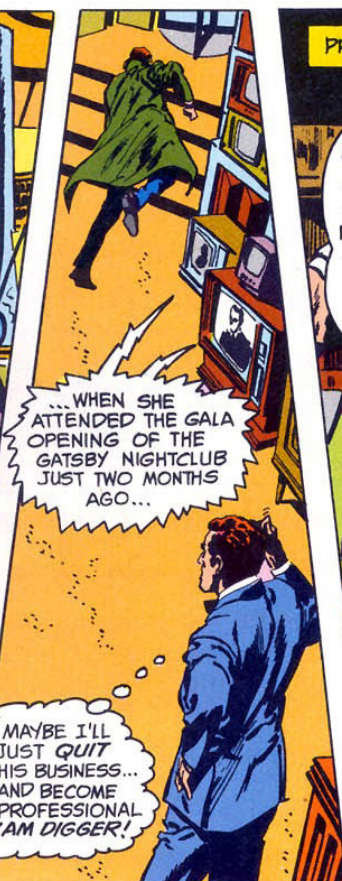
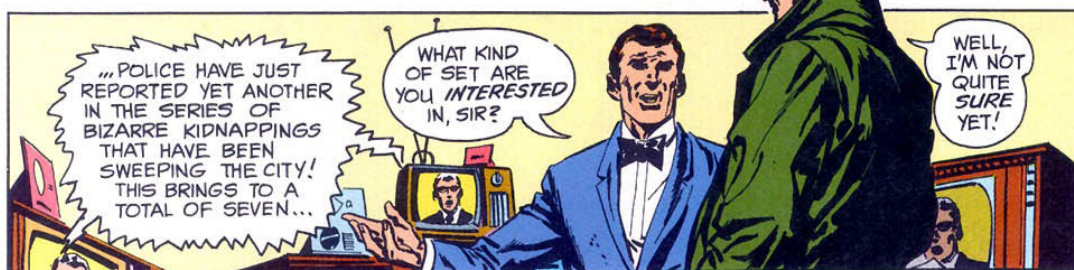
"THEY HAD ME DO  
SOME KIND OF FOOL  
APTITUDE TEST.



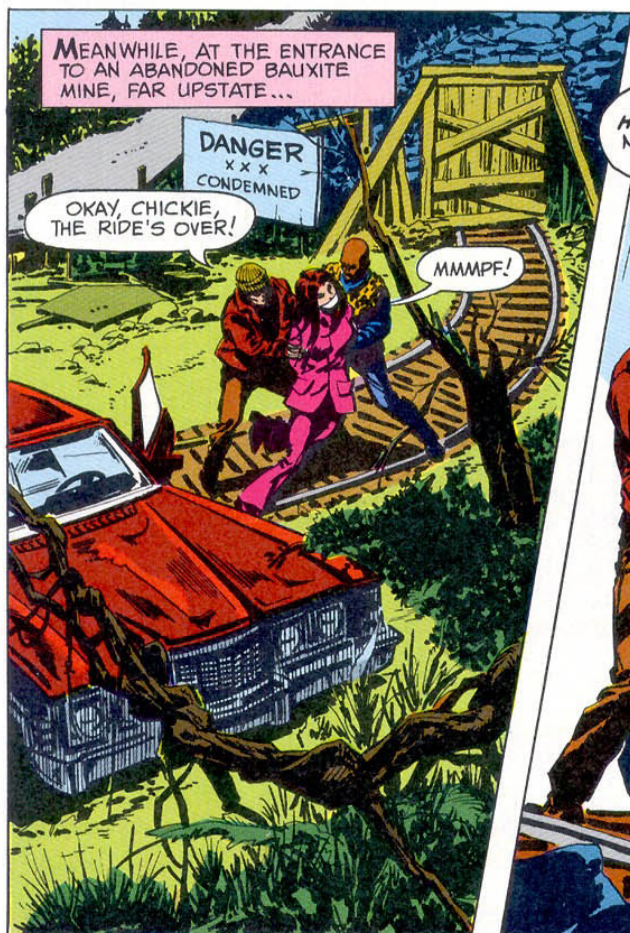
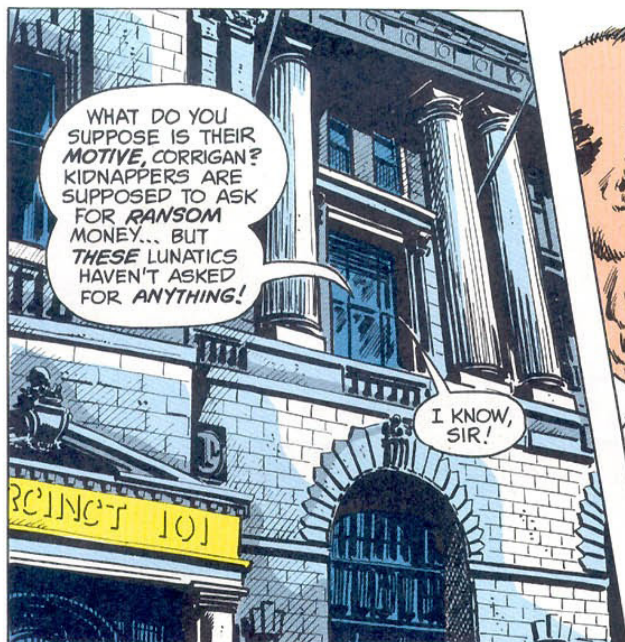
"THEY HAD A JOB  
FOR ME THE NEXT  
DAY.













SLOWLY THE KIDNAPPERS AND THEIR CAPTIVE MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE LABYRINTHINE TUNNELS OF THE LONG-ABANDONED MINE, AND FINALLY...

HERE SHE IS, DOC! NUMBER SEVEN, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

MMMPH!

AH YES! I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU! AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE ALREADY PREPARED ACCOMODATIONS FOR HER!

MOMENTS LATER...

OKAY, DOC. THE STERLING BROAD WAS THE LAST ONE ON THE LIST! SO IF YOU'LL JUST COME ACROSS WITH THAT DOUGH YOU OWE US...

...ME 'N BERNIE HERE'LL GO ON OUR MERRY WAY AND LEAVE YOU 'N YOUR GUESTS TO WHATEVER KINDA WEIRD EXPERIMENTS YOU GOT PLANNED!

AH YES, OF COURSE, THE MONEY! NOW WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE I PUT IT?



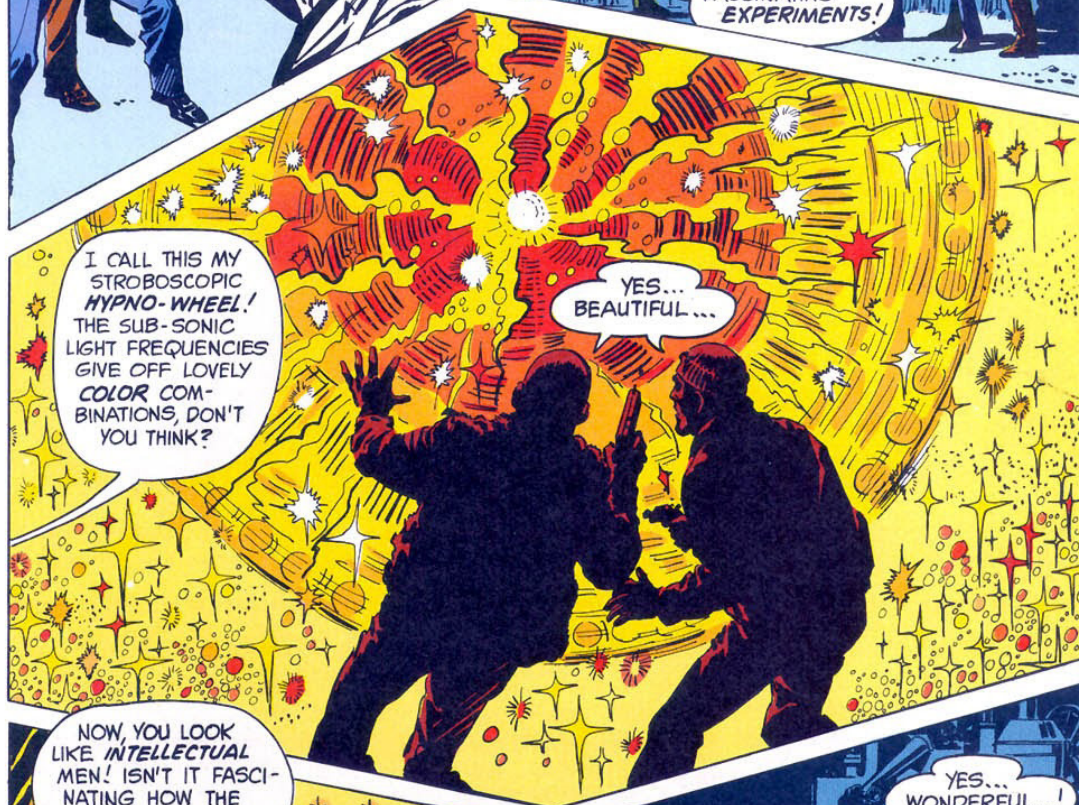


NOW LOOK HERE, **FRANKENSTEIN!** IF YOU'RE THINKIN' ABOUT TRYIN' TA **HOLD OUT** ON US--

**HOLD OUT** ON YOU? OH, **NO**, DON'T BE **SILLY!**



BUT BEFORE YOU **GO**, I **DO** WANT TO SHOW YOU ONE OF MY MORE **FASCINATING EXPERIMENTS!**



I CALL THIS MY **STROBOSCOPIC HYPNO-WHEEL!** THE SUB-SONIC LIGHT FREQUENCIES GIVE OFF LOVELY **COLOR COMBINATIONS**, DON'T YOU THINK?

YES...  
**BEAUTIFUL ...**



NOW, YOU LOOK LIKE **INTELLECTUAL MEN!** ISN'T IT **FASCINATING** HOW THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD YOU'RE INTERESTED IN RIGHT NOW IS **OBEYING** THE SOUND OF MY **VOICE?**

YES...  
**FASCINATING...!**



NOW **PLEASE** DROP THOSE **NASTY WEAPONS** ON THE **FLOOR**, WILL YOU? I HAVE SOMETHING JUST **WONDERFUL** TO SHOW YOU!

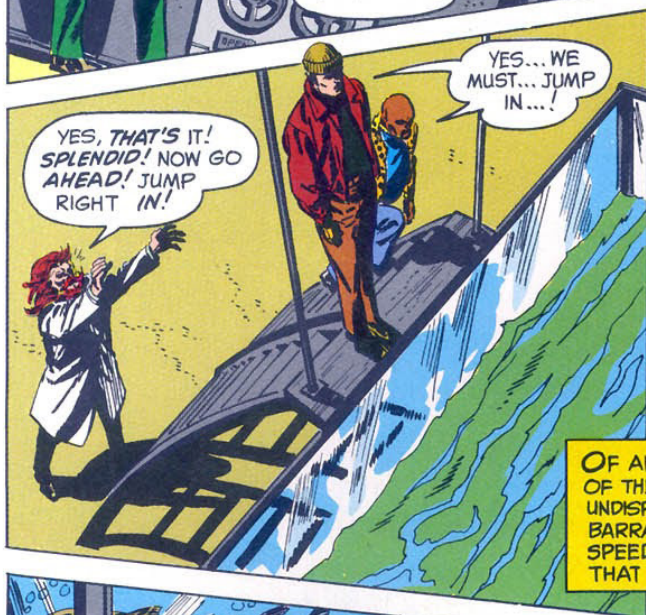
YES...  
**WONDERFUL...!**





SEE THOSE **BARRACUDAS** OF MINE? THEY'RE VERY **HUNGRY!** I WAS WONDERING IF PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T BE KIND ENOUGH TO JUMP INTO THE TANK AND LET THEM **EAT YOU!** THAT WAY THEY WOULDN'T BE **HUNGRY** ANY MORE!

YES... LET THEM...  
EAT US...!

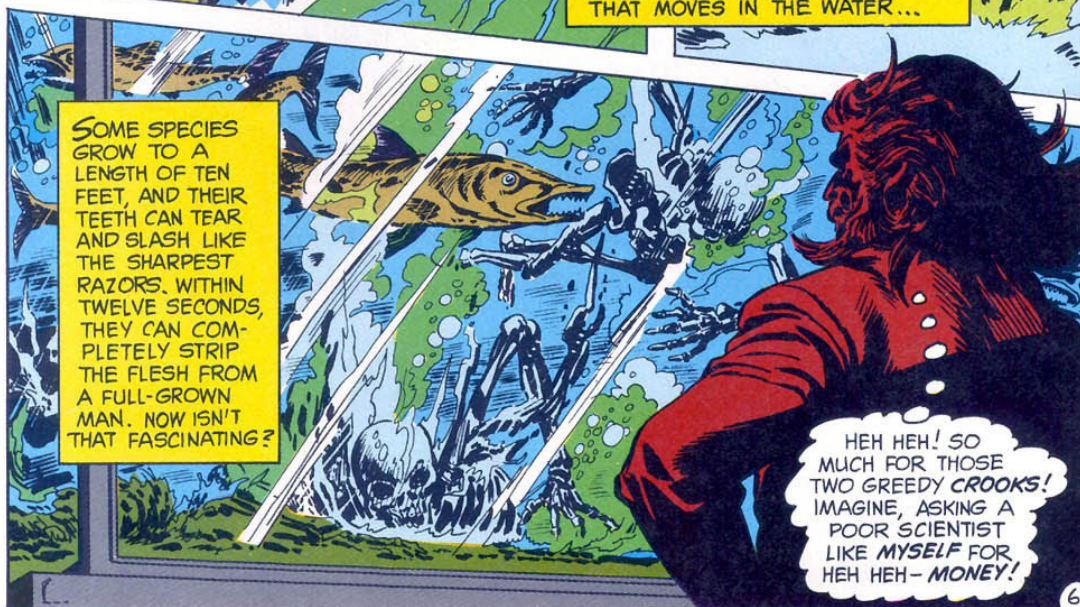


YES, THAT'S IT!  
**SPLENDID!** NOW GO  
AHEAD! JUMP  
RIGHT IN!

YES... WE  
MUST... JUMP  
IN...!



OF ALL THE PREDATORY CREATURES OF THE DEEP, THE BARRACUDA IS UNDISPUTABLY THE MOST VICIOUS. BARRACUDAS MOVE AT LIGHTNING SPEED, AND WILL ATTACK ANYTHING THAT MOVES IN THE WATER...



SOME SPECIES GROW TO A LENGTH OF TEN FEET, AND THEIR TEETH CAN TEAR AND SLASH LIKE THE SHARPEST RAZORS. WITHIN TWELVE SECONDS, THEY CAN COMPLETELY STRIP THE FLESH FROM A FULL-GROWN MAN. NOW ISN'T THAT FASCINATING?

HEH HEH! SO MUCH FOR THOSE TWO GREEDY **CROOKS!** IMAGINE, ASKING A POOR SCIENTIST LIKE **MYSELF** FOR HEH HEH - **MONEY!**





NOW IT'S *YOUR*  
TURN TO STARE  
AT MY HYPNO-WHEEL,  
*MR. VANDERHAVEN!*

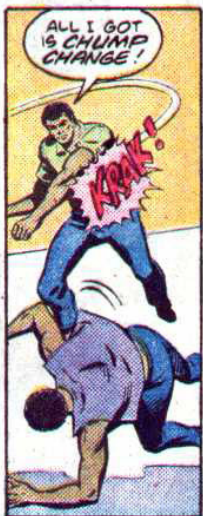
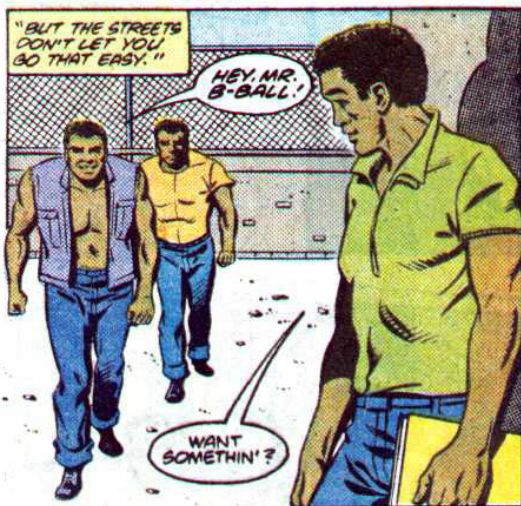
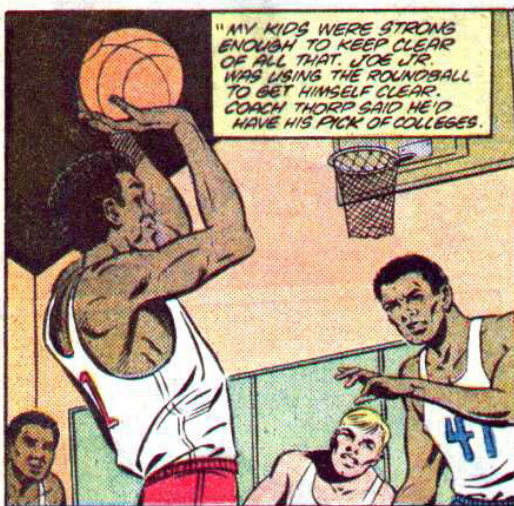
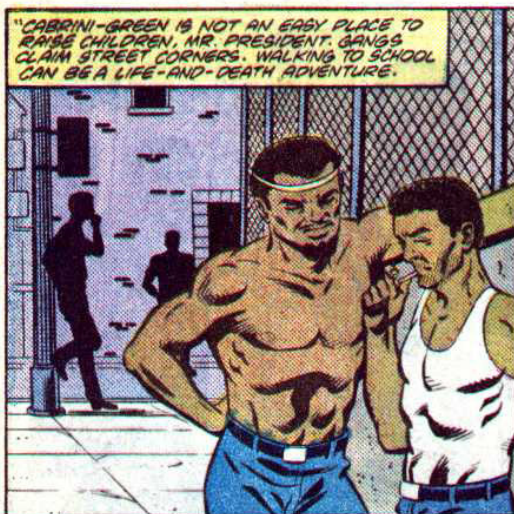
BUT DON'T  
WORRY! I  
WON'T FEED  
*YOU* TO THE  
BARRACUDAS!

OH MY, *NO!* YOU'RE  
GOING TO BECOME  
THE VERY FIRST OF  
MY... *HUMAN BOMBS!*

1975-06-01

CHICAGO

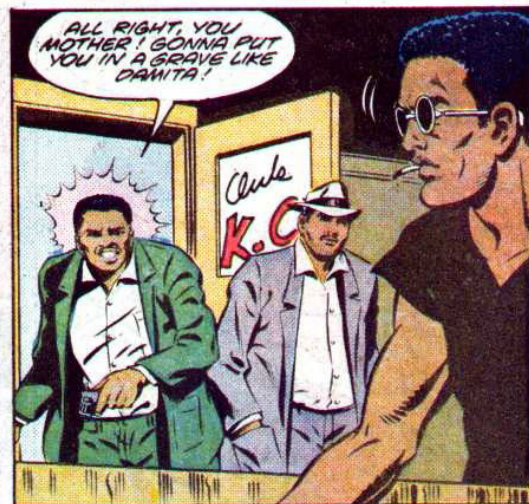








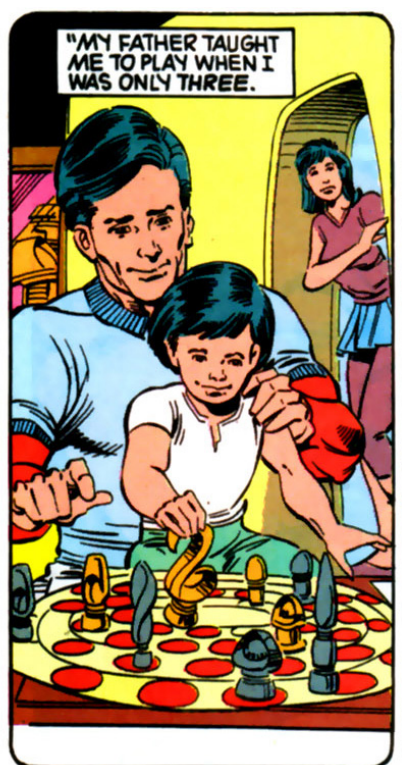




1975-06-01

Daxam





1975-06-01

FEATHER



"...THAT THE  
HISTORY CRYSTAL  
HAS THE POWER TO  
VISUALIZE YOU,  
THAT FIRST TIME  
YOU LEFT FEATHERA..."



"...AND BRAVED  
THE FURY OF THE  
ELEMENTS IN A  
PERILOUS JOURNEY  
NONE OF YOUR  
PEERS WOULD  
HAVE DARED..."




"...YOU, A DOWN-  
FLECKED FLEDG-  
LING SCARCELY  
FIFTEEN YEARS  
FROM THE NEST."



1975-06-01

VIETNAM






THEN ONE DAY,  
YEARS LATER,  
THAD AND I  
QUIT THE CIRCUS...  
AND I GOT THE  
ANSWER TO THAT  
QUESTION.

IN VIETNAM.


I COULDN'T  
BELIEVE I  
WAS THERE...



BUT I'D DO  
ANYTHING FOR  
THAD...

AND JUST  
THEN HE  
WANTED  
TO FIND  
HIS  
MISSING  
SON.

UP UNTIL  
THEN THAT'S  
WHAT I  
MUST'VE  
BEEN TO  
THAD--



--BUT SUDDENLY HE HAD THE  
OPPORTUNITY TO RELOCATE  
THE REAL THING!

I WAS  
AFRAID  
BEING  
THERE--BUT  
I WASN'T  
A KID  
ANYMORE.

I HAD TO  
TRY.



FROM WHAT I GATHERED, THE GOVERNMENT HAD DECLARED THADDEUS BROWN, JUNIOR DEAD.

BUT MISTER M. RECEIVED A LETTER CONTRADICTING THAT REPORT...

... A LETTER FROM HIS SON, SAYING HE HAD FALLEN IN WITH STEEL HAND, AN INTERGANG KINGPIN--

-- AND THAT HE NEEDED HELP!

I TRIED TO STOP MISTER MIRACLE FROM BARRELLING HEAD-FIRST INTO THIS THING--

BRACKOW

WHAT THE--?!

--BUT THAT WAS HIS STYLE AFTER ALL.

SEIZE HIM!

NOBODY INTERRUPTS STEEL HAND WHEN HE'S CONDUCTING A MEETING!

STEEL HAND, REGRETTABLY, HAD HIS ELEMENTS OF STYLE, TOO!

WHOSE GANG YOU WIT', PALLY? RALFIO'S? GRUENY'S?

I AM WITH NO ONE. I AM MISTER MIRACLE. I'M ON MY OWN.

MISTER MIRACLE, EH? WHAT D'YA WANT FROM STEEL HAND?

I HAVE COME FOR MY SON-- HE'S TOLD ME OF INTERGANG AND HIS TROUBLE WITH YOU.

YOUR KID, HUH? JUST WHO ARE YOU UNDER THERE?

I AM THADDEUS BROWN AND--

BROWN WAS YOUR KID?!

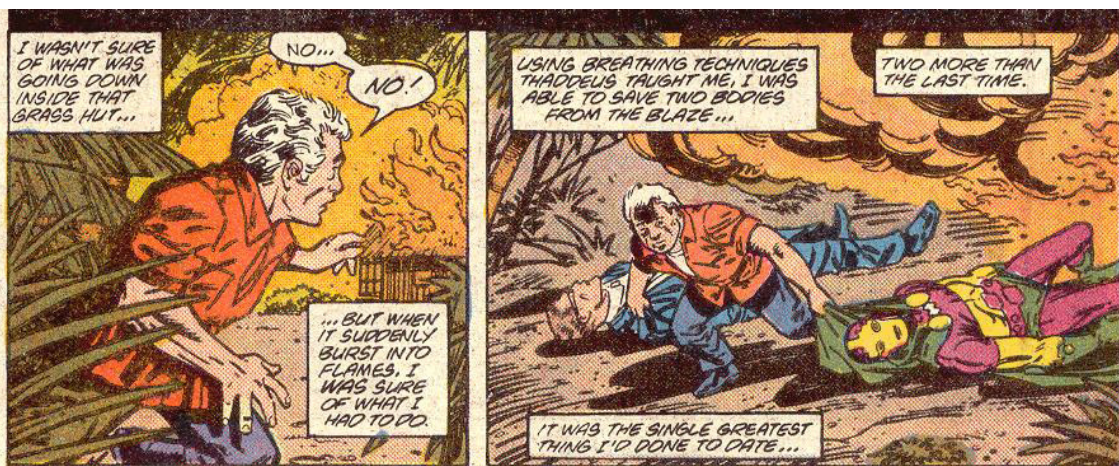
THAT PUNK'S SCREWED UP MY WHOLE SOUTHEAST ASIAN OPERATION HERE!

STEEL HAND, NO! THIS'S A BAMBOO HUT!

SO YOU'VE COME TO RESCUE YOUR SON, EH, MIRACLE?

CHOOOON





I WASN'T SURE  
OF WHAT WAS  
GOING DOWN  
INSIDE THAT  
GRASS HUT...

NO...

NO!

... BUT WHEN  
IT SUDDENLY  
BURST INTO  
FLAMES, I  
WAS SURE  
OF WHAT I  
HAD TO DO.

USING BREATHING TECHNIQUES  
THADDEUS TAUGHT ME, I WAS  
ABLE TO SAVE TWO BODIES  
FROM THE BLAZE...

TWO MORE THAN  
THE LAST TIME.

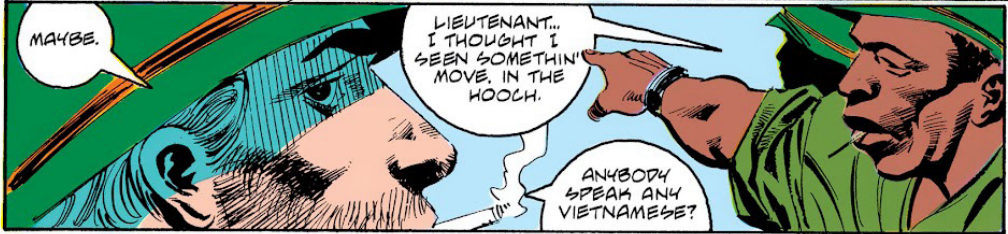
IT WAS THE SINGLE GREATEST  
THING I'D DONE TO DATE...

# THE PEACEMAKER

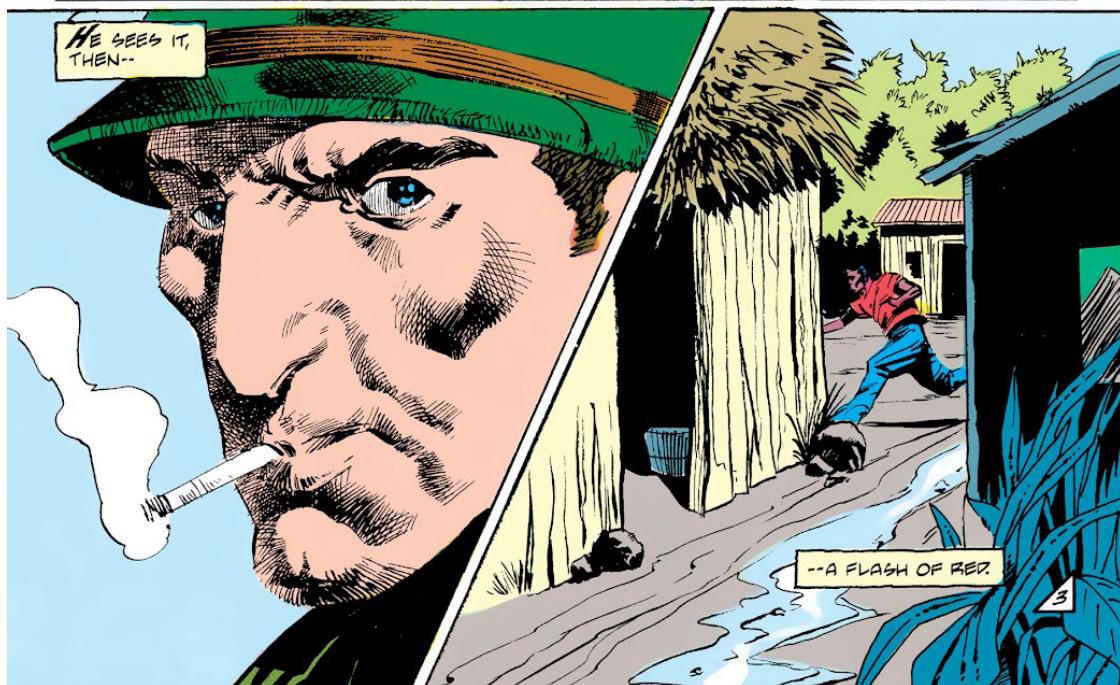


**Dennis O'Neil**  
—story  
**Denys Cowan &  
Malcolm Jones III**  
—art  
**Willie Schubert**  
—lettering  
**Tatjana Wood**  
—coloring  
**Katie Main**  
—assistant editor  
**Mike Gold**  
—editing











BUT HE SAYS NOTHING.  
THEY'RE ALL TIRED AND THEY  
HAVEN'T BEEN ATTACKED  
AND HE'S SEEN SO MUCH  
BLOOD AND DEATH--



...SO MUCH,  
SO MUCH--



WHERE'S  
THE  
CHOPPERS?  
THEY SHOULD'A  
BEEN HERE  
HOURS  
AGO.

FIVE  
HOURS  
AGO.

WHADDAYA  
SAY  
LIEUTENANT?  
WE  
WAIT?

WE  
WAIT.



HEY...  
SOMETHIN'S  
MOVIN' IN  
THE  
BUSH.

YOU'RE  
SEEN'  
THINGS,  
LUVVERS.



AAAAGHH















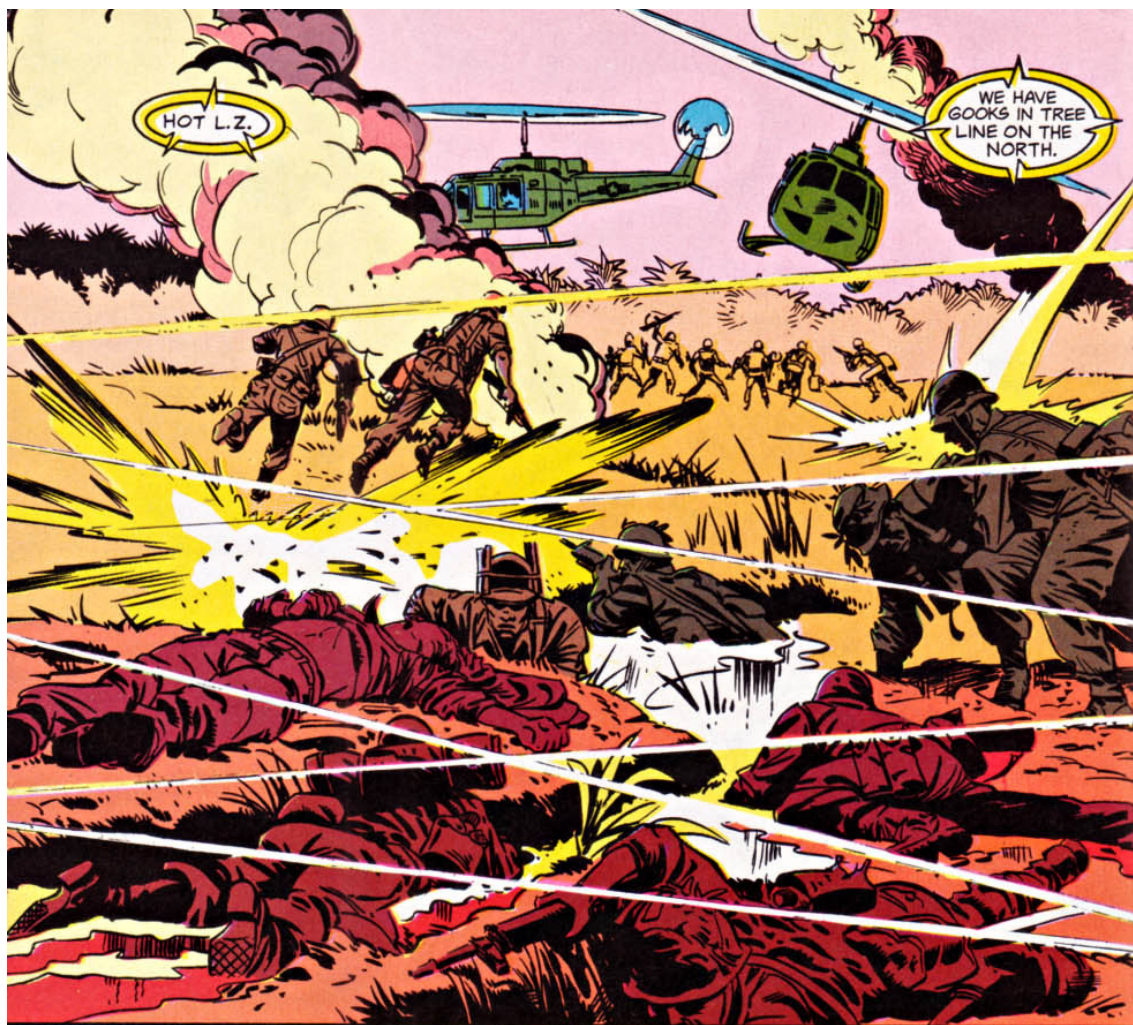




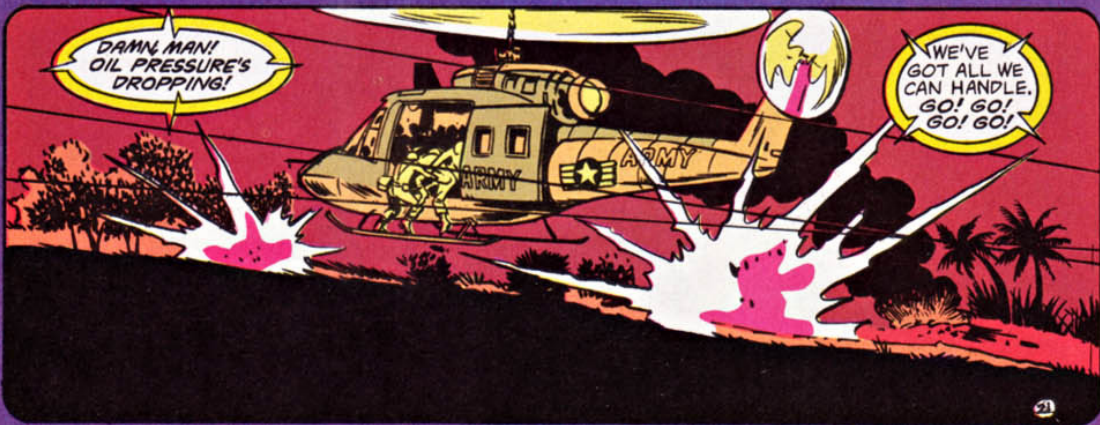
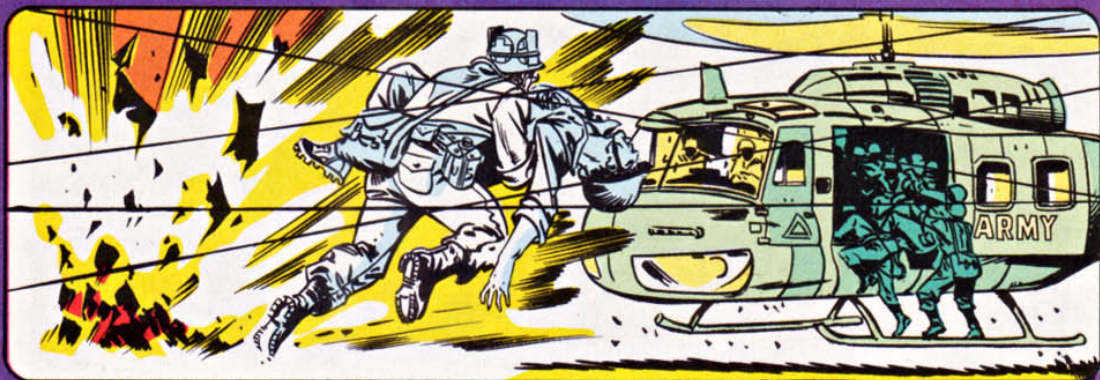
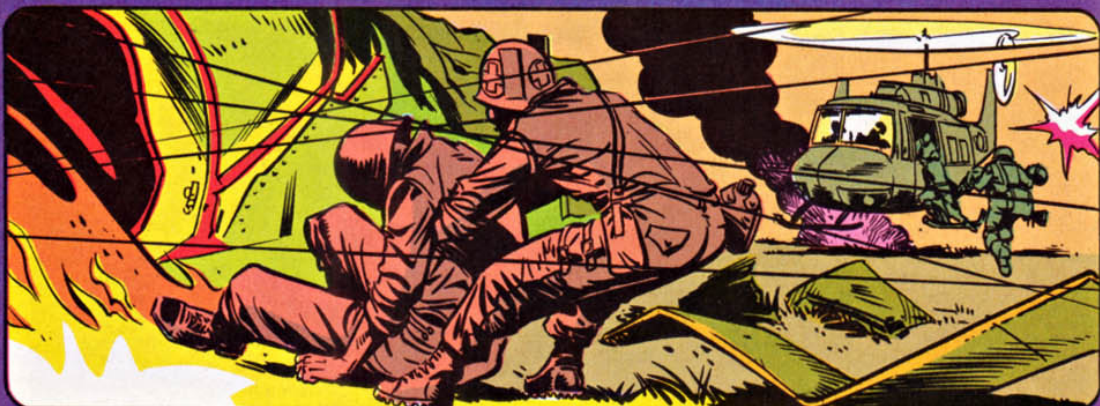
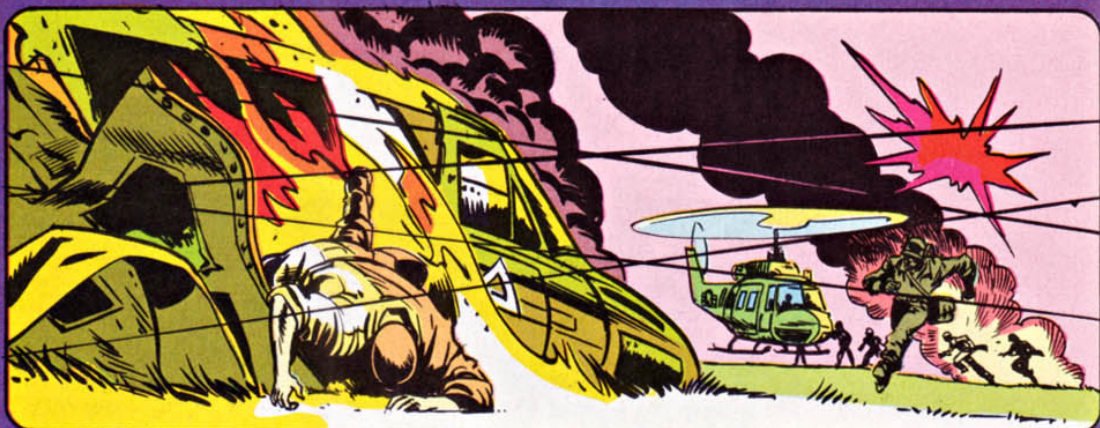




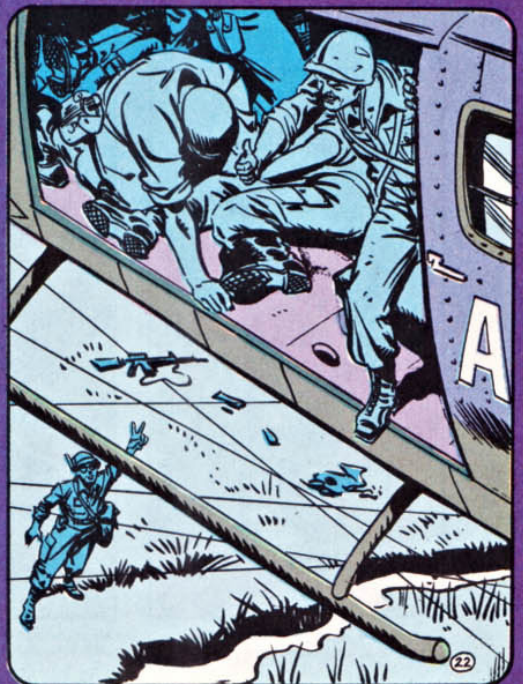
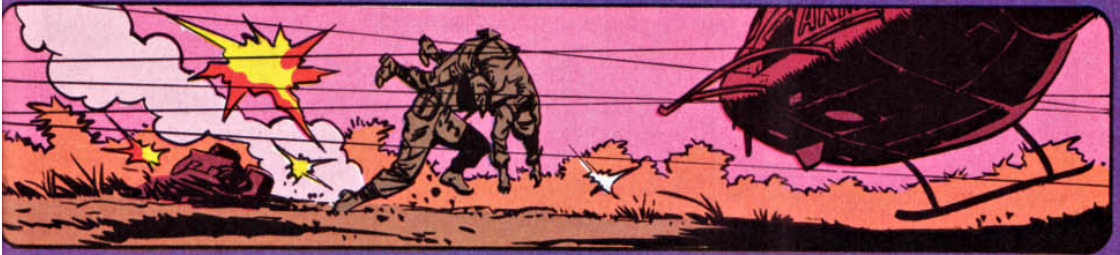
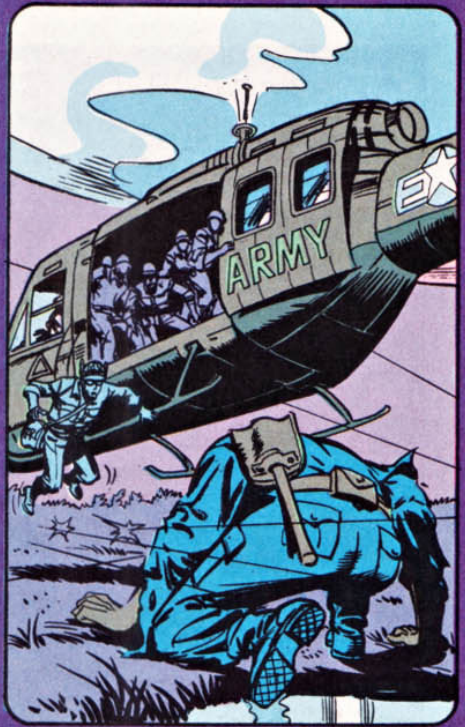












1975-06-01

YENISEY



"MY FATHER WAS AN  
ARCHAEOLOGIST  
INVESTIGATING THE  
METEOR THAT CRASHED  
IN THE YENISEY RIVER  
IN 1908.

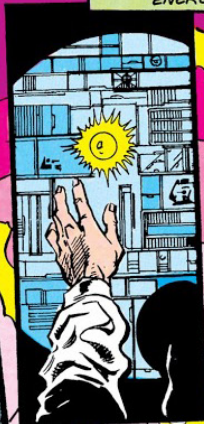
"WHEN WE INVESTIGATED  
THE CRAFT, THERE WAS  
A TERRIBLE SURGE OF  
ENERGY.

"THE POWER  
FEEDBACK  
CHANGED  
ME...ALTERED  
ME..."

"...AND GAVE ME  
MY POWERS.

"POWERS THAT  
ARE CONSTANTLY  
EVOLVING AND  
GROWING, EVEN  
TO THIS DAY."

"BUT WHAT  
HE FOUND  
WAS NO  
METEOR."



1975-06-01

KORUGAR



"-- BUT AGAIN, IT WAS MORE CONFIRMATION THAN SURPRISE WHEN I BEGAN TO YEARN FOR MORE!"

CHARGING MY RING GIVES ME POWER-- UNLIMITED POWER!

THERE IS NOTHING I CANNOT DO WITH IT--

"THE DISSATISFACTION WITH BEING A PART OF A CORPS BEGAN TO EAT AT ME LIKE A SUBTLE BUT IMPLACABLE CANCER--!"

WHY SHOULD I REMAIN IN THIS SECRET CHAMBER-- HIDDEN FROM MY WORLD?

I HAVE A BETTER IDEA-- AND A SENSATIONAL WAY TO EMPLOY MY RING!

"I SURVEYED EVERY NATURAL AND KORUGARIAN-MADE MONUMENT ON THE PLANET--"

"-- THEN BESTED THEM WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT!"

THERE! NOW I HAVE A SUITABLE HEADQUARTERS!

"AFTERWARD, I LET THE PEOPLE COME TO ME-- BUT SITTING ON MY CALCULUM THRONE, I HAD TIME TO NOTICE JUST HOW FAR BELOW ME THEY WERE!"

WE HAVE TO WAIT TO SEE SINESTRO SOMETIMES FOR DIORDANS!\*

AND THEN HE TAKES ONLY THOSE CASES THAT INTEREST HIM-- HELPS ONLY A FEW OF US AND IGNORES THE REST!

WHAT I WOULD NOT GIVE FOR A DIOR IN THE NULL CHAMBER...!

\*DIORDAN: 37 DIORS, EQUIVALENT TO ONE EARTH DAY -- ANDY.

"DO I WISH I HAD KNOWN THAT THE GUARDIANS SECRETLY OVERSAW EACH LANTERN PERIODICALLY?"

"I THINK, SUBCONSCIOUSLY, I DID KNOW!"

I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES, BROOME BON BARIS!

THE RING-WIELDER OF 1417 HAS SUCCEDED TO THE VIRUS OF POWER!

YOU ARE NO CHAMPION OF JUSTICE! WE HEARD GREEN LANTERN WOULD CRUSH EVIL WHEN IT THREATENED US!

YOU DARE...?!!

FOR SHAME! KI-MON WAS HELPLESS BEFORE YOU!

SILENCE! OR ALL OF YOU WILL SUFFER THE SAME TREATMENT!

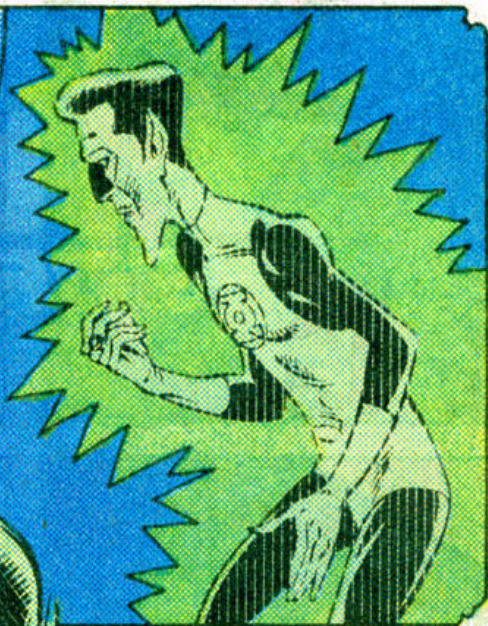
I AM GREEN LANTERN-- NO ONE CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO!



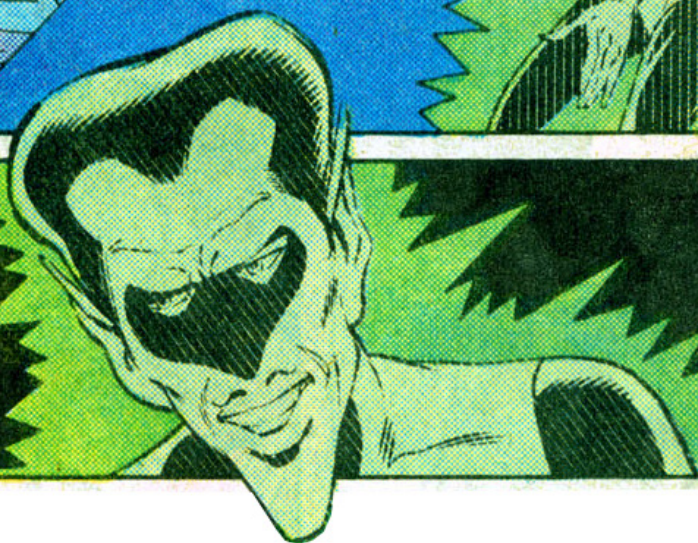
THREE COMPLETE CYCLES BEFORE I WAS STRIPPED OF MY RING, I BECAME INTRIGUED BY THE MEN WHO MADE UP THE SECRET COUNCIL OF VIRIL ON KORUGAR!



"I WILLED MYSELF INVISIBLE AND ATTENDED ONE OF THEIR GATHERINGS--"



--AND WHAT I LEARNED THAT NIGHT WILL SAFEGUARD ME, EVEN IF THE LANTERNS' MAJORITY FINDS A WAY TO SURPRISE ME....!







1975-06-01

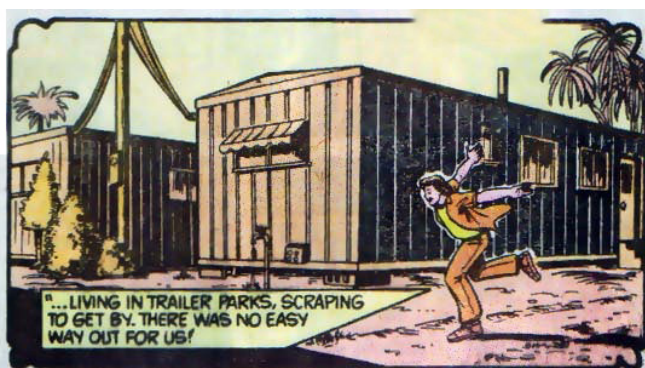
OPAL CITY



"JOBS FOR A SINGLE MOTHER WITH TWO KIDS WEREN'T EASY TO FIND, BUT MOM MUST'VE FOUND THEM ALL.



"WE ALL DID WHAT WE COULD TO MAKE IT ENDURABLE..."



"...LIVING IN TRAILER PARKS, SCRAPING TO GET BY. THERE WAS NO EASY WAY OUT FOR US!"

"HI, MOM."



"HELLO, KIDS. MMM, SUPPER SMELLS DELICIOUS!"

"DOLLY AND I HELPED. WE SET THE TABLE."

1975-06-01

WASHINGTON D.C.



"WITH ARGENT NOW OUT OF THE PICTURE, THE TWO BRANCHES OF TASK FORCE X WERE COMBINED INTO ONE, REDUBBED MISSION X.



GENERAL STUART PULLED THE RIGHT STRINGS AND KARIN GRACE WAS ALLOWED TO JOIN THE TEAM, WHICH WAS COMPLETED BY TWO CIVILIAN SCIENTISTS -- PHYSICIST JESS BRIGHT AND ASTRONOMER DR. HUGH EVANS.



1975-06-01

GOtham CITY



HE REMEMBERS THE LONG,  
GRINDING MONTHS--THE HUNGER--  
THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF HIS  
LITTLE SISTER--

I- I'M  
SORRY--IT'S  
SHORT.

ELIZA'S  
BEEN ILL. I--  
I BOUGHT HER  
A DOLL....!

**SMACK!**

YOU WERE  
WARNED WHAT WOULD  
HAPPEN!

NOW YOU'RE  
GOING TO HAVE  
TO LEARN THE  
HARD WAY!

LEAVE  
MY MOM  
ALONE!

**KRAK!**

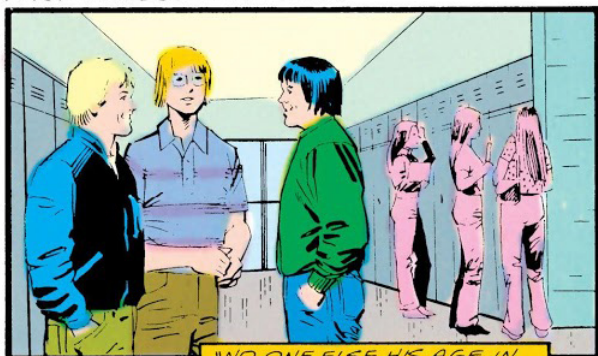
LEAVE  
HER! LEAVE  
HER! LEAVE  
HER!

1975-06-01

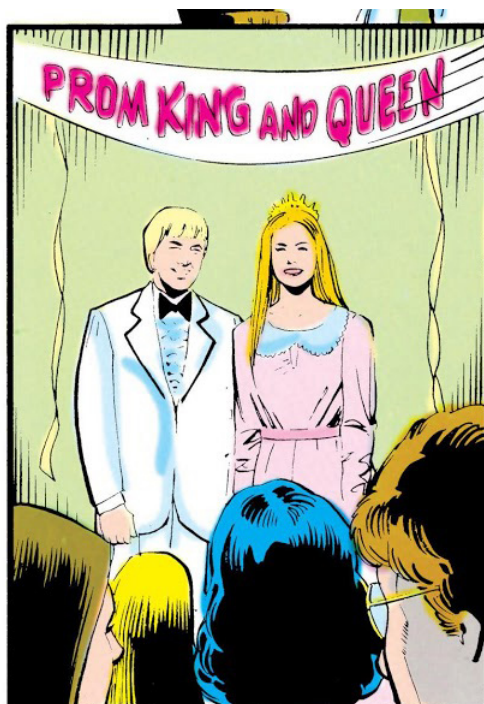
QUAD CITIES



"HE WAS A **TERRIFIC** YOUNG ATHLETE: ALL-STATE, A TOP COLLEGE DRAFT PICK.



"NO ONE ELSE HIS AGE IN THE U.S.A. COULD TOP THAT RECKLESS HOT-DOGGING OF HIS."



"I WENT TO THE SAME HIGH SCHOOL AS JACK," FLINT SAYS, "BUT Y'KNOW, FOR ALL HIS 'GRIDIRON GLORY,' HE SEEMED **SHY**, EVEN **INSECURE**. IT DIDN'T STOP HIM FROM BEIN' THE MOST **POPULAR** GUY IN SCHOOL."

1975-06-02

GOtham CITY



June 2



She knows how to walk  
in heels.

So few women do these  
days. It's practically a  
lost art.

And she knows how to  
scream. You could hear it  
from the rooftops.



Normally, screaming wouldn't  
help. Not in this neighborhood.

Here on the East End, a  
midnight walk constitutes  
attempted suicide.



Lucky for her that there  
are so many cops around.

There's Sergeant Feck,  
playing wifio...



And hunched in that sedan--  
Detectives Shelly and Lerner.



There are six more officers  
waiting, crouched in  
stoops and garbage  
dumpers, down the block.

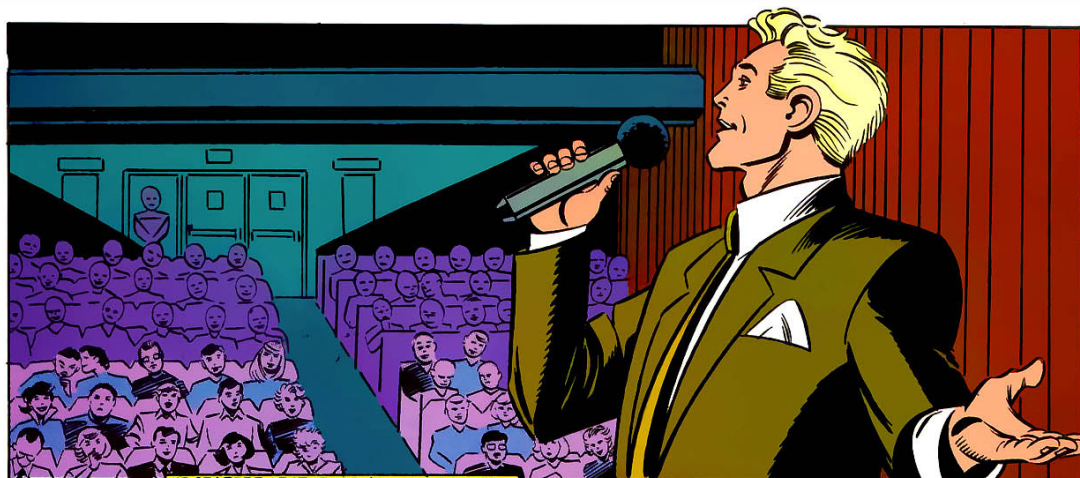


Gordon's wasting a lot  
of manpower on these  
traps.

1975-06-02

NEW YORK





"I STARTED LECTURING AT UNIVERSITIES AND GIVING SEMINARS FOR EXECUTIVES AND EVENTUALLY IT LED TO STARTING MY OWN COMPANY, QUICK-START!"



"I IMMEDIATELY REALIZED THAT THE PEOPLE AT THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU HAD REALIZED HOW SPECIAL I WAS AND WERE JEALOUS. WHY ELSE WOULD THEY HAVE SENT ME TO SUCH A JOB?"

"I KNEW THEY'D HAVE NO BETTER PLACEMENT FOR ME, SO I ACCEPTED THIS ONE, SWEARING THAT SOMEONE WOULD EVENTUALLY PAY FOR THIS INDIGNITY."



"I DIDN'T MIND THE WORK. IT WAS HARD AND MADE ME USE MUSCLES I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD. BUT I HATED THE FILTH AND THE FILTH WAS EVERYWHERE."









1975-06-02

CHICAGO





"JOE GOT WHAT HE WAS  
AFTER. BUT I WAS LEFT  
ALONE."

NO MORE. I  
AIN'T LETTING  
THESE DAMN  
STREETS HAVE  
NO MORE OF  
MY FAMILY.

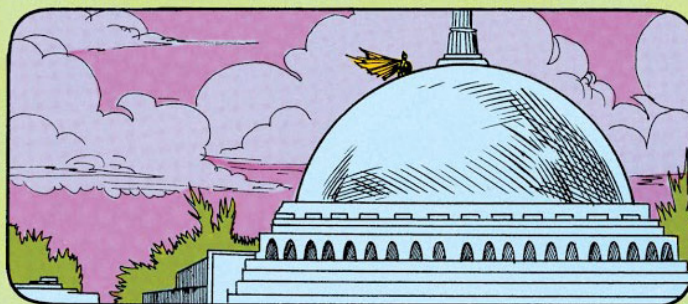
BY GOD IN  
HEAVEN, I SWEAR  
I'LL GET THEM  
OUT OR KILL  
MYSELF  
TRYING.

1975-06-02

WASHINGTON D.C.



"UNDOUBTEDLY, WITHOUT YOUR HYBRID STAMINA AND FEATHERED MIGRATORY SENSES, YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE REACHED YOUR DESTINATION--WASHINGTON, CITY OF YOUR FATHER'S BIRTH.



"HOW CRUSHING IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR ONE WITH LESS DETERMINATION, NORDA, TO HAVE COME SO FAR--



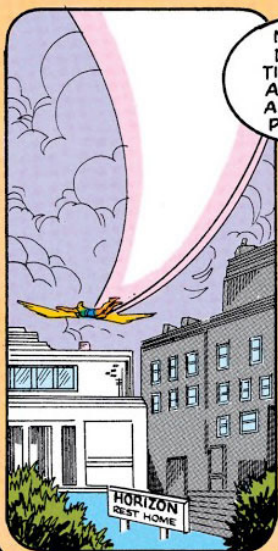
"-- ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT THE HUMAN GRANDPARENTS YOU SOUGHT HAD QUITE RECENTLY MOVED AWAY!"



"THAT IS BECAUSE I HAD LEARNED FROM BOOKS AND FROM MY FATHER MANY OF THE WAYS OF MY FATHER'S PEOPLE, INCLUDING THEIR LANGUAGE...



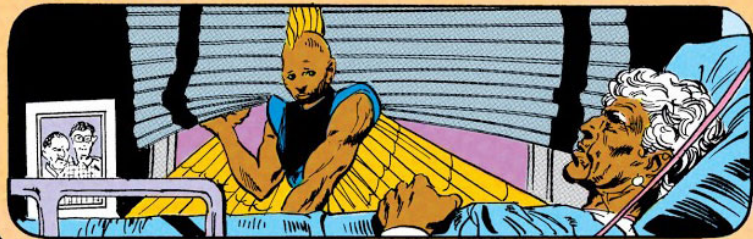
"AND SO I *CRISSCROSSED* THE CITY OF WASHINGTON MANY TIMES, UNTIL I FOUND THE PLACE MY GRANDPARENTS HAD GONE...



"--AND OVERHEARD TWO HUMAN NURSES SAY MY FATHER'S FATHER WAS DEAD... AND THAT MY FATHER'S MOTHER WOULD DOUBTLESS SOON FOLLOW.



"WHEN THEY HAD LEFT, I ENTERED. THE FRAIL OLD WOMAN CAST A WEARY STARE AT ME, BUT SHE SEEMED UNSURPRISED EVEN BY THE SIGHT OF MY WINGS.



"AS I DREW NEAR HER BED, SHE SUDDENLY CLUTCHED MY HAND, AND IN A VOICE WEAK WITH AGE AND ILLNESS SHE COUGHED OUT WORDS I SHALL NEVER FORGET:





"YOU SEE, WORLA, SHE'D MISTAKEN ME FOR MY FATHER, WHOM SHE'D THOUGHT *PERISHED* ON A POLAR EXPEDITION MANY YEARS BEFORE.



"PERHAPS I'D HAVE TRIED TO TELL HER THE TRUTH, SOMEHOW...



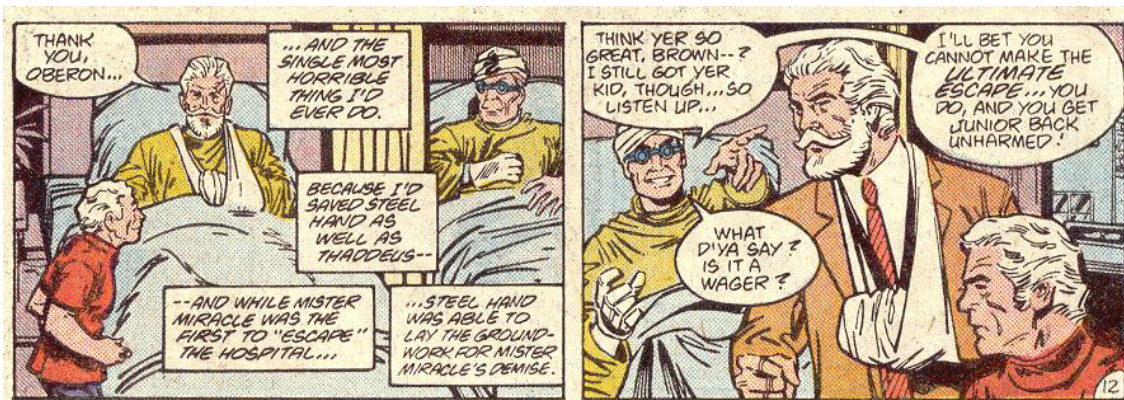
"BUT AT THAT MOMENT, PEACEFULLY, SHE *DIED*... AND ONLY A VERY REAL ANGEL COULD HAVE MADE HIMSELF HEARD TO HER.



1975-06-02

VIETNAM





THANK YOU, OBERON...

...AND THE SINGLE MOST HORRIBLE THING I'D EVER DO.

BECAUSE I'D SAVED STEEL HAND AS WELL AS THADDEUS--

--AND WHILE MISTER MIRACLE WAS THE FIRST TO "ESCAPE" THE HOSPITAL...

...STEEL HAND WAS ABLE TO LAY THE GROUND-WORK FOR MISTER MIRACLE'S DEMISE.

THINK YER SO GREAT, BROWN--? I STILL GOT YER KID, THOUGH...SO LISTEN UP...

WHAT D'YA SAY? IS IT A WAGER?

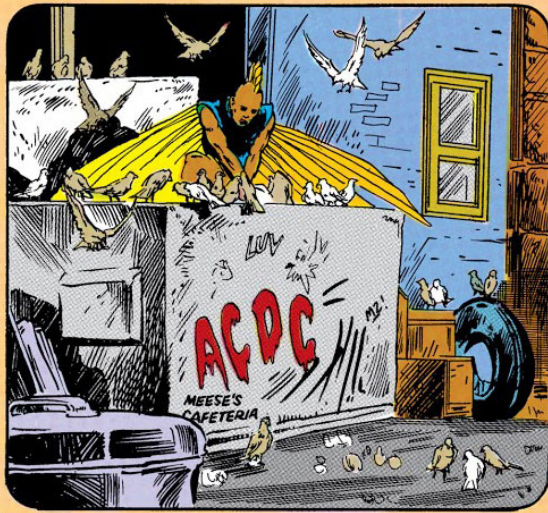
I'LL BET YOU CANNOT MAKE THE ULTIMATE ESCAPE...YOU DO, AND YOU GET JUNIOR BACK UNHARMED!

1975-06-03

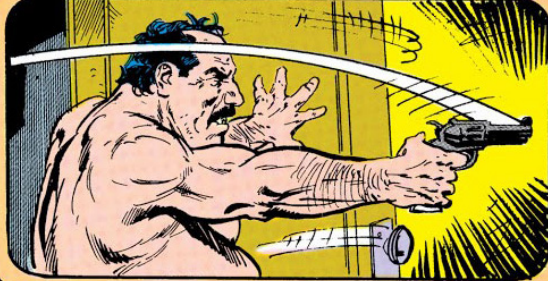
WASHINGTON D.C.



"HUNGRY AND WITHOUT THE THING CALLED MONEY,  
I FORAGED FOR BREAKFAST IN AN ALLEY WHERE  
OTHER FEATHERED SCAVENGERS WERE ALREADY  
FLOCKING.



"A POOR CHOICE, IT TURNED OUT -- AS A SLEEP-ROUSED  
RESIDENT THOUGHT I WAS PROWLING ABOUT HIS  
TERRITORY IN SEARCH OF MORE THAN FOOD.



"THIS ONE PROVED A GOOD MARKSMAN, TOO-- JUST THE SORT OF THING WE HAD ALL FEARED WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU IN MAN'S VIOLENT DOMAIN.



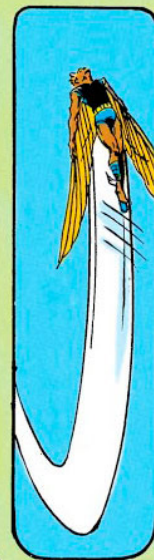
"THAT SINGLE BULLET MIGHT WELL HAVE SLAIN YOU...



"AND NO DOUBT YOUR ATTACKER WAS SHOCKED BY A CLEARER SIGHT OF WHAT HE HAD FIRED UPON...



"...ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUR WOUND PROVED LESS THAN FATAL, WHATEVER THE LOSS OF BLOOD...

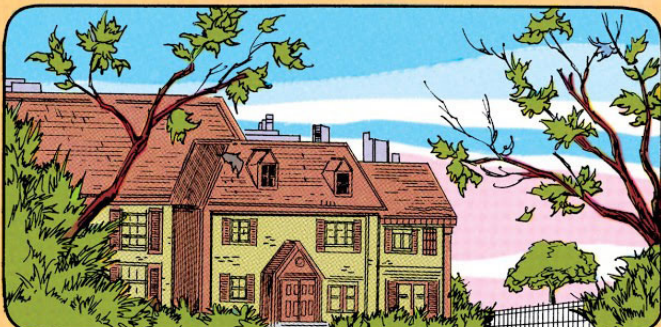


"...AND YOU WERE ABLE TO FLY TO A PLACE OF SAFETY, WHERE YOU COULD REST, GET YOUR BEARINGS, AND DECIDE WHAT YOU MUST DO NEXT."

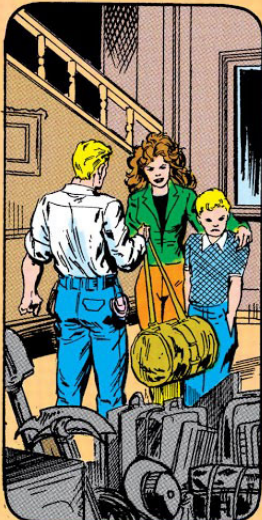




"YES, GRANDSIRE. THANKS BE TO *THOTH* THAT, ON MY WAY SOUTH, I HAD TAKEN NOTE OF WHERE THE *HALL MANSION* WAS LOCATED, NOT TOO MANY LEAGUES OUT OF THE CITY CALLED *NEW YORK*.



"IF I'D ARRIVED A BIT LATER, I MIGHT HAVE MISSED CARTER AND SHERA HALL. THEY WERE ABOUT TO LEAVE ON ANOTHER OF THEIR *ARCHEOLOGICAL JAUNTS*...



"...WHEN A *WINGED APPARITION* APPEARED. I MUST HAVE BEEN A SORRY SIGHT--NEARLY PASSING OUT ON THEIR DOORSTEP FROM LOSS OF BLOOD.



"CARTER AND SHERA NURSED ME TILL I WAS WELL ENOUGH, THEN ESCORTED ME HOME AS THE *HAWKS*. YET HOW THEIR SON *HECTOR* MUST HAVE RAGED INWARDLY, FEELING HIS PARENTS WOULD NEVER HAVE CHANGED THEIR PLANS ON *HIS* ACCOUNT.



1975-06-03

FEATHER



"BUT ALTHOUGH, AFTER MY MISADVENTURE, I WAS MOMENTARILY HAPPY TO GET HOME TO FEITHERA, THOSE LAST FEW YEARS WERE DEFINITELY THE WORST OF MY LIFE SO FAR.



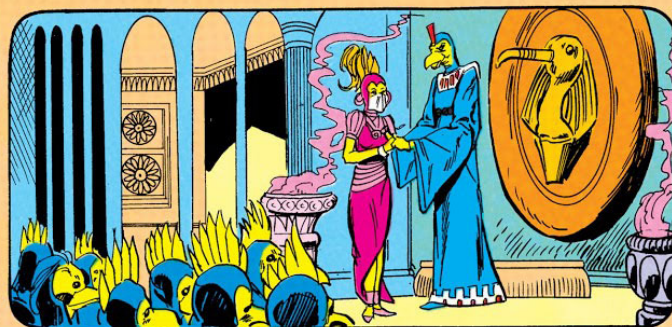
"MORE THAN ANYTHING, I DREADED STANDING BESIDE MY HATCHMATES FOR THAT ANCIENT RITUAL, THE COMING-OF-AGE-CEREMONY...



"... AT WHICH EVERY INITIATE RECEIVES A LIFE-SCROLL THAT DICTATES FOREVER ONE'S PARTICULAR ROLE IN OUR STRUCTURED SOCIETY...



"...YES, EVEN NAMES OUR LIFE-MATE FOR US! /SOS DID NOT CHOOSE ME FOR HER BETROTHED, GRANDSIRE. YOU DID-- YOU, AND THE OTHER ELDERS!



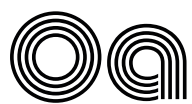
1975-06-03

NEW YORK





1975-06-04





STEVE ENGLEHART · JOE STATON · MARK FARMER · AGUSTIN MRS · TONY TOLLIN · ANDY HELFER  
STORY PENCILS INKS LETTERS COLORS EDITOR

MAY  
CYCLES  
AEGNE...

SINESTRO, YOU ARE  
THE FIRST AND ONLY  
GREEN LANTERN EVER TO  
HAVE ABUSED YOUR  
SACRED TRUST!

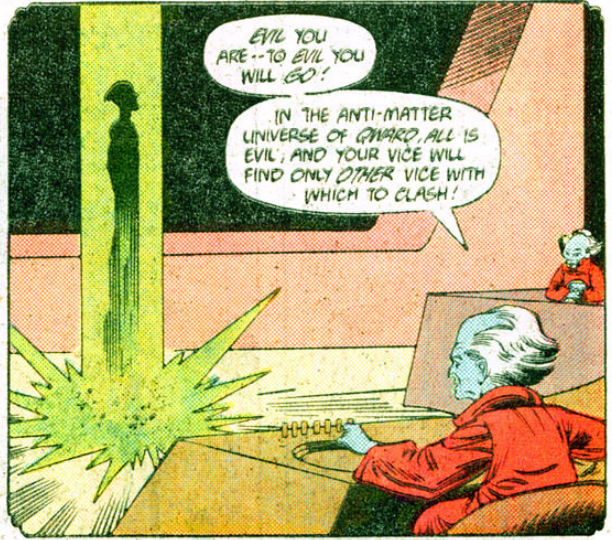
INSTEAD OF  
DISPENSING JUSTICE  
ON YOUR WORLD, YOU  
HAVE DISPENSED EVIL!

YOU MUST BE STRIPPED  
OF ALL YOUR POWER AND  
HONORS--THEN BANISHED  
TO THE ANTI-MATTER  
UNIVERSE OF QIVARD!

"AND SO I BEGAN MY  
MARCH TO TRIUMPH...!"

# THE LAST TESTAMENT OF SINESTRO!









THUS IT WAS THAT WHEN A KORUGRIAN, SINESTRO,  
BECAME THEIR *IMPLACABLE ENEMY*, THEY NEVER  
IMPOSED A PUNISHMENT STRONGER THAN *IMPRISONMENT*...

1975-06-04

NEW YORK





1975-06-05

GOtham CITY





1975-06-05

NEW YORK





1975-06-06

NEW YORK





1975-06-06

GOtham CITY



June 6

HE KNOWS  
WHEN AND WHERE  
WE SET OUR TRAPS  
FOR HIM--

-- AND NIGHT BY  
NIGHT, HE TERRORIZES  
THE MOST POWERFUL  
MEN IN GOTHAM. YOU  
HEARD WHAT HE DID TO  
THE ROMAN'S CAR?

LAUGHED MYSELF  
SILLY, LIEUTENANT. A  
ROLLS ROYCE...

YES--YOU'VE BEEN AFTER THE ROMAN  
FOR YEARS, FROM WHAT I HEAR. ACTUALLY  
CAME CLOSE TO INDICTING HIM,  
ONCE OR TWICE.

SOME OF YOUR WITNESSES  
CHANGE THEIR TESTIMONY.  
THE REST VANISH. IT  
MUST BE FRUSTRATING.

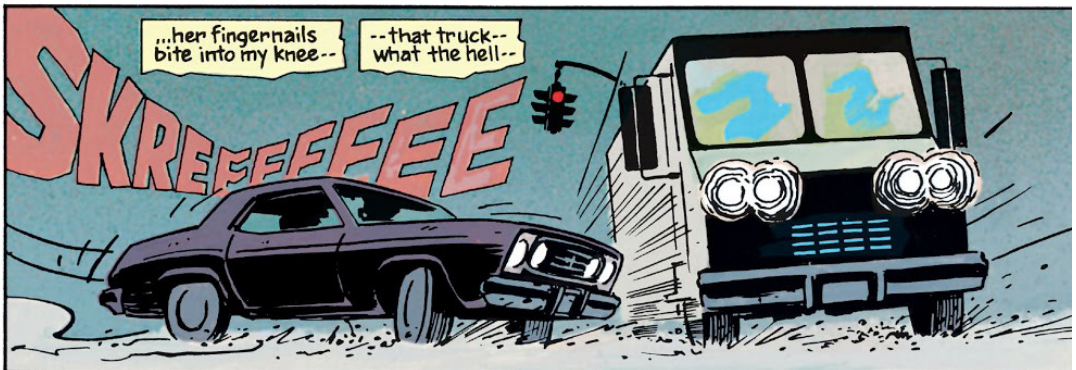
OH,  
YES.

I UNDERSTAND HE'S USED HIS  
MUSCLE TO KEEP YOU AN ASSIS-  
TANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY...

→WHFFF← YOU  
KEEP IN SHAPE,  
DON'T YOU, MR.  
DENT?

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING  
AT, LIEUTENANT?

I NEED TO KNOW WHERE YOU  
WERE ON THE FOLLOWING  
DATES ...











--damn-- no time--

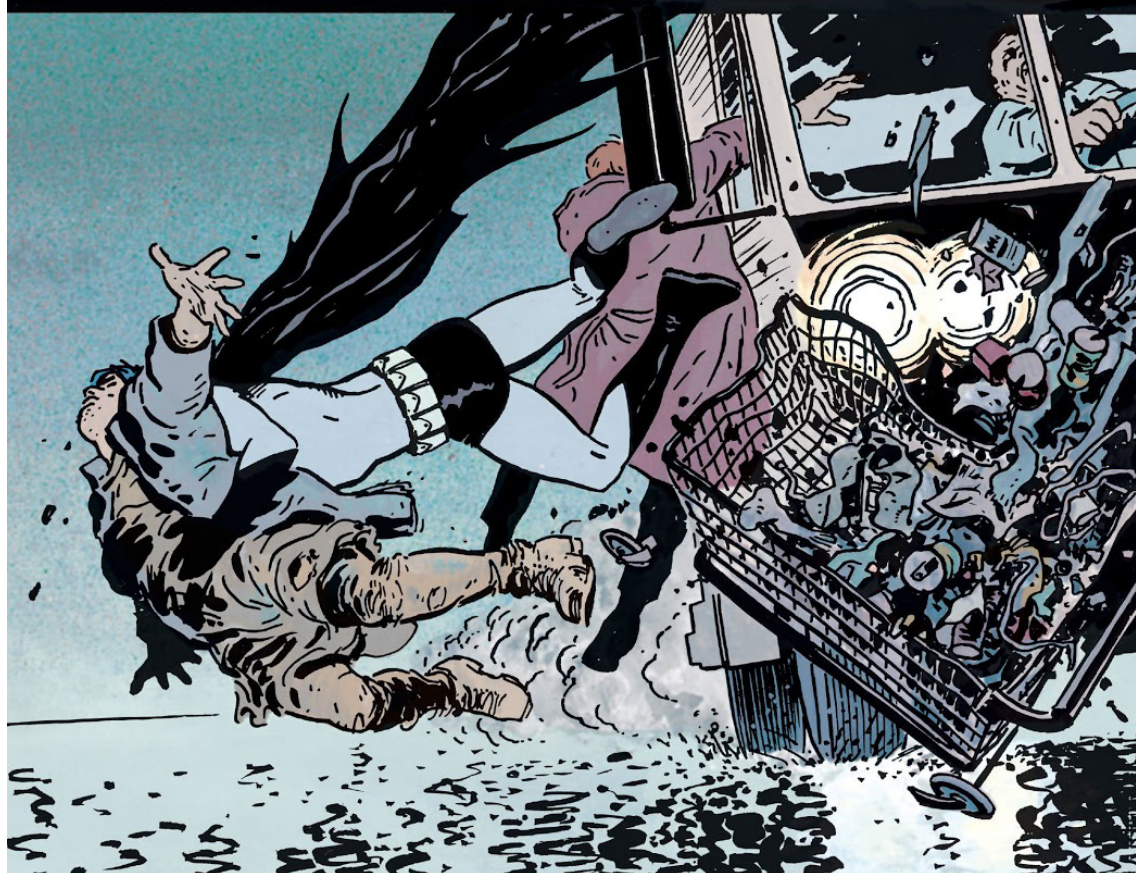
--no time--



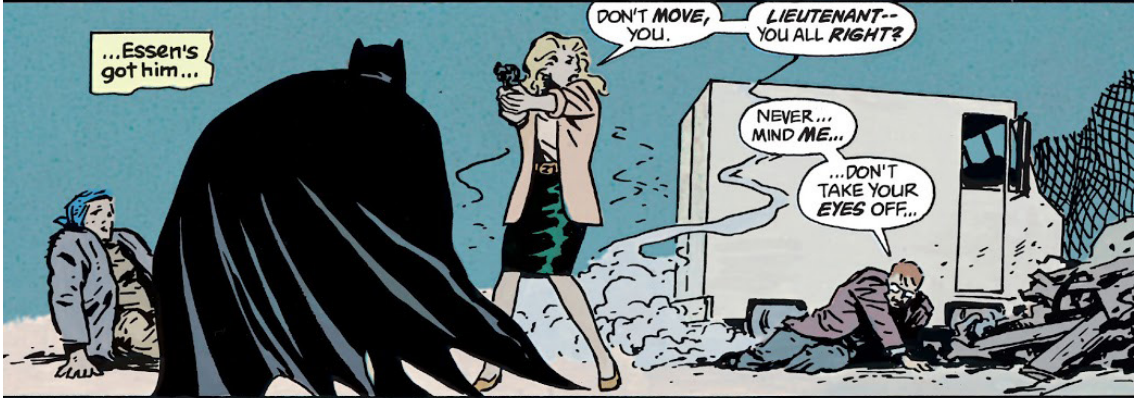
--can't reach--

--no time--

--it's over I've blown it--











They think--I attacked those cops--opening up--

Blind alley--no way out!--

--except that window--

--catch a bullet in my leg--

--ignore it--

--SAVED THAT OLD WOMAN... HE...



--only chance--

--buy me a moment--



NO ONE FIRES WITHOUT MY ORDER--

--GET THE FRONT OF THAT PLACE COVERED--

--MERKEL-- TAKE A SQUAD TO THE ROOF--

LIEUTENANT--IT'S THE COMMISSIONER--



--the roof--if I can reach it before they do--

--before they get air support--



--COMMISSIONER, THERE'S NO NEED FOR--

--BATMAN HASN'T ATTACKED ANYBODY--

--COMMISSIONER-- YOU CAN'T LET BRANDEN--



WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

NO.  
OH, NO.



The Commissioner  
didn't want to  
miss this chance.

Called in his  
friend Branden.



Said he checked  
the building.

Said it's due  
for demolition.



Said nobody would  
be hurt--

--nobody--  
except a  
derelict or  
two--



--and  
Batman...

**BATMAN**  
CREATED  
BY  
**BOB KANE**





--stairwells  
collapsing--  
fall with--

--get away from  
the fire--

--that old man--  
doesn't have a  
chance-- can't  
help him--

--can't  
help  
him--

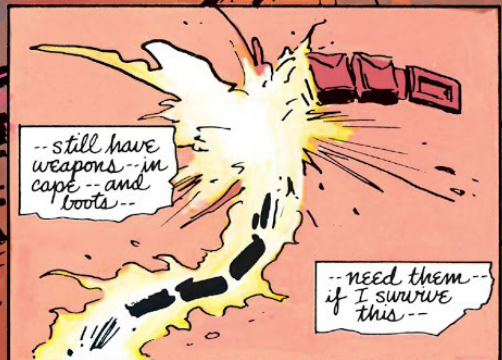


--screaming-- can't  
help him--

--oh no--

--thermite--  
in my belt--  
catching--

--get it  
off--



--still have  
weapons-- in  
cape-- and  
boots--

--need them--  
if I survive  
this--



--metal--

--trap door's  
metal--

--might be enough--  
to protect me--

--provided  
that warning--  
is a lie--



--lucky-- keep the  
pick in my glove--

--lucky--

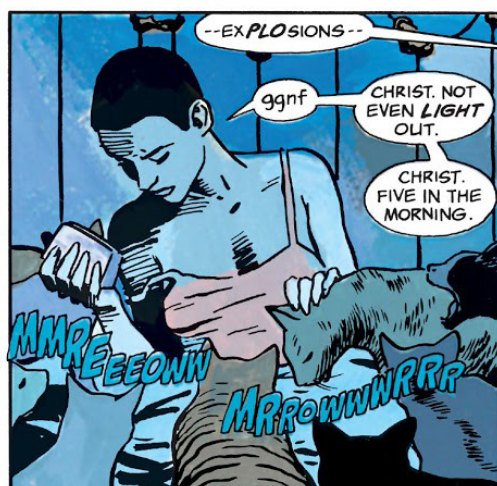




1975-06-07

GOtham CITY









The fifth load goes up. I pray it'll be the last.



He will be soon, anyway. Branden and the collection of sociopaths he calls a swat team will see to that.

Commissioner's orders. That's what Branden told me.

The Police Commissioner of Gotham City wants a corpse.

THIS IS UNIT THREE-- WE ARE APPROACHING TARGET AREA--

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU--

NO PRISONERS, MEN.



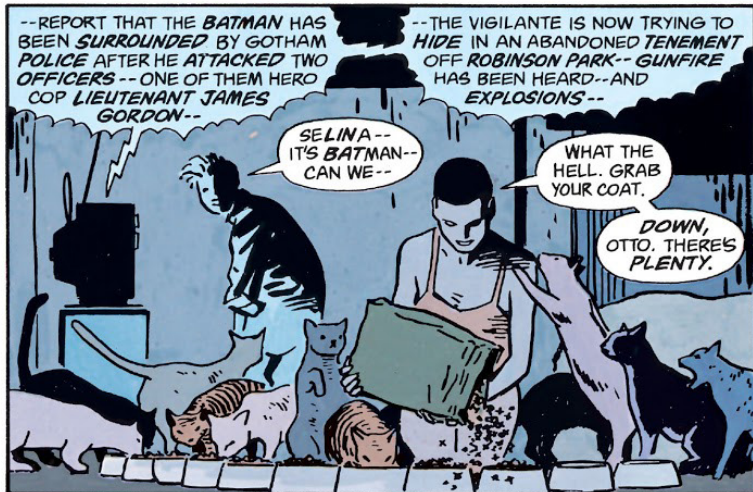
LIEUTENANT GORDON-- YOU SHOULDN'T BE STANDING JUST YET.

I'M ALL RIGHT...

Batman. He's made enemies of every criminal in Gotham--and nearly every elected official.

They've only got him cornered because he got hurt saving an old woman's life. They--

--I mean we, of course...



--REPORT THAT THE BATMAN HAS BEEN SURROUNDED BY GOTHAM POLICE AFTER HE ATTACKED TWO OFFICERS-- ONE OF THEM HERO COP LIEUTENANT JAMES GORDON--

--THE VIGILANTE IS NOW TRYING TO HIDE IN AN ABANDONED TENEMENT OFF ROBINSON PARK-- GUNFIRE HAS BEEN HEARD--AND EXPLOSIONS--

SELINA-- IT'S BATMAN-- CAN WE--

WHAT THE HELL. GRAB YOUR COAT.

DOWN, OTTO. THERE'S PLENTY.

--NOW THERE IS TENSE SILENCE-- EYEWITNESSES SAY A HEAVILY ARMED SWAT TEAM OF EIGHTEEN MEN HAS ENTERED THE BUILDING--







-- WE HAVE ENTERED THE LOBBY-- NO SIGN OF HIM YET--

UNIT ONE, REPORTING-- SECOND FLOOR'S A MESS-- NOTHING LIVING--

UNIT TWO, REPORTING-- FOUND A BODY UNDER THE WATER HEATER-- JUST AN OLD WINO--

KEEP IT TIGHT-- KEEP IT TIGHT--

OVER HERE-- GIVE ME SOME LIGHT--



JUST A CHIMNEY--

-- NO -- DOWN THERE-- OVER THERE-- THE FLOOR--



-- IF HE GOT DOWN THERE-- TRAPDOOR'S METAL-- HE MIGHT'VE SURVIVED--

-- SO PERFORATE IT, SOLDIER--



UNITS ONE AND TWO-- STAY WHERE YOU ARE-- THIS IS ONLY PRECAUTIONARY FIRE--

IF HE'S DOWN THERE-- HE TRAPPED HIMSELF--

**BRAKABRAKABA**





PRAEGER! FENTON! SUSSMAN!  
DOWNSIDE! MOVE IT!

ANOTHER WINO  
UP HERE-- HE'S  
COLD--

--WAIT-- GOT  
SOMETHING--

--CHECKING  
BASEMENT AREA--  
NO TROUBLE YET--



--NO-- IT'S JUST  
A DOG--

STEADY BURST  
IF YOU FIND HIM--NO  
MATTER HOW DEAD  
HE LOOKS--

--GO FOR THE  
CHEST--WE'LL NEED  
HIS FACE FOR  
IDENTIFICATION--

--NO  
TROUBLE  
YET--



--JESUS--  
ANOTHER WINO--THEY  
SAID THE PLACE WAS  
DESERTED--

SUPER  
MUST'VE LIVED  
HERE--

God is  
NOBODY  
HOME NOW--

HONK IF YOU  
JESU

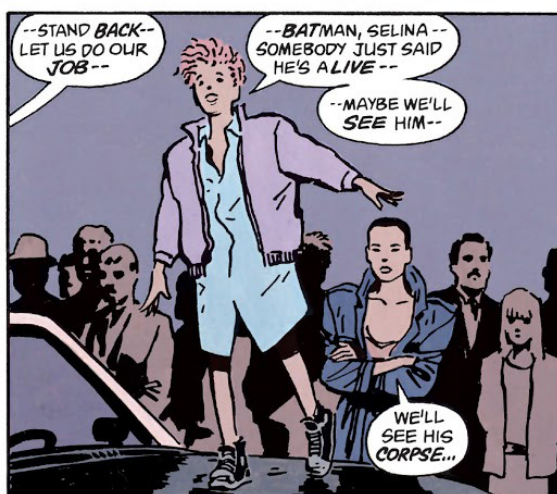
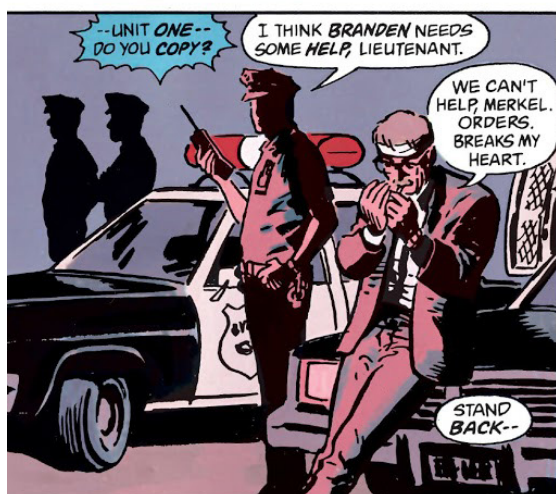
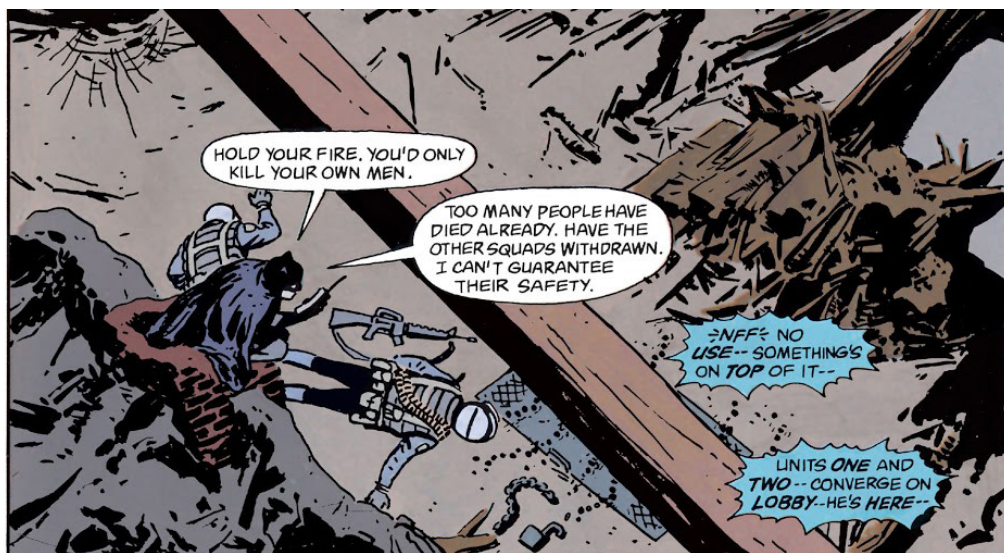
NOTHING  
HERE, MEN.  
WE'RE COMING  
BACK UP.



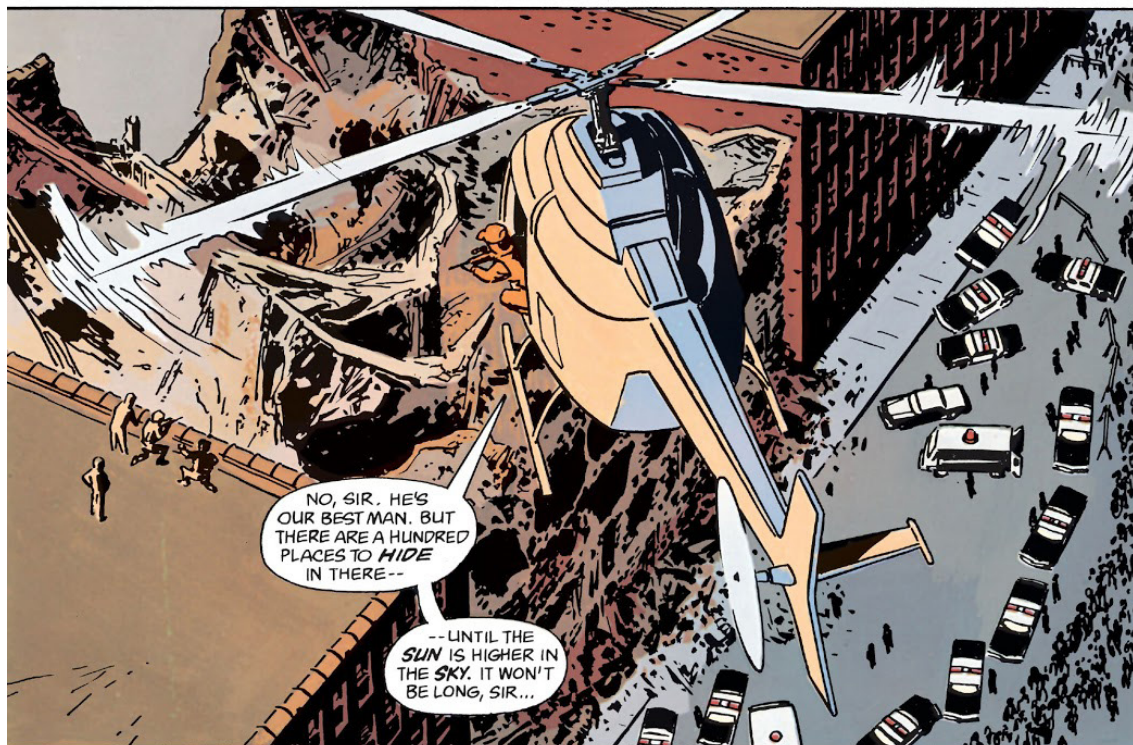
THOOOM

I LIKE  
YOU RIGHT  
WHERE YOU ARE,  
BRANDEN.













With my belt, I lost my rope, my thermite, my tear gas-- even my batarangs.

I'm down to the blowgun in my boot--



STEP IT UP--

CAREFUL-- STAIRS ARE GIVING--



WHAT THE HELL--

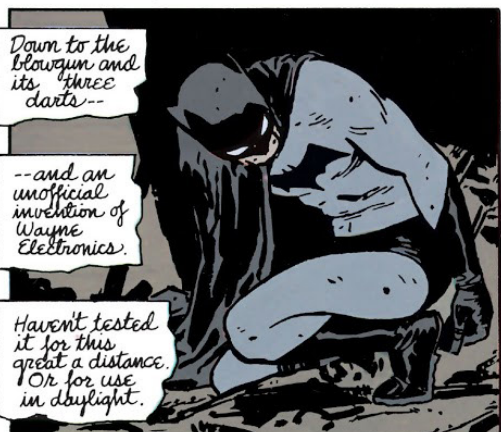
JUST A CAT, MAN--

KEEP AN EYE OUT--

IT'S A BAT WE'RE AFTER--

Knew he wouldn't stay quiet.

Siamese.



Down to the blowgun and its three darts--

--and an unofficial invention of Wayne Electronics.

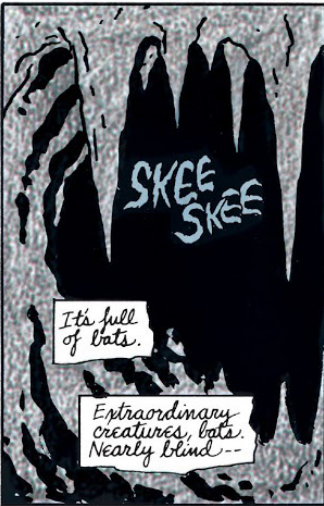
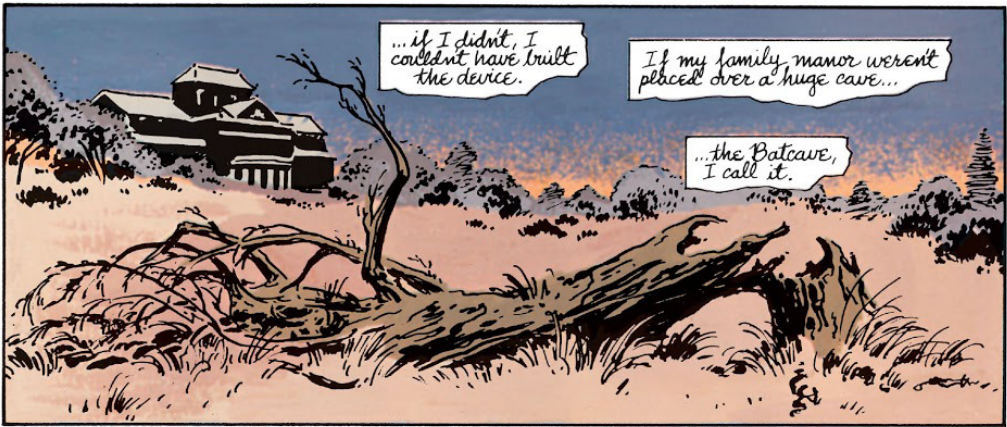
Haven't tested it for this great a distance. Or for use in daylight.



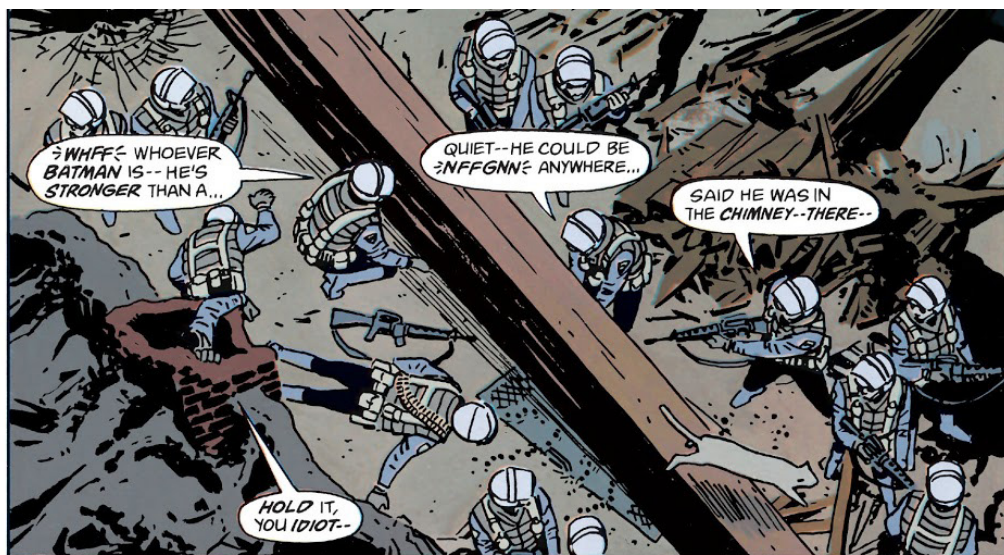
Too bad I can't afford to patent it. I'd make a fortune.

But then, I already have a fortune...









WHFF? WHOEVER BATMAN IS-- HE'S STRONGER THAN A...

QUIET--HE COULD BE ANYWHERE...

SAID HE WAS IN THE CHIMNEY--THERE--

HOLD IT, YOU IDIOT--



DROP THAT BEAM-- THEY WEREN'T QUICK ENOUGH--THEY'RE USELESS--

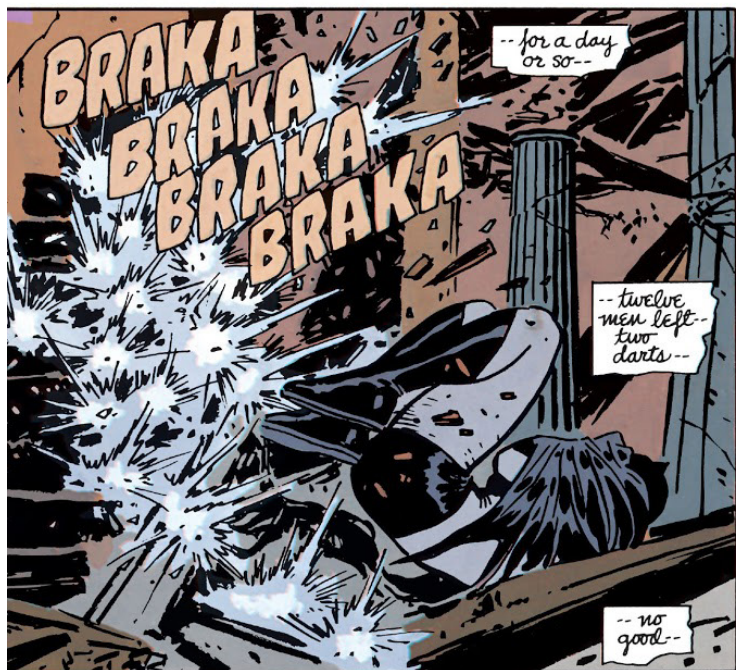
-- WE'RE LUCKY HE DIDN'T KILL THEM--



-- NOW FAN OUT-- YOU'RE LEAVING YOURSELVES WIDE OP

HHKKK

The slightest dose of Anaconda on the darts-- enough to put a man to sleep--



-- for a day or so--

-- twelve men left-- two darts--

-- no good--



-- one bullet-- will make all the difference--

-- they've got thousands--





"...EVENTUALLY BROUGHT ME TO GOTHAM CITY..."

"...TO A POLICE CHOPPER AND A SWAT TEAM ACTION."



"THEY HAD HIM PINNED INSIDE A FIVE-STORY TEARDOWN SPECIAL OFF ROBINSON PARK."

"MY JOB WAS TO BUZZ BACK THE PRESS."



"...SO THE TEAM COULD KICK HIS ASS TO HELL BEFORE THE LIBERALS GOT WORD."

"HE'S TALKING ABOUT YOU, MASTER BRUCE--"

"QUIET, ALFRED."









GOT HIM--

--GET IN  
CLOSE-- CUT  
THAT BASTARD  
IN HALF--

--GOT HIM, MAN,  
WE'VE GOT HIM--

Groggy--losing--  
too much blood--

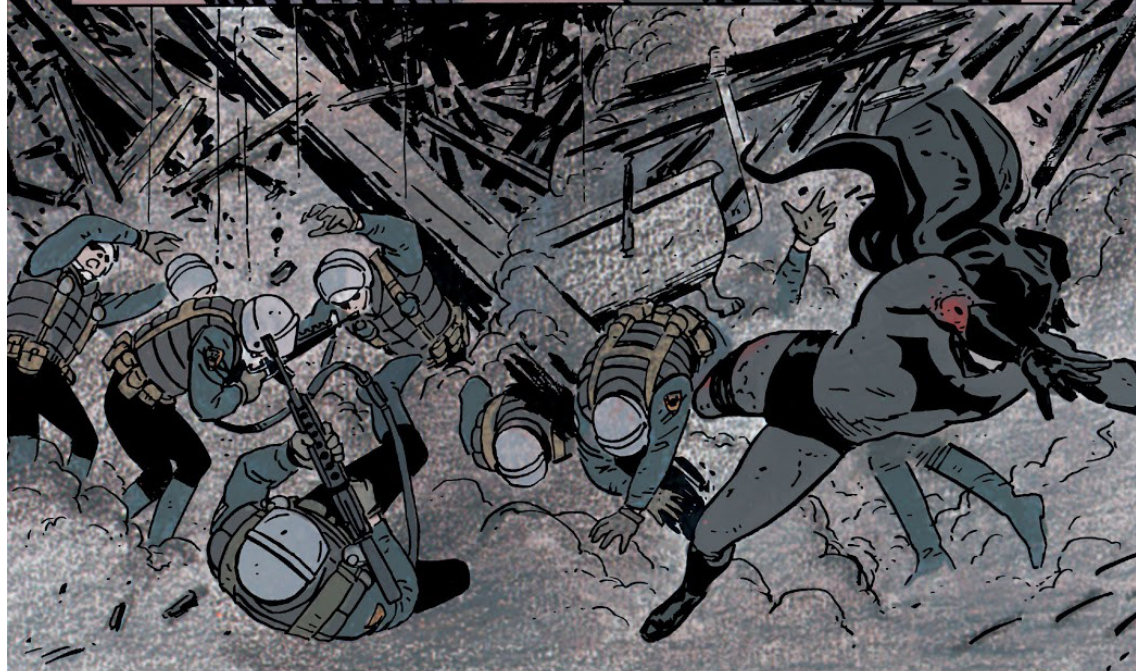
--had to--  
put a bullet--  
in my good  
leg--  
didn't  
they--



--forget it--  
ignore it--

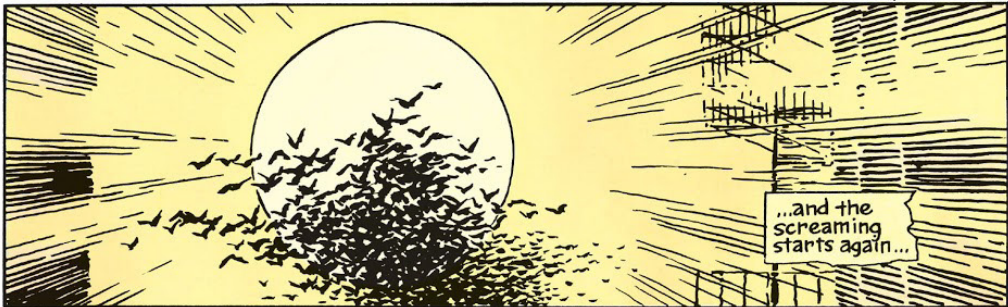
--put what's  
left into it--

KKRAAAKKK

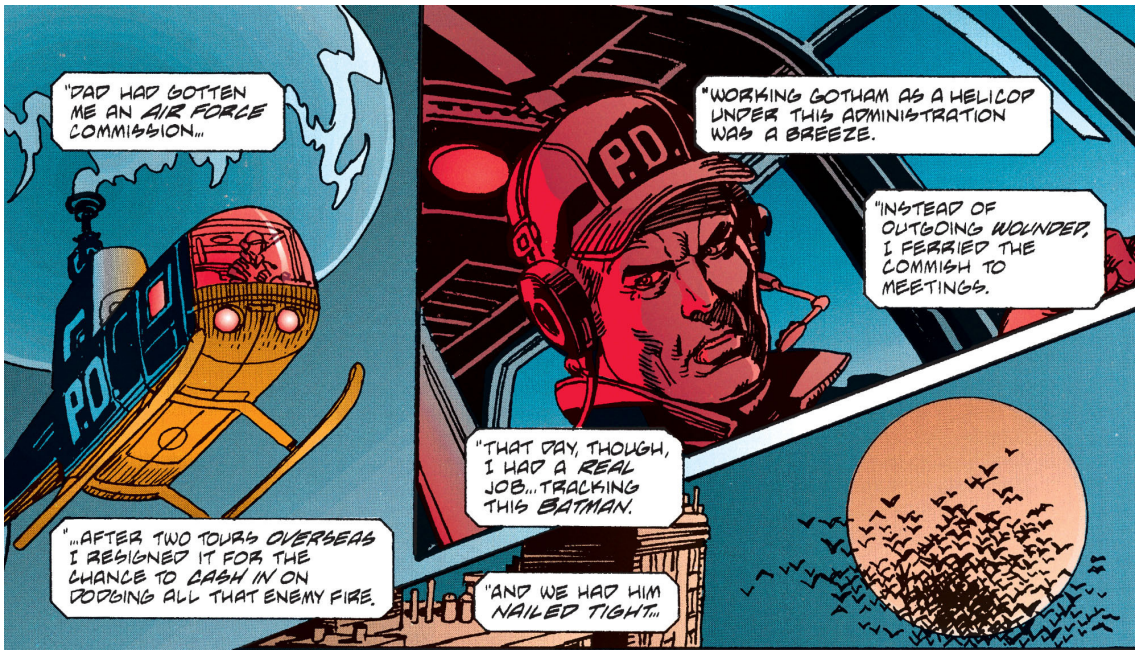


YOU'RE  
THE ONE--









"DAD HAD GOTTEN ME AN AIR FORCE COMMISSION..."

"WORKING GOTHAM AS A HELICOPT UNDER THIS ADMINISTRATION WAS A BREEZE."

"INSTEAD OF OUTGOING WOUNDED, I FERRIED THE COMMISH TO MEETINGS."

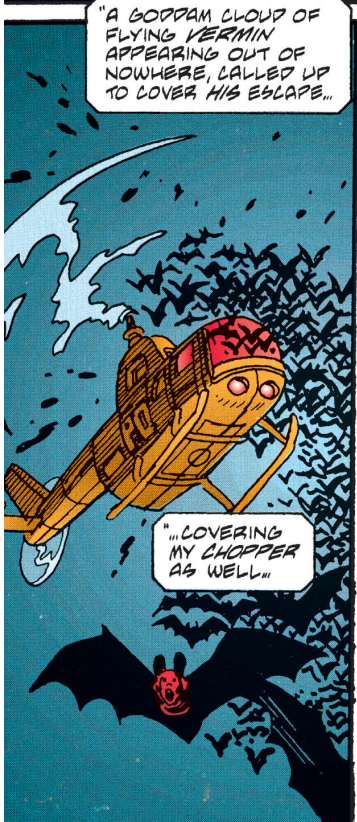
"THAT DAY, THOUGH, I HAD A REAL JOB... TRACKING THIS BATMAN."

"AND WE HAD HIM NAILED TIGHT..."

"...AFTER TWO TOURS OVERSEAS I RESIGNED IT FOR THE CHANCE TO DASH IN ON DOBBING ALL THAT ENEMY FIRE."



"...EXCEPT FOR THE BATS."



"A GODDAM CLOUD OF FLYING VERMIN APPEARING OUT OF NOWHERE, CALLED UP TO COVER HIS ESCAPE..."

"...COVERING MY CHOPPER AS WELL..."

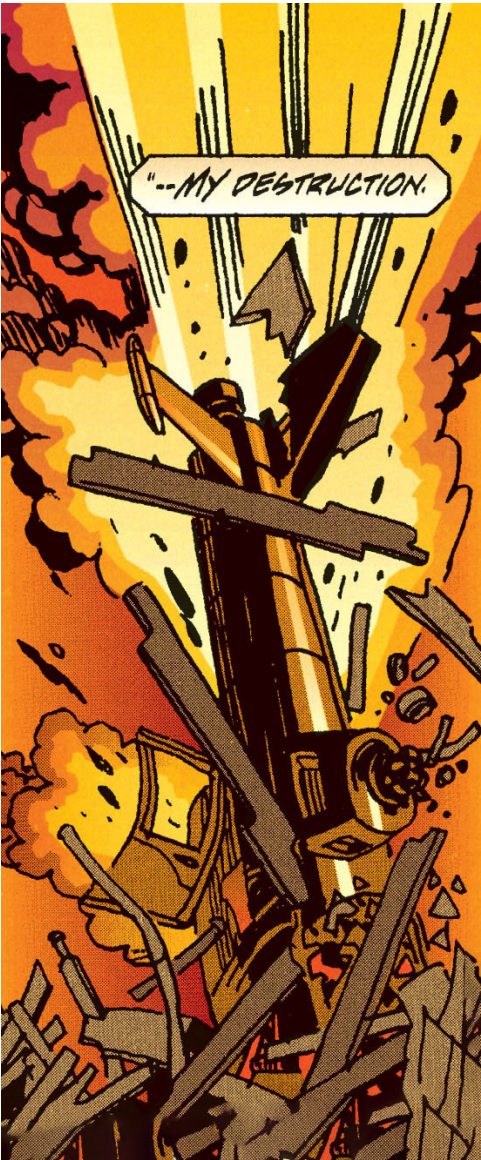


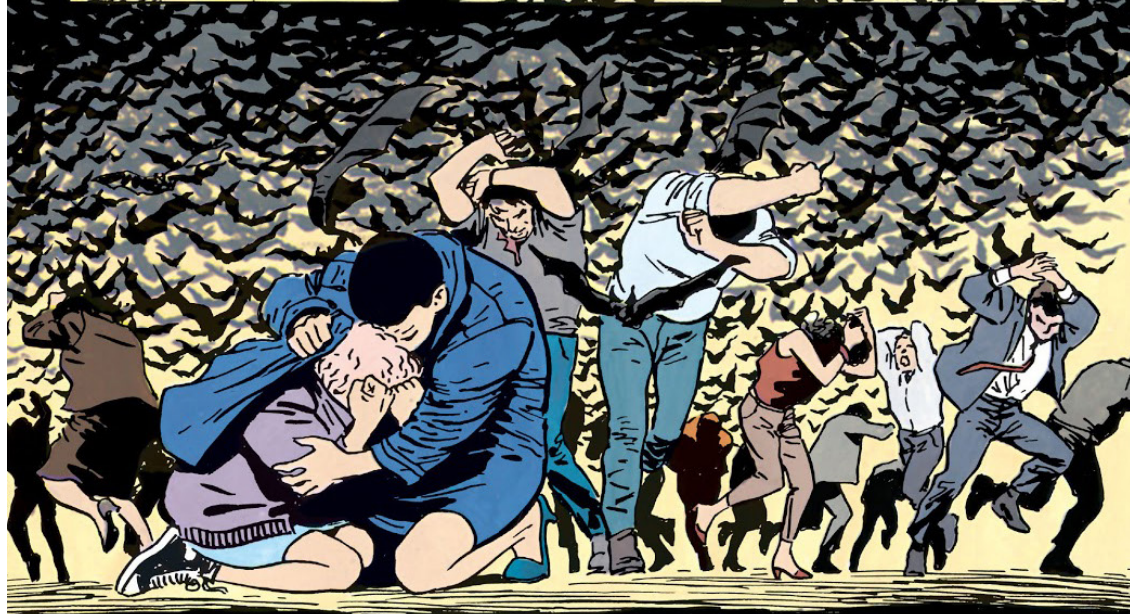
"...COVERING EVERYTHING!"

"HIS BATS."

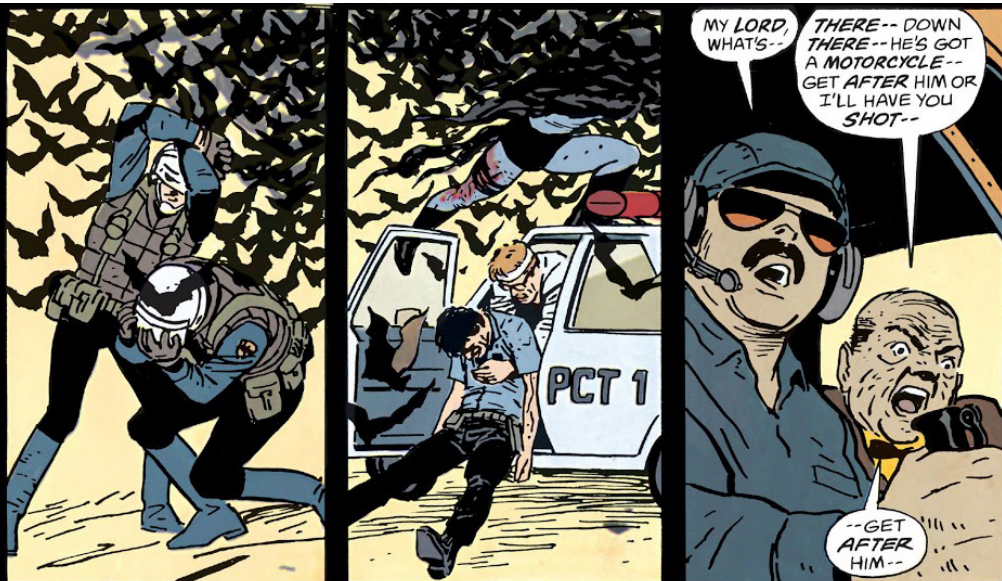
"HIS BATS..."



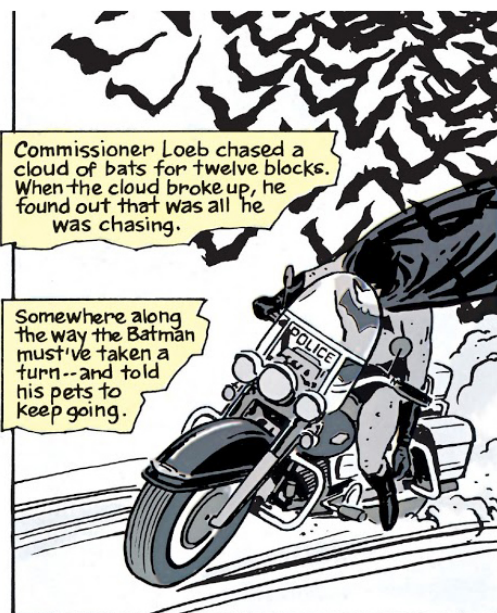




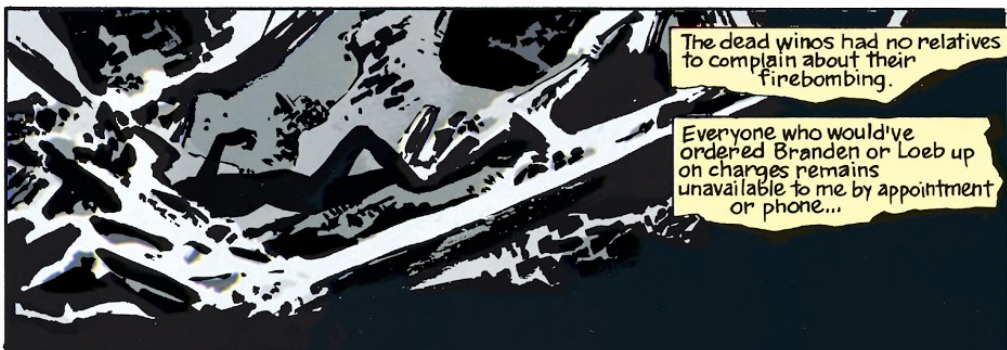
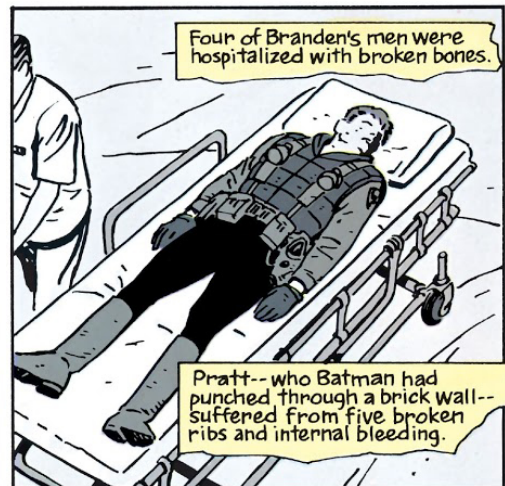
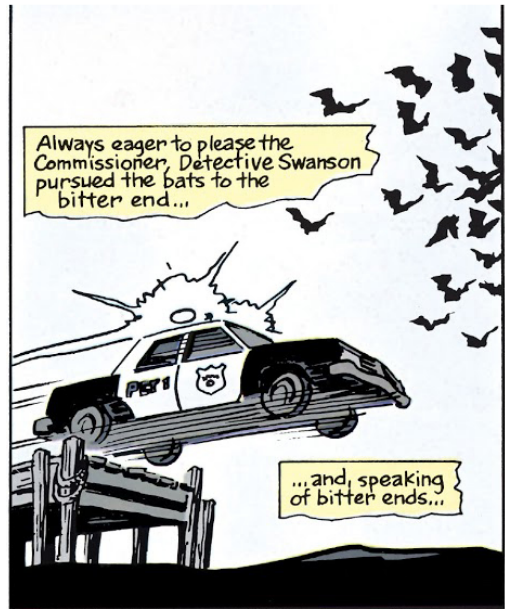




63







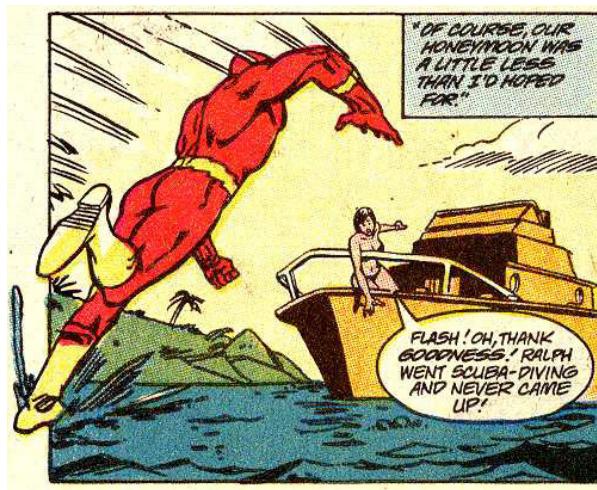




1975-06-07

Miami





"OF COURSE, OUR  
HONEYMOON WAS  
A LITTLE LESS  
THAN I'D HOPED  
FOR."

FLASH! OH, THANK  
GOODNESS! RALPH  
WENT SCUBA-DIVING  
AND NEVER CAME  
UP!

1975-06-09

GOtham CITY



June 9

...as has my prime suspect in this case-- Bruce Wayne, the richest man in Gotham City.

Sgt. Essen informed me that Wayne's parents were murdered by a mugger when he was six years old. That's enough motive, I suppose, to make a man dress like Dracula and assault criminals...

...and save cats...

...Wayne's butler informed me that his boss has been skiing in Switzerland for six weeks.

I squeezed permission for an international call from Captain Pierce...

...I've had easier root canals--you'd think Pierce was paying for the call out of his own pocket...

...and I spoke to somebody in Switzerland who said he was Bruce Wayne--

--then told me he'd taken a nasty spill on the slopes--broken both legs and one arm--

--but assured me he'd be back in the country in a month. Said he'd be happy to talk with me. Laughed when I mentioned Batman.

Asked me for his autograph.

WAYNE COULD AFFORD AN IMPERSONATOR-- AND CASTS ON HIS ARM AND LEGS WOULD COVER BULLET WOUNDS--EXACTLY WHERE BATMAN RECEIVED THEM...

...I'M SORRY, ESSEN. DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

WORLD'S GREATEST DAD



YES, SIR.  
IT'S QUITTING  
TIME.

SHARE  
A CAB?

Think of her  
as a cop.

Think of her  
as a cop.





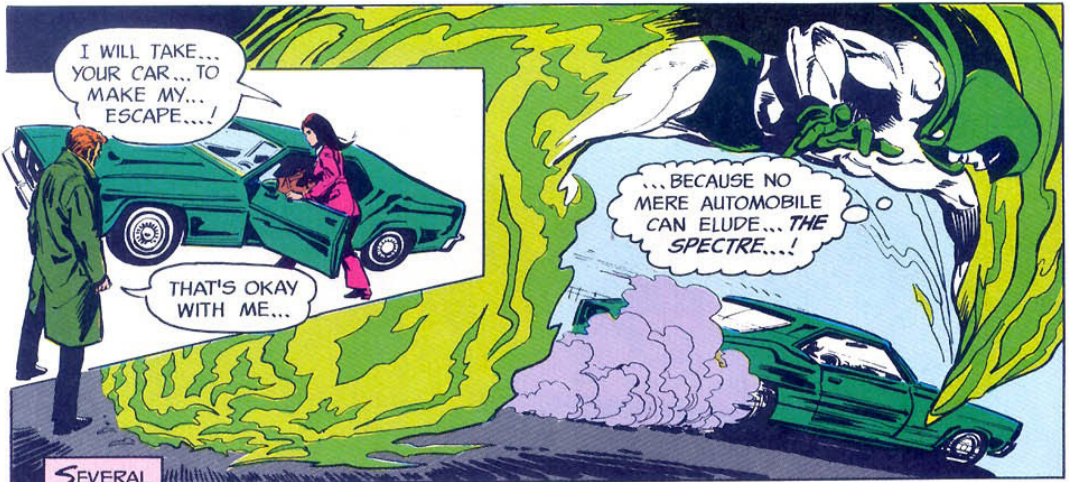
1975-06-11

NEW YORK

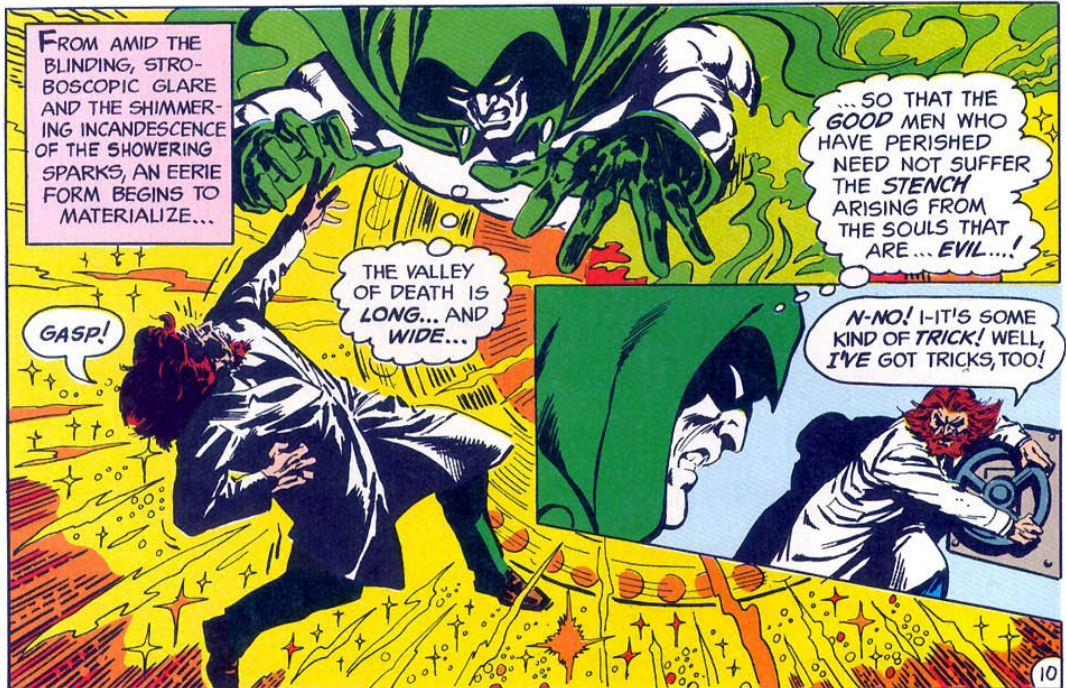








SEVERAL  
HOURS  
LATER...









IN THE WORLD OF MORTAL MEN, HE IS **JIM CORRIGAN**, HARD-BOILED POLICE DETECTIVE -- BUT TO THE VERMIN OF THE UNDERWORLD HE IS **THE SPECTRE**, AWESOME AVENGER OF EVIL, AN EARTH-BOUND GHOST WHO PUNISHES EVIL WITH A FEARSOME VENGEANCE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE. IF YOU ARE FAINT-HEARTED, YOU HAD BETTER READ NO FURTHER, FOR THIS IS THE FEARSOME STORY OF...

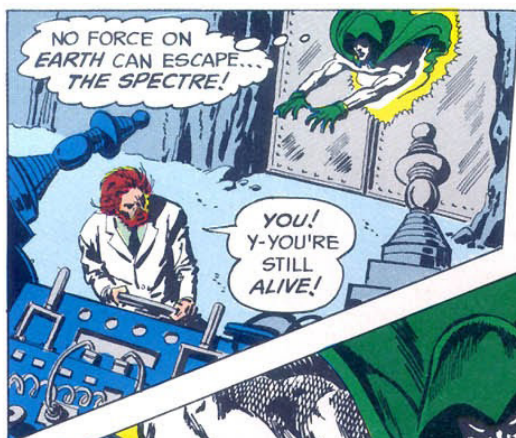
# THE HUMAN BOMBS AND... THE SPECTRE

SCRIPT:  
MICHAEL FLEISHER  
SCRIPT CONTINUITY:  
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ART:  
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JIM APARO  
EDITOR:  
JOE ORLANDO

GASP! I-IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! NO ONE CAN WITHSTAND TWO MILLION VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY ... AND STILL BE ALIVE!







NO FORCE ON  
EARTH CAN ESCAPE...  
THE SPECTRE!

YOU!  
Y-YOU'RE  
STILL  
ALIVE!



WELL LET'S SEE  
YOU SURVIVE... *THIS!*  
TWO MILLION VOLTS  
OF CONCENTRATED  
ELECTRICITY!

THE FOOL!  
ONLY ONE POWER  
IN THE UNIVERSE  
CAN GRANT ME...  
FINAL REST...



... AND THAT  
MUST AWAIT THE  
FULFILLMENT  
OF MY AWESOME  
MISSION...!

H-HE'S PLAYING WITH  
THOSE BOLTS AS... AS  
IF THEY WERE PIECES OF  
STRING! I-I'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF HERE!

AFTER THROWING  
A HIDDEN LEVER,  
THE FIEND FLEES  
THROUGH A HIDDEN  
PANEL...



I *MUST* ESCAPE  
HIM! I CANNOT *ALLOW*  
MY GREAT SCIENTIFIC  
WORK TO SUFFER  
THE *DELAY* OF A  
LONG TERM IN  
PRISON!



H-HE'S STILL  
COMING! IF ONLY  
I CAN REACH  
THAT ROCK!





BECAUSE THIS ROCK IS REALLY A LEVER... AND BENEATH THE GROUND WHERE HE'S STANDING LIES ... AN ALLIGATOR PIT! HEH HEH HEH!



WHO AMONG US CAN REALLY SAY WHAT HAPPENED THEN? WHO CAN SAY FOR CERTAIN WHY THE VILLAIN'S EYES SUDDENLY BECAME GLAZED AND GLASSY...?

INTO THE... ALLIGATOR... PIT...! WHY... DON'T... YOU...

FALL IN, BLAST YOU! WHY DON'T YOU FALL IN?

THE GROUND BENEATH THE SPECTRE GIVES WAY, REVEALING A PIT FILLED WITH SNARLING ALLIGATORS AND THE GRUESOME REMAINS OF THE EVIL SCIENTIST'S MANY VICTIMS.



WHO CAN SAY WHAT WEIRD FORCE MADE HIM WALK ZOMBIE-LIKE TOWARD THE YAWNING PIT? WAS IT THE VOICE OF HIS CONSCIENCE, DO YOU SUPPOSE?

WHY... DON'T... YOU...



BUT A PIT FULL OF ALLIGATORS IS ONLY A JOKE... TO THE SPECTRE...



OR WAS IT... THE SPECTRE... FULFILLING HIS UNEARTHLY MISSION...?

WHY... DON'T... YOU...

ANOTHER BITTER WEED PLUCKED FROM THE GARDEN OF LIFE...



... THAT IS THE WORK OF... THE SPECTRE...!

THE END





1975-06-15

ALPS



June 15

I leave the casts and the sleeping alibis back at the lodge.

They were so eager to support my story with Lieutenant Gordon--all I had to say was that a woman was involved--

--one of them even pretended to be me, just for laughs, before I arrived!--

...the air is cold and sharp and hard to breathe--it's good to be alive--

--I don't deserve to be alive.

This isn't a game. I can't afford mistakes.

I have to learn to make it work--step by step--method by method--

--but that won't be enough.

Too many people want me dead.

I can't do it alone.

I need an ally--an inside man.

I need Jim Gordon.

On my side.

1975-06-17

GOtham CITY















The rain's eased up and I'm an hour late and feeling terrible about having forgotten to call Barbara when we decide to risk it and look for a cab.

A group of bikers notice Essen's legs and make the usual remarks.

We ignore them and keep walking.

Turns out she's from Chicago, some years back. Small world.

Even went to the same place for ribs. I'm sure I would've noticed her...

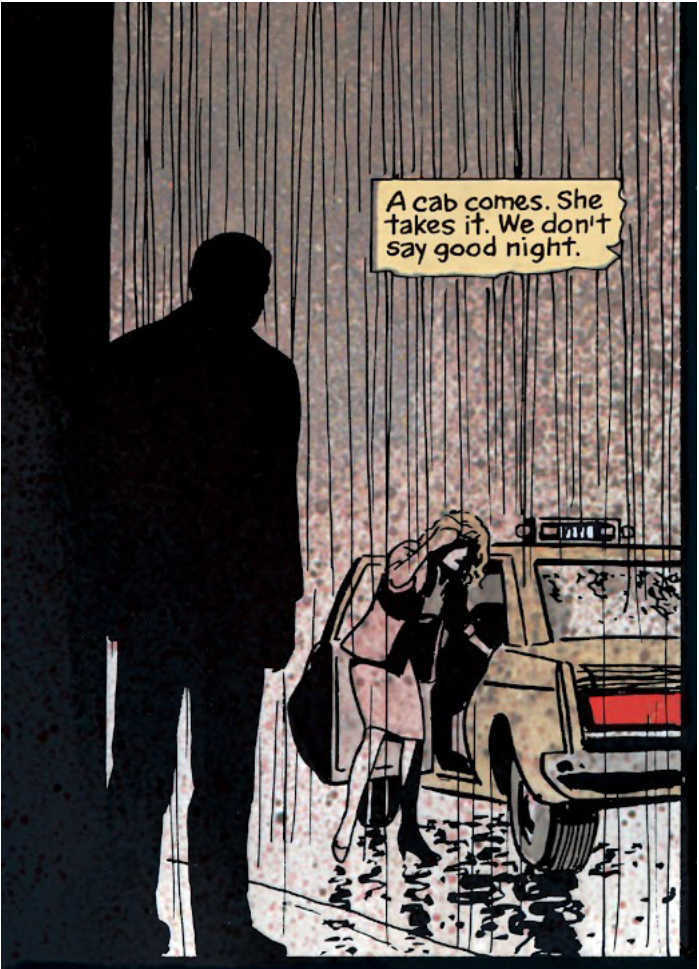
...though, come to think of it, she was probably in high school then...

...Gotham weather. Just when the rain seems to be clearing up, lightning flashes--

--and we learn how Noah felt. Not having an ark, we settle for a doorway.







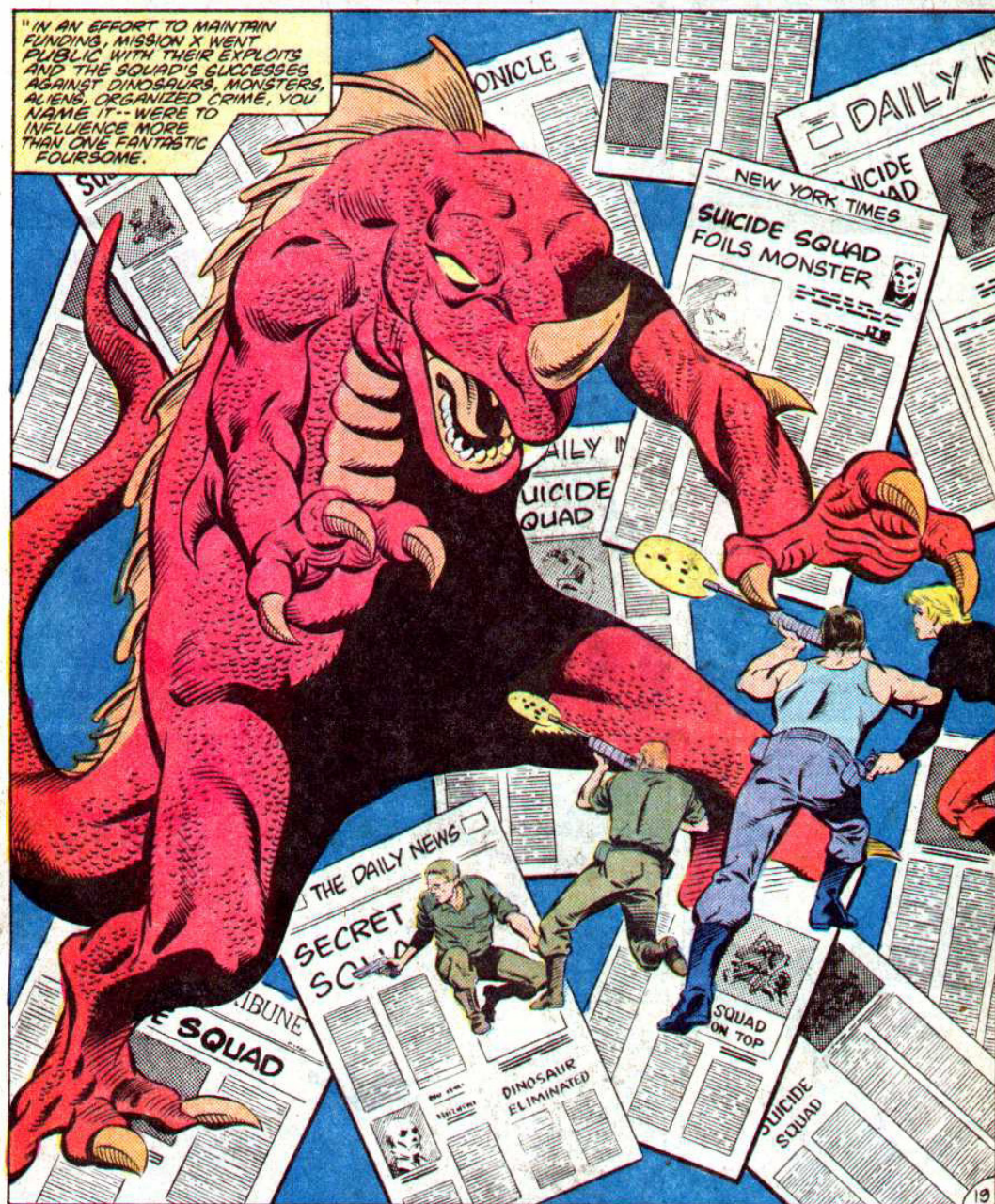
A cab comes. She takes it. We don't say good night.

1975-07-01

WASHINGTON D.C.



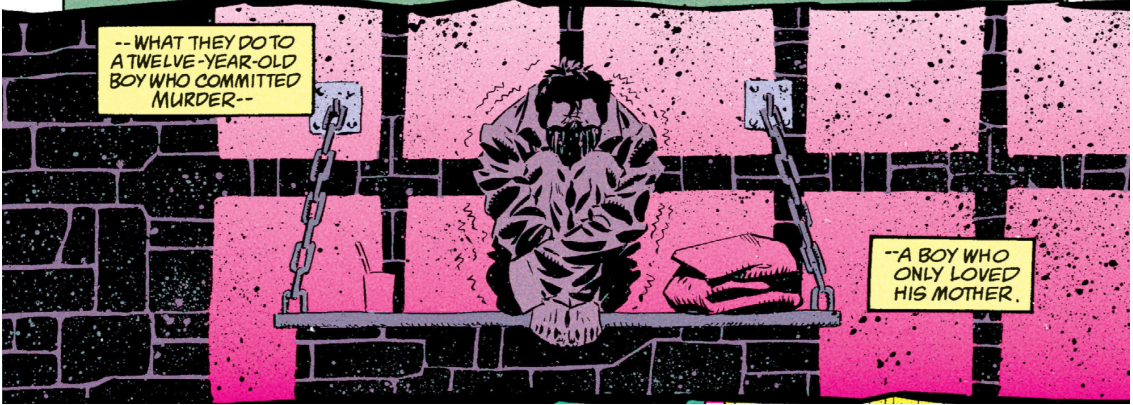
"IN AN EFFORT TO MAINTAIN FUNDING, MISSION X WENT PUBLIC WITH THEIR EXPLOITS AND THE SQUAD'S SUCCESSSES AGAINST DINOSAURS, MONSTERS, ALIENS, ORGANIZED CRIME, YOU NAME IT-- WERE TO INFLUENCE MORE THAN ONE FANTASTIC FOURSOME.



1975-07-01

GOtham CITY





1975-07-01

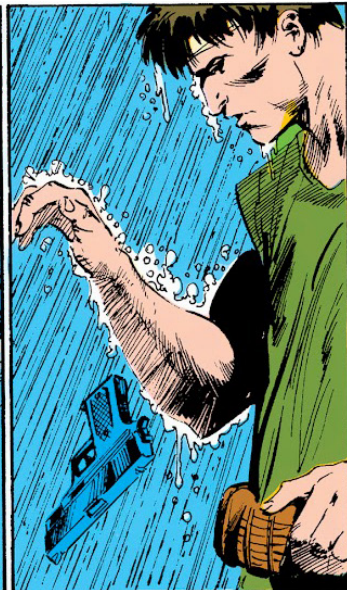
VIETNAM





IT WAS THE GUILT. HE TRIED TO MAKE  
UP FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO LIVVERS  
BY KILLING AS MANY VIETNAMESE  
AS HE COULD.

BUT HE NEVER  
AGAIN FOUND ONE  
WEARING A RED  
SHIRT.





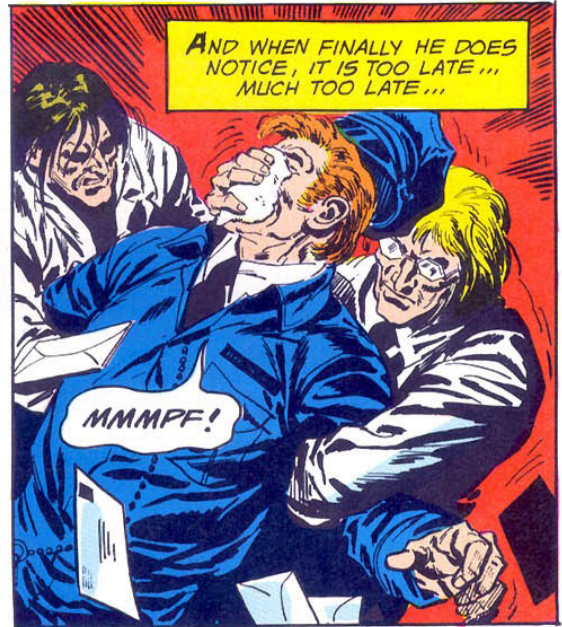


1975-07-01

NEW YORK









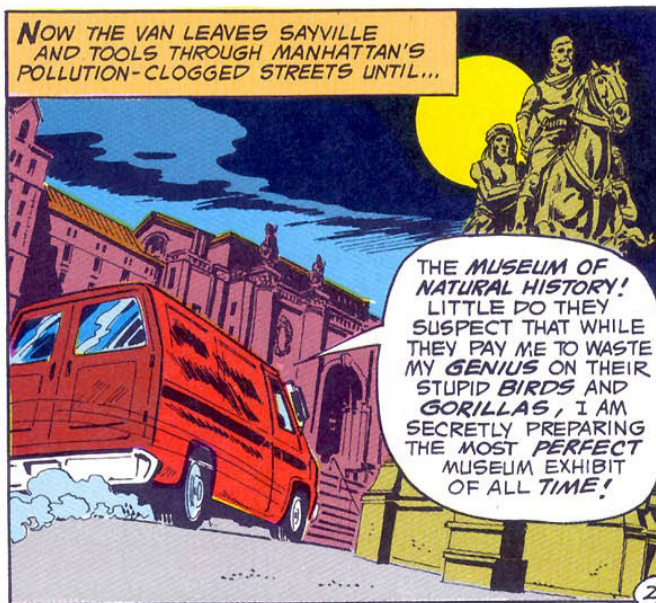
**I**N THE WORLD OF MORTAL MEN HE IS **JIM CORRIGAN**, HARD-BOILED POLICE DETECTIVE --BUT TO THE VERMIN OF THE UNDERWORLD, HE IS **THE SPECTRE**, AWESOME AVENGER OF EVIL, AN EARTH-BOUND GHOST WHO PUNISHES EVIL WITH A FEARSOME VENGEANCE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE. JOIN US NOW, IF YOU DARE, AS...

# THE SPECTRE HAUNTS THE MUSEUM OF FEAR

SCRIPT:  
MICHAEL FLEISHER  
ART:  
ERNIE CHUA and  
JIM APARO  
EDITOR:  
JOE ORLANDO











HURRY!  
GET HIM  
INSIDE  
BEFORE  
SOMEONE  
SEES!



MOMENTS  
LATER...

THIS  
FREIGHT  
ELEVATOR  
WILL TAKE  
US RIGHT  
PAST THE  
EXHIBIT  
FLOORS  
OPEN TO  
THE PUBLIC  
AND RIGHT  
TO MY  
PRIVATE  
WORK-  
ROOM!



AND THEN...

QUICKLY NOW! STRAP  
HIM TO THE TABLE SO I  
CAN GET RIGHT TO **WORK!**

NO NEED TO  
RUSH, PROFESSOR!  
THAT **CHLOROFORM**  
WILL KEEP HIM  
OUT COLD FOR AT  
LEAST ANOTHER  
**HOUR!**



OHhh,  
MY H-HEAD!  
WH-WHERE...  
WHERE...



ANOTHER **HOUR**, EH?  
YOU **IMBECILE!** HURRY! GIVE  
HIM A **SEDATIVE** BEFORE  
HE SPOILS **EVERYTHING!**



H-HEY! GET AWAY  
FROM ME! WHATTA  
YOU GUYS TRYIN'  
TO DO TO ME,  
ANYWAY?



I-I'M GETTIN' **OUTTA**  
HERE...AND YOU **MUGGERS**  
BETTER NOT TRY AND  
**STOP** ME, EITHER!

**STOP** HIM,  
YOU FOOLS!  
HE MUSTN'T  
GET AWAY!



AND **WHATEVER** YOU DO, SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T **DAMAGE HIM!**

YES, PROFESSOR!

**STILL GROGGY FROM THE CHLOROFORM, AND BARELY ABLE TO SEE HIS WAY IN THE MURKY BLACKNESS, POSTMAN MILLER LURCHES THROUGH THE ANGLED PASSAGEWAYS OF THE DARKENED MUSEUM, UNTIL FINALLY ...**

OH NO!  
I-I'VE RUN INTO SOME KIND OF...  
OF **DEAD END!**  
F-FEELS LIKE **GLASS,** OR--

I CAN'T TELL WHERE HE **WENT!**  
TELL THE PROFESSOR TO TURN ON THE **LIGHTS!**



G-GOOD LORD!

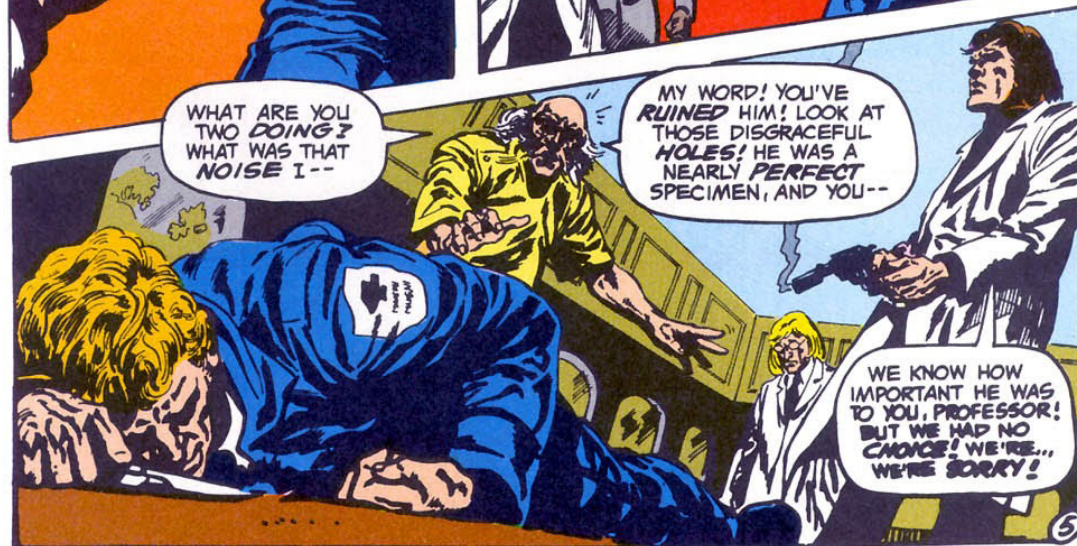
**SUDDENLY, THE GARISH GLARE OF FLUORESCENT LIGHT FLOODS THE MURKY HALL, AND THIS ENABLES MILLER, FOR THE FIRST TIME, TO SEE EXACTLY WHERE HE IS... GOING...**



IS THAT **BETTER?**

YEAH, THANKS!  
WE'LL FIND HIM **NOW!**

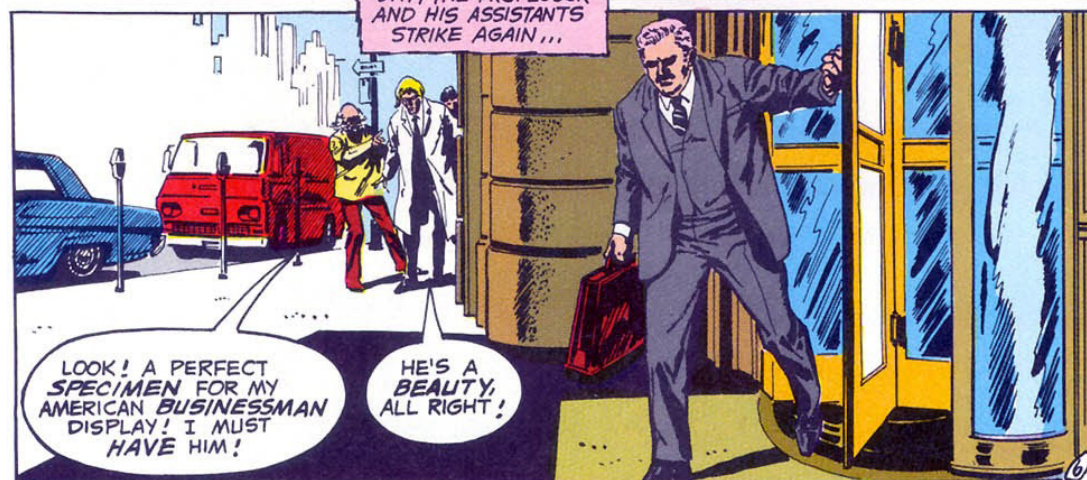




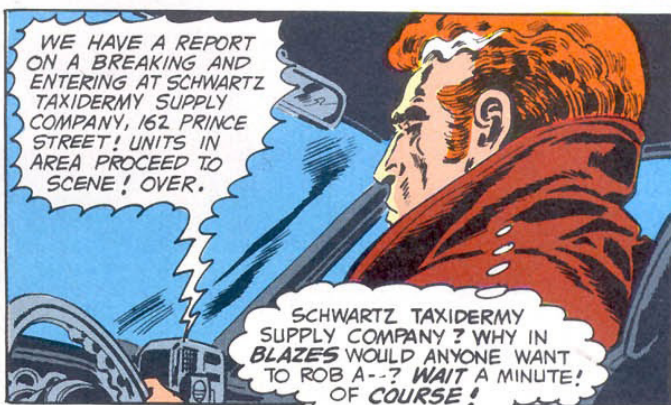
1975-07-02

NEW YORK













TALK ABOUT ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSORS! IT'S JUST LIKE THE PROF TO RUN OUT OF SUPPLIES RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF STUFFING THAT--

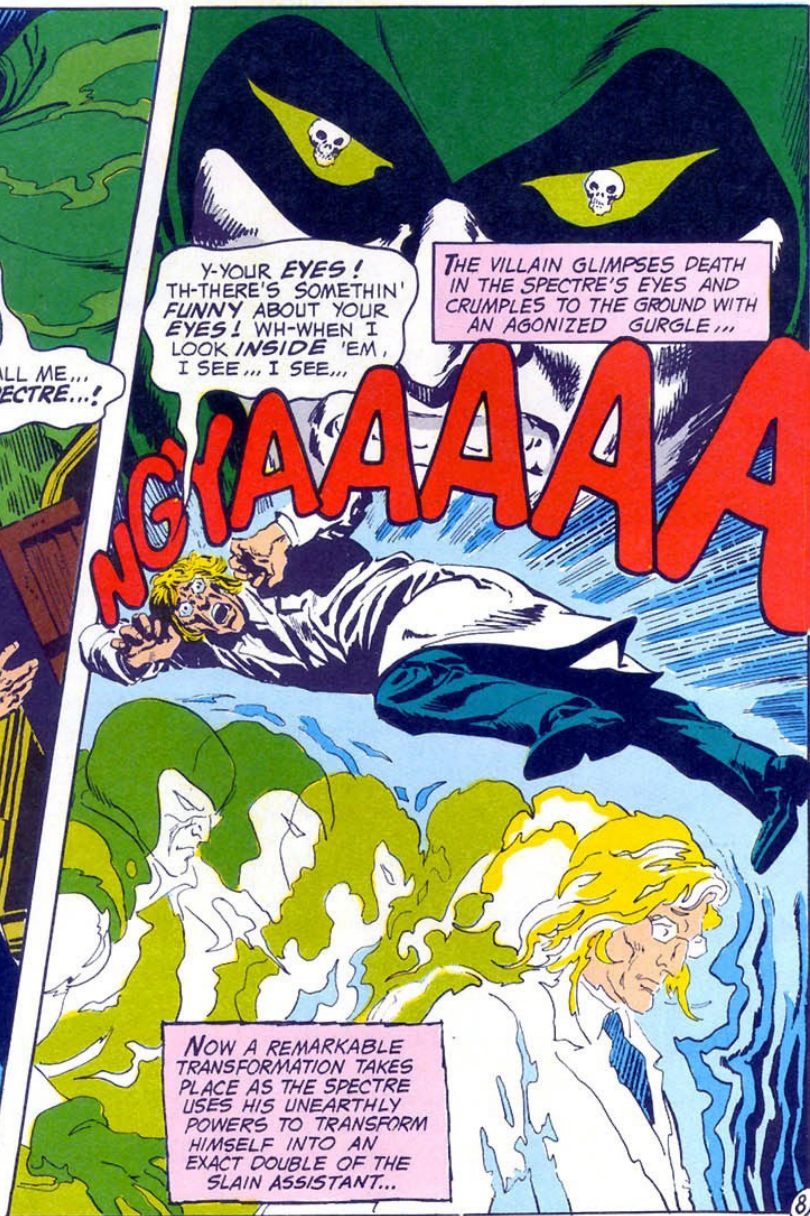
H-HEY! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHIN'!

PERHAPS IT IS THE SHRIEKING OF YOUR VICTIMS THAT YOU HEARD!



WH-WHA-!? WHO...WHO ARE Y-YOU?

MEN CALL ME... THE SPECTRE...!

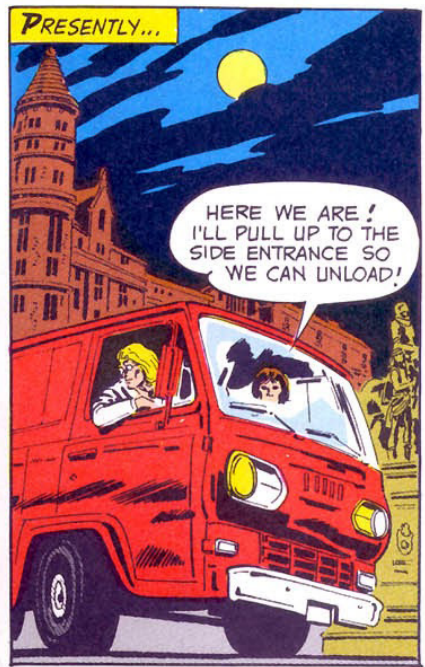


Y-YOUR EYES! TH-THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY ABOUT YOUR EYES! WH-WHEN I LOOK INSIDE 'EM, I SEE... I SEE...

THE VILLAIN GLIMPSES DEATH IN THE SPECTRE'S EYES AND CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND WITH AN AGONIZED GURGLE...

NOW A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE AS THE SPECTRE USES HIS UNEARTHLY POWERS TO TRANSFORM HIMSELF INTO AN EXACT DOUBLE OF THE SLAIN ASSISTANT...









GASP!

RUN,  
PROFESSOR!  
IT'S... IT'S  
SOME KIND  
OF G-GHOST!



P-PROFESSOR!  
LOOK!

ARRRGHH!

TH-THERE MUST  
BE A LOGICAL  
EXPLANATION  
FOR IT! THERE  
HAS TO BE!



NO DEATH  
COULD BE AS  
HIDEOUS AS  
THE CRIMES  
THEY  
COMMITTED...

ARRRGHHH

NGYAAA



...NOT EVEN  
A DEATH  
WROUGHT BY...  
THE SPECTRE!

THE  
END

1975-08-01

WASHINGTON D.C.



HE RESIGNED HIS  
COMMISSION. OH, THEY  
SQUAWKED THE BRASS  
DID, BUT HE'D SERVED  
THREE TOURS IN NAM,  
HE WAS A BONA FIDE  
HERO--WHAT COULD  
THEY DO, REALLY?



1975-08-01

NEW YORK



IT IS MID-MORNING AT THE DOWNTOWN BRANCH OF A NEW YORK BANK. THE ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY AT THE TELLERS' COUNTER IS **GWENPOLYN STERLING**. SHE IS ABOUT TO MAKE A DEPOSIT...

HOW ARE YOU TODAY, SUSAN?

JUST GREAT, MISS STERLING! IT'S SUCH A GORGEOUS DAY OUTSIDE!

AND THESE PEOPLE, IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN READING THE NEWS-PAPERS LATELY, ARE MEMBERS OF THE **SYMBIOSIS LIBERATION ARMY**. THEY ARE ABOUT TO MAKE... A WITHDRAWAL...

EVERYBODY **FREEZE!** YOU'RE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE ONE OF THE **NIGHTMARES OF BANKING!**

GASP!

JUST THROW ALL THE MONEY IN THAT CANVAS BAG AND NO ONE'LL GET HURT!

YOU THE MANAGER?

Y-YES! I--

UNNGHH!

BRAT TAT TAT TA

BETTER MAKE THAT **ALMOST** NO ONE!

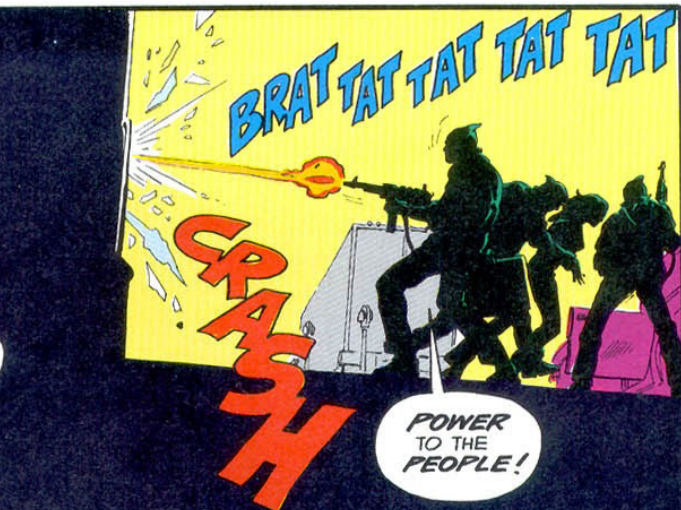
Y-YOU MURDERED HIM...IN COLD BLOOD!

BANK MANAGERS ARE MEMBERS OF THE **FASCIST** OLD GUARD AND MUST BE LIQUIDATED WITHOUT **MERCY!**

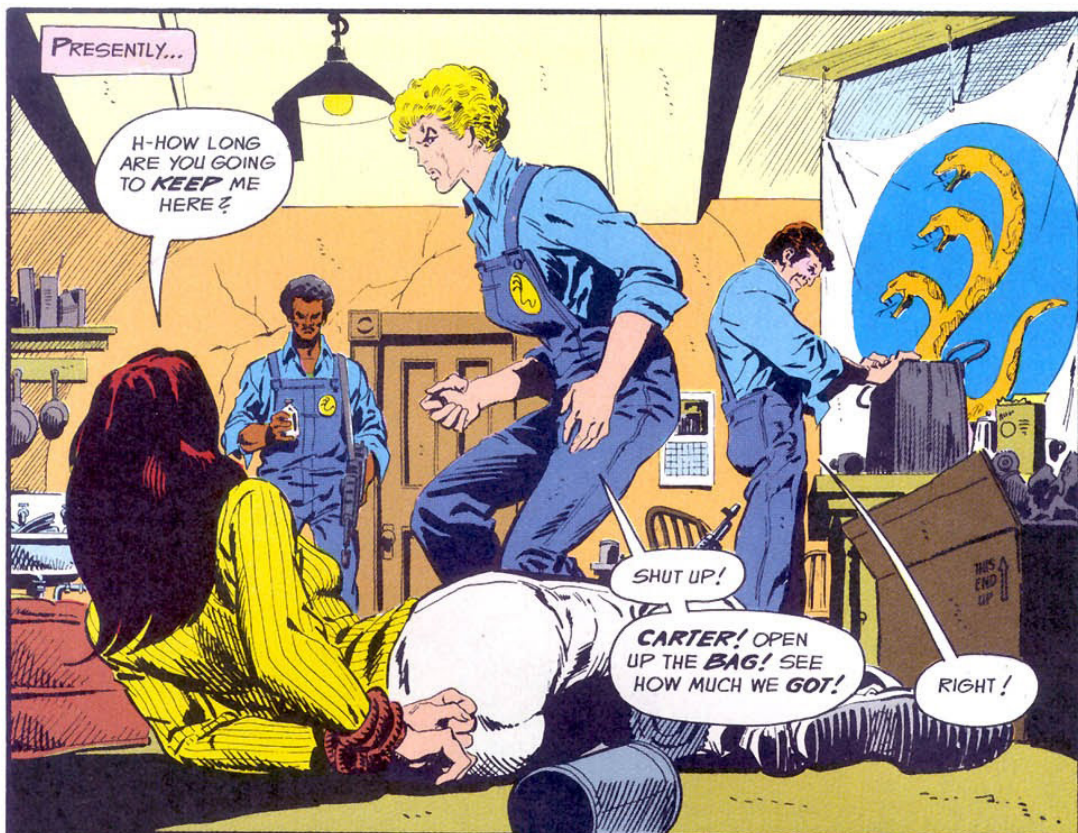
I GOT ALL THE MONEY IN THE **TELLERS' CAGES!** LOOKS LIKE THIRTY OR FORTY **THOUSAND!**

THEN LET'S **SPLIT!** WE'LL TAKE HER WITH US!

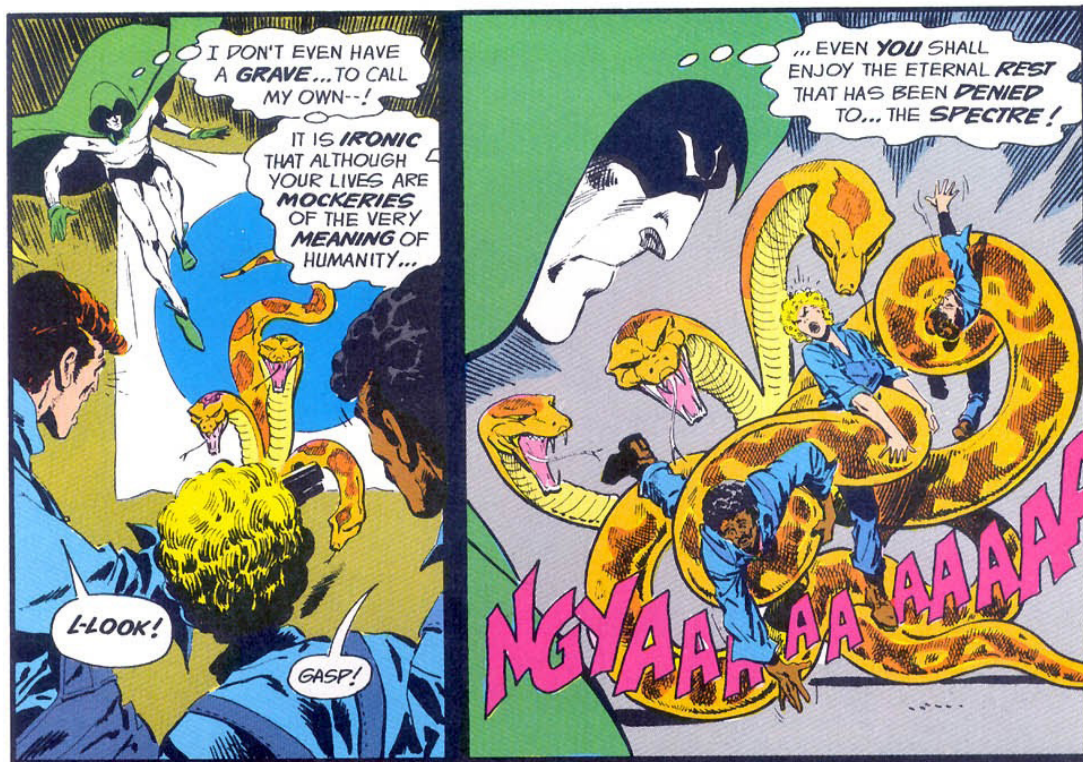














IN THE WORLD OF  
MORTAL MEN, HE IS  
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HARD-BOILED  
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AWESOME AVENGER  
OF EVIL, AN EARTH-  
BOUND GHOST WHO  
PUNISHES EVIL WITH  
A FEARSOME  
VENGEANCE FROM  
BEYOND THE GRAVE.  
READ ON, IF YOU  
DARE, ABOUT...

# THE VOICE THAT DOOMED... THE SPECTRE

NGY  
AAAAA  
AAAAA

GAASP



FOR A MOMENT THE ROOM SEEMS TO STAND SUSPENDED IN TIME, FROZEN THERE BY THE AWFUL HISSING OF THE SERPENT AND THE PITEOUS SHRIEKING OF ITS VICTIMS, AND THEN...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, GWEN! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE!

OH, JIM!  
THANK HEAVEN  
YOU'RE *HERE*!

OH, *HOLD*  
ME, JIM!  
*PLEASE!*  
THAT... THAT  
*SNAKE!*  
I-IT WAS  
*HORRIBLE!*

COME ON, GWEN!  
I'M GOING TO GET  
THEIR CAR AND  
DRIVE YOU  
HOME!

AND SO...

J-JIM! I-I DON'T  
*CARE* IF YOU'RE A  
GHOST! I-I *LOVE*  
YOU! I WANT YOU  
TO *MARRY* ME!

OH, THAT'S A  
*GREAT* IDEA!  
NOTHING I'D RATHER  
*HEAR* THAN THE  
PITTER PATTEN OF  
LITTLE *ZOMBIES*  
RUNNING AROUND  
THE HOUSE!





J-JIM (SOB)!  
P-PLEASE--

LOOK, I'M SORRY,  
GWEN! BUT CAN'T YOU  
SEE WHAT YOU'RE  
ASKING?

I'M ASKING  
TO BE **LOVED**,  
JUST LIKE ANY--



GWEN! I AM A **DEAD**  
MAN! A **GHOST**! I-I  
DON'T EVEN **BREATHE**,  
FOR PETE'S SAKE!

IS THAT WHAT  
YOU REALLY **WANT**...  
A HUSBAND THAT HAS  
TO SPEND HIS EVERY  
WAKING HOUR PRETEND-  
ING HE'S **ALIVE**?

I-ISN'T THERE ANY  
CHANCE YOU'LL EVER **BE** ALIVE AGAIN?



OH, SURE! THE BOYS  
UPSTAIRS HAVE PROMISED  
TO REVIEW MY **CASE** JUST  
AS SOON AS I'VE  
ERADICATED ALL **EVIL**  
FROM THE FACE  
OF THE **EARTH**!

AS SOON  
AS YOU'VE--



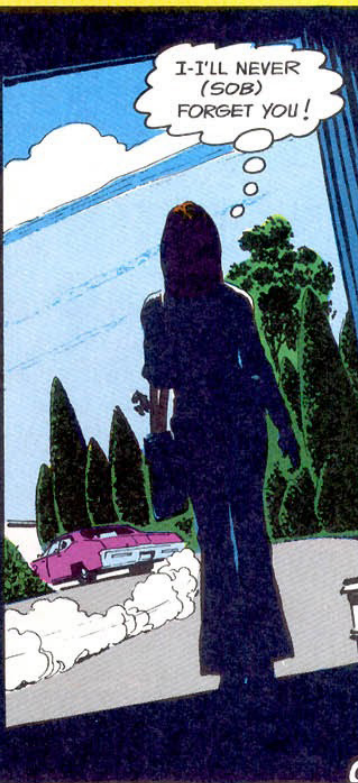
YOU HEARD ME  
RIGHT! AND FROM  
WHAT I'VE SEEN OF  
THE JOB SO **FAR**, I  
WOULDN'T ADVISE ANY-  
BODY TO TRY STANDING  
ON ONE **FOOT** WAITING  
FOR ME TO **FINISH** IT!

TH-THEN  
THIS  
IS--



I THINK IT IS, GWEN,  
YES! THE WAY IT IS NOW,  
WE'RE JUST **HURTING**  
EACH OTHER! BELIEVE  
ME, I-IT'S BETTER  
IF I JUST GO!

WHATEVER  
YOU SAY (SOB),  
JIM!



I-I'LL NEVER  
(SOB)  
FORGET YOU!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE QUIET OF HIS APARTMENT, A TORMENTED JIM CORRIGAN RESTLESSLY PACES THE FLOOR...



I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY! I CAN'T!

OTHER MEN HAVE **WIVES AND FAMILIES!** THEY GET TO EXPERIENCE THE **JOYS** AND **PAINS** OF **LIFE!** AND WHEN THEY **DIE**, THEY ARE GRANTED THE EVERLASTING **PEACE** OF **ETERNAL REST!**



BUT I HAVE **NONE** OF THOSE THINGS! I'M NOT ALIVE... **OR DEAD!** I'M SOME SORT OF LIFE-LESS **THING**, DOOMED TO CARRY OUT SOME KIND OF AWFUL, UNEARTHLY **VENGEANCE** THAT I CAN HARDLY EVEN **UNDERSTAND!**



**PLEASE,** RELEASE ME FROM MY **MISSION!** LET ME BE A REAL **MAN** AGAIN! LET ME MARRY THE WOMAN I **LOVE!** PLEASE!

NOW JIM CORRIGAN TURNS FROM HIS WINDOW, UNAWARE THAT SOMEWHERE OUT BEYOND THE STARS, IN A DOMAIN OF GOLDEN CLOUDS AND RADIANT LIGHT, HIS ANGUISHED PLEA IS ABOUT TO BE... ANSWERED...

WHEN YOU AWAKEN, JIM CORRIGAN, THE HUMANITY YOU THIRST FOR SHALL ONCE AGAIN BE YOURS!

PERHAPS THE MISSION I GAVE YOU... IS INDEED BEYOND THE FULFILLMENT OF ANY ONE MAN! PERHAPS BEING ALIVE AGAIN WILL BRING YOU HAPPINESS! I HOPE SO!





1975-08-02

NEW YORK





AND SO, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

I FEEL SO PECULIAR THIS MORNING! IT'S AS IF--

UH OH! THE PHONE!



JIM, THIS IS CAPT. STANLEY! COUPLE OF OUR MEN HAVE GOT NICK SHAWN CORNERED IN A TENEMENT ON BROOME STREET!

NICK SHAWN? I KNOW HIM! HE DOES RUBOUTS FOR THE "DUCKY" MCLAREN GANG!

EXACTLY! I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO NAIL MCLAREN AND HIS BOYS, SO I FIGURED I OUGHTTA LET YOU HANDLE THIS ONE!



THANKS! I'LL GET RIGHT OVER THERE!

JIM, YOU BE CAREFUL! HE'S WELL-ARMED... AND THEY DON'T CALL HIM "TRICKY NICKY" FOR NOTHING!



MINUTES LATER...

HE'S HOLED UP BY THAT THIRD-STORY WINDOW, LIEUTENANT!

WE CLEARED THE BLOCK, AND WE'VE GOT SHARP SHOOTERS ON THE ROOFS, BUT HE'S GOT A PISTOL AND A RIFLE AND HE'S KEEPIN' US PINNED DOWN PRETTY GOOD!

HAVE YOU TRIED PUTTING TEAR GAS IN THERE?



WON'T WORK, LIEUTENANT! THE GAS CANNISTERS KEEP BOUNCIN' OFF THE WINDOW GRILL!

IS THERE ANY WAY TO GET IN THERE THROUGH THE BACK?



NEGATIVE, LIEUTENANT! HE'S GOT THE DOOR TO THE PLACE BOLTED TIGHT! ONLY WAY IN IS UP THE FIRE-ESCAPE! WE'LL HAVTA--

HEY! WHERE YOU GOIN'?

UP THE FIRE ESCAPE! COVER ME!



LIEUTENANT, DON'T! YOU'LL GET YOURSELF KILLED!

YOU CAN'T TALK SENSE TO THAT GUY CORRIGAN! I SWEAR, THERE'S SOMETHIN' WEIRD ABOUT HIM!

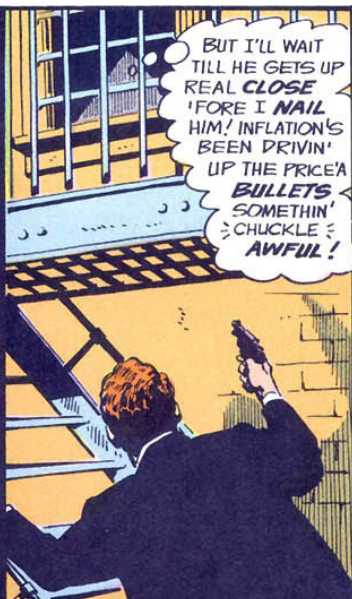




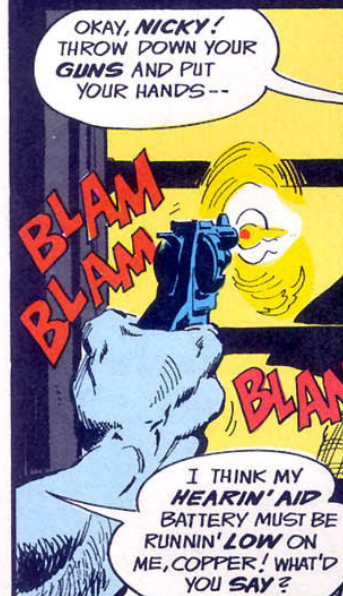
HIS BULLETS  
CAN'T **HURT ME!**  
LATER I'LL SAY I  
WAS WEARING A  
BULLETPROOF **VEST**  
OR SOMETHING!



THAT  
**COPPER**  
COMIN' RIGHT  
UP THE **FIRE**  
**ESCAPE...**  
HE MUST BE  
OUTA HIS **TREE!**



BUT I'LL WAIT  
TILL HE GETS UP  
REAL **CLOSE**  
'FORE I **NAIL**  
HIM! INFLATION'S  
BEEN DRIVIN'  
UP THE PRICE'A  
**BULLETS**  
SOMETHIN'  
CHUCKLE  
**AWFUL!**



OKAY, **NICKY!**  
THROW DOWN YOUR  
**GUNS** AND PUT  
YOUR HANDS--



AS THE GANGSTER'S BULLETS  
TEAR INTO HIS CHEST AND  
SHOULDER, JIM CORRIGAN  
REELS BACKWARD AGAINST THE  
WROUGHT-IRON RAILING...

UNGGH--!!



... AND TOPPLES LIKE  
A RAG DOLL INTO THE  
STREET...

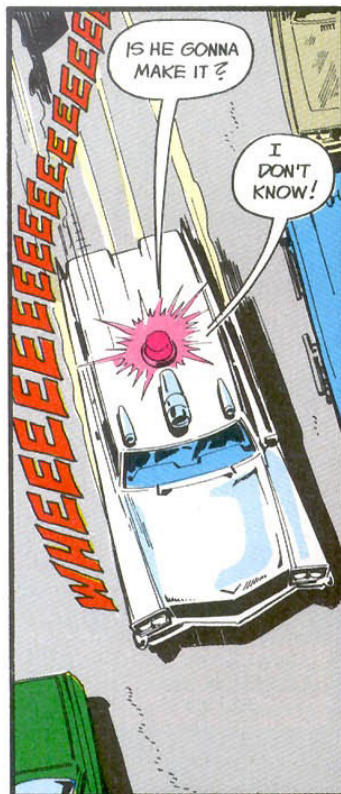
HE GOT  
THE  
**LIEUTENANT!**  
QUICK! SOMEBODY  
RADIO FOR AN  
**AMBULANCE!**



SOON...

EASY WITH HIM NOW!  
THIS MAN'S GOT THREE  
**BULLETS** IN HIM AND HE'S  
LOST A LOT OF **BLOOD!**





IS HE GONNA  
MAKE IT ?

I DON'T  
KNOW!

FOR A WEEK, JIM CORRIGAN HOVERS  
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH. BUT FINALLY...

YOU'RE WELL  
ENOUGH TO HAVE YOUR  
FIRST *VISITOR*. LT.  
CORRIGAN! HE'S  
WAITING OUTSIDE  
NOW!

I'LL BET  
HE'S AN *ANGRY*  
LITTLE MAN WITH  
A BALDING HEAD  
AND A BLACK  
*MUSTACHE!*

HA HA!  
WHY, *YES*,  
THAT'S  
*RIGHT!*  
HOW DID--

SO THERE  
YOU ARE,  
*LUNKHEAD!*



THE DOCTOR  
TELLS ME YOU'RE  
GOING TO *SURVIVE*,  
IN *SPITE* OF YOUR  
BEST EFFORTS TO  
COMMIT  
*SUICIDE!*

JUST WHAT DO  
YOU THINK YOU  
*ARE* ANYWAY--  
IMMORTAL ?  
YOU--



YOUR SHOT *KILLED*  
SHAWN! HE'S *DEAD!*  
AND LET ME TELL *YOU*  
SOMETHING, JIM! YOU  
CAME AWFULLY DAMN  
CLOSE TO BECOMING  
A GHOST *YOURSELF!*

ME ? A  
GHOST ?

BELIEVE ME,  
CAPTAIN, I HAVEN'T  
FELT THIS *ALIVE* IN  
*YEARS!*

1975-08-06

NEW YORK



A FEW DAYS  
LATER...

IT'S BEEN ALMOST  
TWO FULL WEEKS SINCE  
I'VE SEEN JIM! I MISS  
HIM SO MUCH, BUT I  
PROMISED MYSELF  
I'D--

HEY, **GOOD-  
LOOKIN'**! YOU  
GONNA GO SWIMMING  
IN THAT HUGE POOL ALL  
BY **YOURSELF**?

**JIM! OH, WOW!**  
AM I--

Y-YOUR  
**ARM!** WH-  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO--

WOUNDED IN THE  
LINE 'A **DUTY!**  
HAPPENS TO US  
COPS ALL THE **TIME!**  
WHAT'S THE **MATTER?**  
DON'T YOU EVER  
WATCH **TV?**

BUT I THOUGHT  
YOU **COULDN'T**  
BE WOUNDED!  
I THOUGHT--

YOU SURE  
**TALK** A LOT!  
HOW'D YOU LIKE  
TO GET  
**MARRIED**  
NEXT **TUESDAY?**







1975-08-07

GOtham CITY





SELINA, SHE HAD  
A PICTURE OF  
YOU--



SELINA,  
ANSWER  
ME--

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING IN THERE?  
SELINA--



YOU'VE BEEN  
ACTING REALLY  
WEIRD. I  
MEAN--

WHAT ABOUT  
STAN--

STAN'S  
YESTERDAY'S  
GARBAGE.



I DON'T KNOW, SELINA--  
I MEAN, YOU SPENT ALL  
OUR MONEY ON THAT  
COSTUME--

I MEAN,  
IT'S PRETTY  
QUEER--

I MEAN--

August 7



IT'S MONEY, HOLLY.  
BE A KICK. JUST  
WATCH.



SELINA--



I hate  
this city.

I hate myself and  
the night and  
everything it brings.

Mostly, I hate  
it when she  
cries...

...another fight. We fight so much, Barbara and I. She tells me I'm away too much and just when I should apologize, I snap at her... I freeze up inside...

...tonight, she called the office and I wasn't there-- I was out having coffee with Sarah--

-- Sarah-- my God, I'm calling her Sarah now... it's all wrong...

...and Barbara's right, as always...






...and right now I should be talking to her-- begging her to forgive me for--

--for the baby in her stomach and the way that I'm thinking about Essen-- that's right-- call her Essen-- forget how she felt-- how her body and her lips felt--

--Barbara-- I should talk to her. I shouldn't be thinking-- not about Sgt. Essen--

-- and not about Batman.

He's a criminal. I'm a cop. It's that simple. But--



--but I'm a cop in a city where the mayor and the commissioner of police use cops as hired killers...

...he saved that old woman.

He saved that cat.

He even paid for that suit.

The hunk of metal in my hands is heavier than ever...

1975-08-11

NEW YORK



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN  
A SLEAZY WATERFRONT  
HIDEOUT...

HEY, "DUCKY!"  
YA KNOW THAT HERO  
COP, **CORRIGAN**, WHO  
NAILED **NICKY** A FEW  
WEEKS BACK? IT SAYS  
HERE HE'S GETTIN'  
**MARRIED** NEXT  
WEEK!

IZZAT SO! I  
BETTER ASK MY  
**PUCK** ABOUT  
THAT!

WHAT'S HE  
SAYIN'  
"DUCKY?"

HE SAYS CORRIGAN  
AIN'T GONNA **LIVE**  
LONG ENOUGH TO  
MARRY **NOBODY**!  
AND YOU KNOW MY  
**DUCK**! RIGHT,  
BOYS?

YEAH, "DUCKY,"  
WE KNOW! HE AIN'T  
NEVER **WRONG**  
ABOUT **NUTHIN'**!

QUAK

QUAK

**TO BE CONTINUED**

1975-08-19

NEW YORK



AFTER BEING TRANSFORMED BACK INTO AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING ONCE AGAIN, **LT. JIM CORRIGAN** WAS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED IN A SHOOTOUT WITH A MEMBER OF THE NOTORIOUS "**DUCKY**" **MCCLAREN** GANG. NOW, AFTER ALMOST TWO WEEKS IN THE HOSPITAL, HE HAS RETURNED TO WORK...





THAT NIGHT...

THAT LOUIE'S GIVEN ME LOTS OF GOOD *TIPS*... BUT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT *THIS* ONE!

ANYWAY, I'D BETTER BE *CAREFUL*! BECAUSE I'M NOT THE *SPECTRE* ANYMORE, SO IF IT'S A *TRAP*, I WON'T BE ABLE TO *LOOK* AT THEM FUNNY AND TURN THEM ALL INTO *COTTAGE CHEESE*!

TAKE IT *EASY*, CORRIGAN! YOU AIN'T GONNA NEED THAT!

WE'RE *SURRENDERIN'*! *HONEST*! DON'T YOU TRUST *ANYBODY*?

NO, SO KEEP THOSE HANDS *UP*, OR I'LL INSTALL A SECOND *HOLLAND TUNNEL* INSIDE YOUR *HEAD*!

ALL RIGHT, MITCH! WHERE'S "DUCKY" AND THE OTHERS?

OVER *THERE*, BEHIND THE--

RIGHT OVER *HERE*, CORRIGAN!

THEN COME ON OUT WITH YOUR--

WHA-!?

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, CORRIGAN!

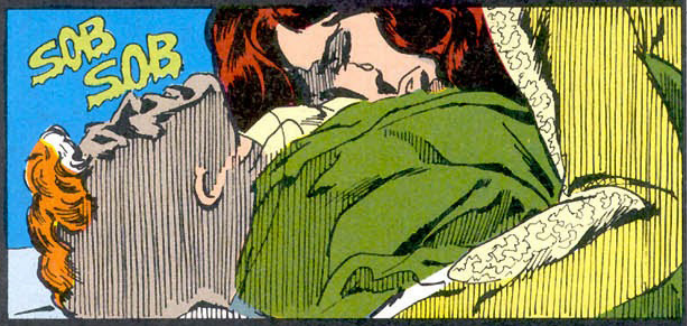












1975-08-22

NEW YORK



A FEW DAYS  
LATER, THEY  
BURIED  
**JIM CORRIGAN.**  
IT WAS A SIMPLE,  
QUIET CEREMONY.  
**JIM CORRIGAN**  
HAD BEEN A LONELY  
MAN. HE HADN'T  
HAD TOO MANY  
FRIENDS...

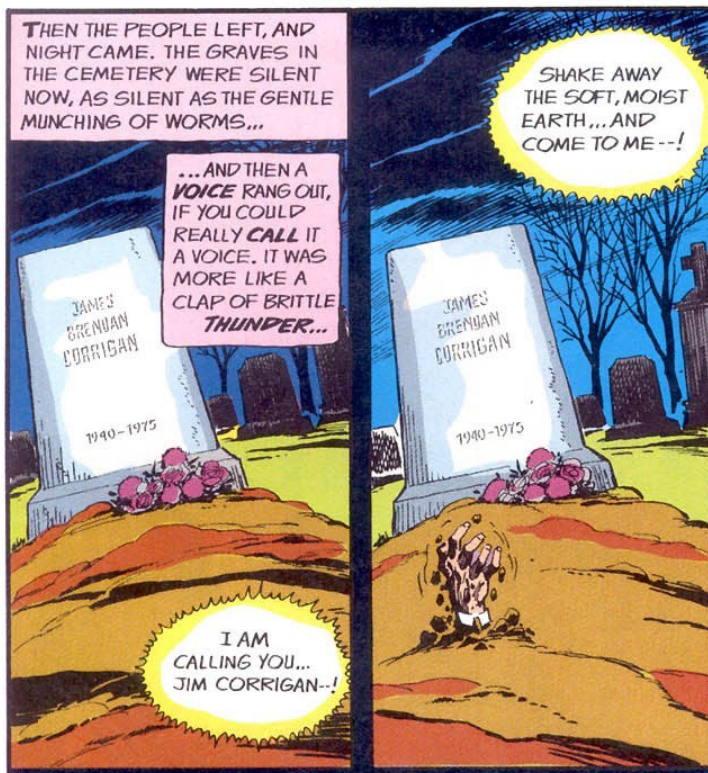


THEN THE PEOPLE LEFT, AND NIGHT CAME. THE GRAVES IN THE CEMETERY WERE SILENT NOW, AS SILENT AS THE GENTLE MUNCHING OF WORMS...

...AND THEN A **VOICE** RANG OUT, IF YOU COULD REALLY **CALL** IT A VOICE. IT WAS MORE LIKE A CLAP OF BRITTLE **THUNDER...**

I AM CALLING YOU... JIM CORRIGAN--!

SHAKE AWAY THE SOFT, MOIST EARTH... AND COME TO ME--!





IN THE WORLD  
OF MORTAL MEN HE  
IS **JIM CORRIGAN**,  
HARD-BOILED POLICE  
DETECTIVE--BUT TO  
THE VERMIN OF THE  
UNDERWORLD HE IS  
**THE SPECTRE**,  
AWESOME AVENGER  
OF EVIL, AN EARTH-  
BOUND GHOST WHO  
PUNISHES EVIL WITH  
A FEARSOME  
VENGEANCE FROM  
BEYOND THE GRAVE...

# THE SECOND DEATH OF THE... SPECTRE

SCRIPT • MICHAEL FLEISHER EDITOR • JOE ORLANDO

J-3804

JOHN  
FIFARO





TIME SEEMED TO STAND STILL...PERHAPS IT *DID* STAND STILL...AS THE **GHOST OF JIM CORRIGAN** SPED HEAVENWARD ON A RADIANT SHAFT OF UNEARTHLY LIGHT...



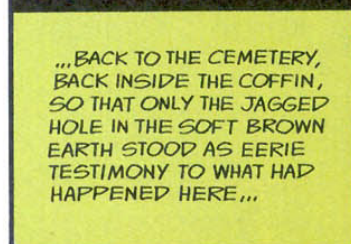
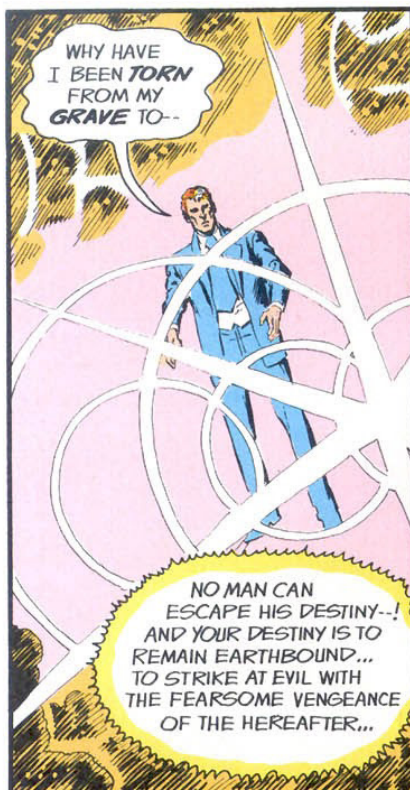
UNTIL FINALLY IT HAD REACHED THE MOST AWESOME DESTINATION OF ALL...

YOU MAY SPEAK... JIM CORRIGAN--!

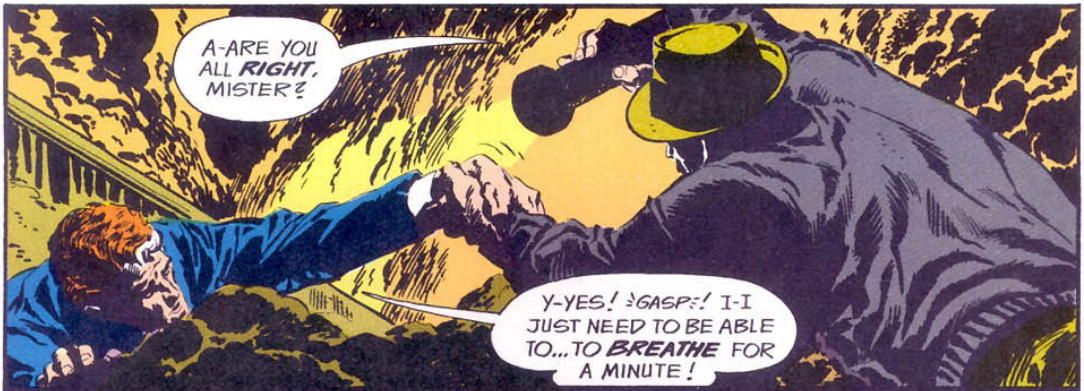


WHY HAVE I BEEN **BROUGHT** HERE?









A-ARE YOU ALL **RIGHT**, MISTER?

Y-YES! **GASP!** I-I JUST NEED TO BE ABLE TO... **BREATHE** FOR A MINUTE!



YOU'RE DAMN **LUCKY** I WAS PASSIN' BY WHEN I **WAS!** I-I HATE TO EVEN THINK WHAT WOULD'A **HAPPENED** IF I HADN'T **HEARD** YOU!

WHY, YOU MUSTA BEEN IN A **COMA** OR SOMETHIN', AND ...AND YOUR VITAL SIGNS PROB'LY GOT SO **LOW** THAT THE DOCTOR AND EVERYBODY FIGGERED YOU WAS **DEAD!**

EXACTLY WHAT I **WANT** HIM TO THINK!



YOU COME WITH ME! WE'VE GOTTA GET YOU TO A--

WHA-!? TH-THAT **FELLA** I JUST HAULED OUTA THAT **GRAVE!** H-HE'S **GONE!**



HE MUSTA JUST RUSHED OFF TO SEE HIS **LOVED** ONES! YES, SIR, I'LL BET THAT YOUNG **FELLA'S** MIGHTY **GLAD** TO BE **ALIVE!**



MEANWHILE, IN A DINGY WATERFRONT HIDEOUT, "DUCKY" MCLAREN AND HIS HENCHMEN WILE AWAY THE HOURS, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE ALL DOOMED MEN...

HA! READ 'EM AN' **WEEP**, MUGGY! A FULL **BOAT!**

AL, L-LOOK!!





WHATTA I LOOK TO YOU, **STUPID?** LAST TIME I LET YOU PULL THAT "LOOK" ROUTINE ON ME, YOU SWIPED FIFTY **BUCKS** OUTA THE--

AL! L-LOOK!!



C'MON, **MUGSY!** DON'T BE A SORE---

**P-PLEASE** LOOK, AL!

**GASP!**



WH-WHO **ARE** YOU? WH-WHAT DO YOU **W-WANT?**

I AM LT. JAMES BRENDAN CORRIGAN--! AND WHAT I WANT... IS VENGEANCE--!

**CORRIGAN,** EH? WELL HE'S **DEAD,** AND IT JUST SO HAPPENS I DON'T **BELIEVE** IN SPOOKS!

**BLAM BLAM**

**GULP! I BELIEVE** IN 'EM! I-I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!



ME TOO! C'MON, "DUCKY"! **RUN!**

MY **DUCK!** I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT MY **DUCK!**



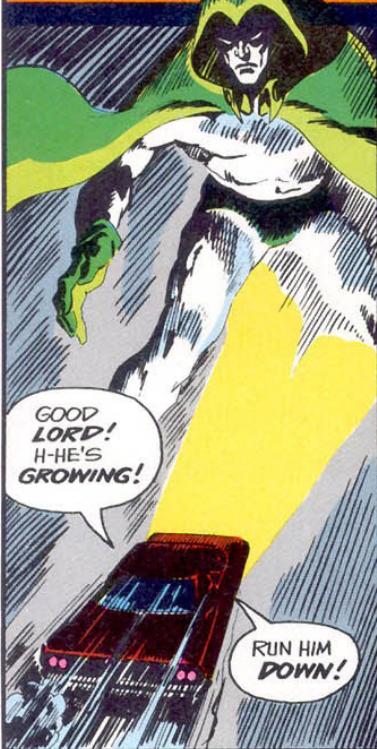
**PLEASE,** "DUCKY"! WE'LL BUY YA **ANOTHER--**

**NO! IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME!**

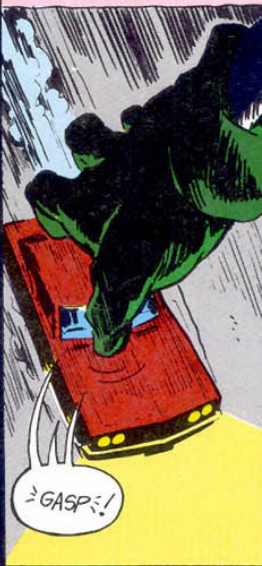


MY **DUCK!** WH-WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** TO IT? WH-WHY IS IT **GLOWING** LIKE THAT?

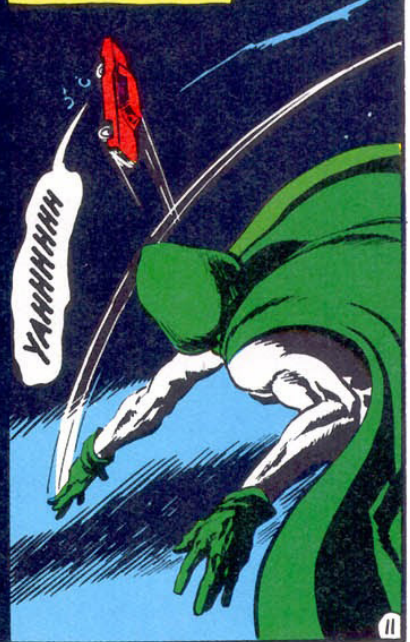




BEFORE THE UNBELIEVING EYES OF THE TERRIFIED CRIMINALS, **THE SPECTRE** GROWS TO GIGANTIC SIZE, UNTIL HE TOWERS ABOVE THE ONRUSHING AUTO...



AND THEN, SEIZING THE CAR IN AN IRON GRIP, HE HURLS IT INTO THE STRATOSPHERE...





...WHERE IT ERUPTS INTO FLAME LIKE A FIERY METEOR BEFORE HURLING ONWARD INTO THE TRACKLESS VOID TO WANDER FOREVER AMONG THE STARS...

LOOK, DAD! A SHOOTING STAR!

MAKE A WISH, SON!

LATER...

OH, JIM! IF ONLY I COULD HEAR YOUR VOICE AGAIN! IF ONLY--

HELLO, GWEN!

JIM! MY DARLING! IS IT YOU? IS IT REALLY--

NO, GWEN! IT'S NOT REALLY ME! IT'S JUST THE SPECTRAL SHADOW OF THE MAN I USED TO BE!

THE WORLD WILL BE TOLD THAT JIM CORRIGAN WAS BURIED ALIVE BY MISTAKE... AND RESCUED BY AN OLD CARETAKER!

BUT THE TRUTH IS THAT NO MAN CAN ESCAPE HIS DESTINY! AND MY DESTINY IS TO BE... THE SPECTRE--!

JIM! DON'T GO! PLEASE DON'T GO!

OH, JIM! I-I'M SO ALONE WITHOUT YOU!

JAMES  
BRENDAN  
CORRIGAN  
1940-1975

THE  
END

1975-09-01

NEW YORK



IN A SQUALID NEIGHBORHOOD OF DILAPIDATED TENEMENTS, FIREMEN BATTLE VALIANTLY AGAINST A RAGING FIRE...

THINK YOU CAN LICK THIS BABY WITH THE EQUIPMENT YOU'VE ALREADY GOT OUT HERE, CHIEF?

WE'LL BE HERE ALL NIGHT PUTTIN' HER OUT! AND I'M AFRAID THERE'RE GONNA BE SOME DEAD BODIES IN THERE WHEN WE GO IN!

I DON'T KNOW LT. CORRIGAN! SHE'S A HOT ONE!

YOU THINK OUR FRIEND FREDDY "THE TORCH" FISHER SET THIS ONE?

CAN'T SAY YET, LIEUTENANT! NOT UNTIL--

CHIEF LONIGAN!

LOOK! A WOMAN AND CHILD ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR--TRAPPED!

GOOD GOD!







...HE HAS MERELY TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO THE AWESOME FORM OF... THE SPECTRE... SO THAT, WHILE REMAINING INVISIBLE TO THE THROGS OF ONLOOKERS, HE CAN CREATE A RADIANT SHAFT OF UNEARTHLY LIGHT EXTENDING FROM THE WINDOW OF THE BLAZING TENEMENT...

TH-THAT LIGHT!  
I-IT'S SOME KIND OF MIRACLE!



THAT SHAFT OF LIGHT! IT'S INCREDIBLE!



AND SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S NOT A MIRACLE AT ALL, BUT THE WORK OF THAT 'FORCE' I'VE BEEN PURSUING... THAT FRIGHTENING GHOST WHO GOES AROUND MURDERING CRIMINALS!



1975-09-02

NEW YORK



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

# NEWSBEAT



GOOD LORD, CRAWFORD! IS THIS YOUR ACCOUNT OF THAT FIRE I SENT YOU TO COVER?



OF COURSE IT IS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?



OH, NOTHING! I ESPECIALLY LIKE THE PART ABOUT THE MAGIC GANGPLANK FROM THE SKY!

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M RUNNING HERE, CRAWFORD, A SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE?

NOW LOOK! A WAVE OF TENEMENT FIRES HAS BEEN SWEEPING THE CITY AND THE WORD WE GET FROM THE POLICE IS THAT THEY SUSPECT ARSON!



NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE AND FIND OUT WHO'S BEEN SETTING THEM!

YES...



BUT EARL CRAWFORD AND HIS EDITOR ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES INTERESTED IN LEARNING THE IDENTITY OF THE MYSTERIOUS TENEMENT ARSONIST...

FOR EVEN NOW AN EERIE ASTRAL AVENGER SOARS SKYWARD...





...TOWARD A RENDEZVOUS WITH ENDLESS CHAIN OF DEPARTING SOULS WAITING TO ENTER THE VALLEY OF DEATH...

IF THERE BE ANY HERE WHO DIED IN LAST NIGHT'S TENEMENT FIRE, I WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU...

SPEAK, THEN... I AM ONE OF THOSE WHO...DIED...



I MUST KNOW IF THE FIRE WAS... ACCIDENTAL OR...

THE FIRE... WAS DELIBERATELY SET! MY DEATH... WAS MURDER!



FREDDY "THE TORCH" FISHER... SET THE BLAZE!

REST EASY, MY DEPARTED FRIEND...! YOUR DEATH AND THE OTHERS... SHALL BE AVENGED...!




MEANWHILE, AT THE CITY'S HALL OF RECORDS...

IT'S ALL STARTING TO FIT TOGETHER NOW!


AT FIRST GLANCE, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH EVERY ONE OF THOSE RECENT TENEMENT FIRES GUTTED A BUILDING OWNED BY A DIFFERENT LANDLORD!






BUT THE MORE YOU WADE THROUGH ALL THESE COMPLICATED TRUST AND HOLDING COMPANY ARRANGEMENTS, THE CLEARER IT BECOMES THAT EVERY ONE OF THOSE RAZED TENEMENTS BELONGED TO ONE MAN, RUTHLESS SLUMLORD HARRISON DEMARKO!

DEMARKO'S GOT HIS DIRTY FINGERS IN EVERY CROOKED PIE IN TOWN! AND IF WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT HIS EMPIRE STARTING TO CRUMBLE DUE TO PENDING FEDERAL INDICTMENTS...



... IT JUST COULD BE HE'S TRYING TO FEATHER HIS NEST FOR A SPEEDY RETIREMENT SOMEWHERE BY HAVING HIS BUILDINGS BURNED DOWN SO HE CAN RAKE IN THE INSURANCE BENEFITS!



I MAY BE ALL WET, BUT I THINK THERE'S A PATTERN TO THOSE FIRES, AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH I KNOW WHERE THE NEXT FIRE'S GOING TO BE SET!

IF I CAN STAKE THE PLACE OUT AND COLLECT SOME PROOF, IT'LL BE A RED-HOT SCOOP FOR NEWSBEAT!

1975-09-02

GOtham CITY





HERO COP LIEUTENANT **JAMES GORDON** TODAY APPREHENDED NOTORIOUS NARCOTICS DEALER **JEFFERSON SKEEVERS**. IT LOOKS LIKE **GORDON'S** OUT TO SET A **RECORD**. RIGHT, TOM?

IT SURE DOES, TRISH. HE'S CAUGHT A **BIG FISH** THIS TIME. IF **SKEEVERS** IS **CONVICTED**, THIS'LL BE THE **FOURTH** TIME HE GOES TO PRISON. BET THEY THROW AWAY THE **KEY**.



1975-09-02

NEW YORK





AND SO, LATE  
THAT NIGHT...

IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK  
LIKE MY BRILLIANT IDEA  
WASN'T SO BRILLIANT AFTER  
ALL! THE ONLY THINGS TO  
TAKE PICTURES OF AROUND  
HERE ARE COCKROACHES!



WAIT!  
WHO'S THIS  
GUY?



COULD BE HE'S  
JUST DOWN HERE TO  
DO HIS DIRTY LAUNDRY,  
BUT I WOULDN'T BET  
ON IT!



NOW HE'S TAKING PLASTIC  
BOTTLES OF SOME KIND  
OUT OF THAT SATCHEL!



TIME TO  
START TAKING  
SOME PICTURES!





THIS FIRE'S GONNA  
BE A TRUE WORK  
OF ART!



AS  
SOON  
AS--



HEY! SOMETHIN'S  
WRONG! THESE  
RAGS SHOULDN'T  
OUGHTTA BE  
GIVIN' OFF SO  
MUCH SMOKE!



THEY  
OUGHTTA  
JUST--

HUHN--!?!  
IT--IT'S LIKE  
A MAN!

ONCE I WAS  
A MAN...FREDDY  
FISHER...!



BUT NOW I AM...  
THE SPECTRE...!

WELL, YOU  
AIN'T TAKIN'  
ME IN, YOU  
HEAR THAT,  
SPECTRE?



BLAM  
BLAM

HUHN--?!



GHAHAHA

VIP  
VIP



IN THE WORLD OF MORTAL MEN, HE IS JIM CORRIGAN, HARD-BOILED POLICE DETECTIVE--BUT TO THE VERMIN OF THE UNDERWORLD HE IS THE SPECTRE, AWESOME AVENGER OF EVIL, AN EARTHBOUND GHOST WHO PUNISHES EVIL WITH A FEARSOME VENGEANCE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE. JOIN US, IF YOU DARE, FOR THE CHILLING STORY OF...

THAT...THAT ARSONIST IS DOOMED! BUT AT LEAST WHEN THE WORLD SEES THESE PICTURES, THEY'LL KNOW I'VE BEEN TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS VIGILANTE MENACE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

SCRIPT BY MICHAEL FLEISHER

ART BY  
JIM APARO & MIKE D'CARLO

LETTERED BY AGUSTIN MAS

COLORS BY ADRIENNE ROY

EDITED BY ROBERT GREENBERGER

YAA AHHHHH

THE ARSON  
FIEND AND...  
THE SPECTRE!









1975-09-03

NEW YORK



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

HERE ARE SOME SNAP-  
SHOTS FOR YOU, BOB ! IF  
I WERE YOU, I'D SEND  
THEM DOWN TO THE  
DARKROOM RIGHT  
AWAY !

IS THAT  
SO? WHAT  
ARE THEY  
OF?

OH, JUST FREDDY FISHER TORCHING  
A BUILDING AND GETTING KILLED  
BY THAT GHOST I'VE BEEN TELLING  
YOU ABOUT !

HUNH...?!



HEY! WHERE THE HELL--

HOME, TO GET SOME REST! FEEL FREE TO CALL ME AS SOON AS YOU'RE READY TO APOLOGIZE FOR NOT BELIEVING ME ABOUT THE GHOST!

CRAWFORD JUST BROUGHT IN THIS ROLL OF FILM, WAYNE! THINK YOU CAN GET ME SOME BLOW-UPS BEFORE LUNCH-TIME?

SURE.

SHORTLY...

:GASP!: WHAT IS THIS? S-SOME KIND OF GAG?

MOMENTS LATER...

FOR PETE'S SAKE, BOB! WHERE DID CRAWFORD TAKE THESE PICTURES-- THE TWILIGHT ZONE?

TWILIGHT ZONE? WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WELL, IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY THESE SHOW A SPOOK OF SOME KIND PUTTING THE DOUBLE WHAMMY ON SOME ARSONIST!

LOOK, WAYNE! YOU KNOW PHOTOGRAPHY! ARE THESE SHOTS ON THE UP AND UP?





1975-09-07

GOtham CITY



September 7

Her arms are strong.  
Her whole body's  
strong.

It's late. We've both  
worked late again.

I never  
get tired  
around her.

She's requested  
a transfer. She's  
leaving Gotham  
City.

I'm in love  
with her.

It's the only  
thing to do.



1975-09-10

GOtham CITY



JUDGE RAFFERTY SET  
BAIL FOR JEFFERSON  
SKEEVERS. SURPRISING-  
LY, ASSISTANT DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY HARVEY  
DENT DID NOT ARGUE  
WITH THIS DECISION...



September 10

I *KNOW* YOU AREN'T ON THE *TAKE*--  
AND I DON'T *THINK* YOU'RE *CRAZY*--

-- SO TELL ME *WHY*  
YOU LET THEM LET *SKEEVERS*  
OUT ON THE *STREET*,  
DENT--

I UNDERSTAND  
HOW YOU *FEEL*,  
LIEUTENANT.

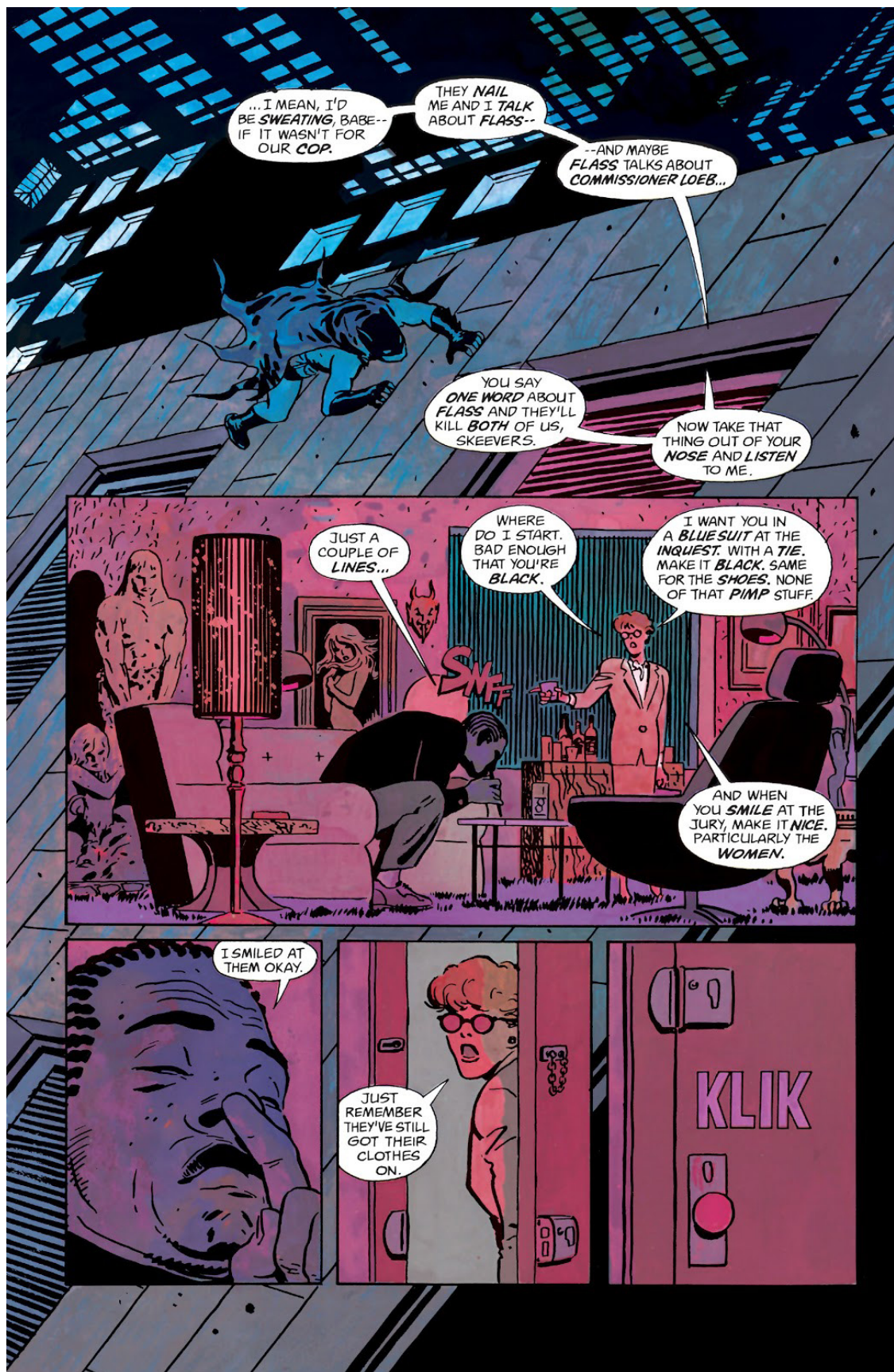
WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO BORROW  
MY *UMBRELLA*?

1975-09-11

GOtham CITY







... I MEAN, I'D  
BE *SWEATING*, BABE--  
IF IT WASN'T FOR  
OUR *COP*.

THEY NAIL  
ME AND I TALK  
ABOUT *FLASS*--

--AND MAYBE  
*FLASS* TALKS ABOUT  
*COMMISSIONER LOEB*...

YOU SAY  
*ONE WORD* ABOUT  
*FLASS* AND THEY'LL  
KILL *BOTH* OF US,  
SKEEVERS.

NOW TAKE THAT  
THING OUT OF YOUR  
*NOSE* AND *LISTEN*  
TO ME.

JUST A  
COUPLE OF  
*LINES*...

WHERE  
DO I START.  
BAD ENOUGH  
THAT YOU'RE  
*BLACK*.

I WANT YOU IN  
A *BLUESUIT* AT THE  
*INQUEST*. WITH A *TIE*.  
MAKE IT *BLACK*. SAME  
FOR THE *SHOES*. NONE  
OF THAT *PIMP* STUFF.

AND WHEN  
YOU *SMILE* AT THE  
JURY, MAKE IT *NICE*.  
PARTICULARLY THE  
*WOMEN*.

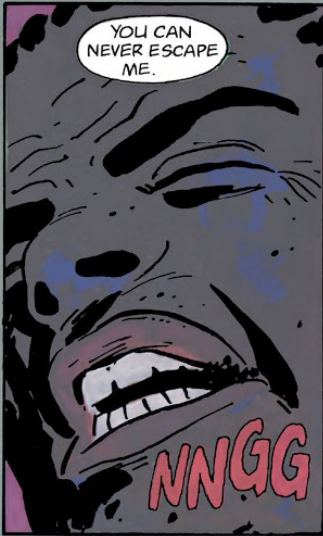
I SMILED AT  
THEM OKAY.

JUST  
REMEMBER  
THEY'VE STILL  
GOT THEIR  
CLOTHES  
ON.

KLIK







YOU CAN  
NEVER ESCAPE  
ME.

NNGG



BULLETS  
DON'T HARM  
ME.

NOTHING  
HARMS ME.



BUT  
I KNOW  
PAIN.

I KNOW  
PAIN.



SOMETIMES  
I SHARE IT.

WITH  
SOMEONE LIKE  
YOU.





1975-09-12

GOtham CITY



September 12

WANT TO TALK TO  
*DENT*. COP A PLEA.  
WANT TO TALK.  
ABOUT *FLASS*.

*MERKEL*.  
GET *DENT*.

FORGET  
TO TELL THE  
*COMMISSIONER*.

SOURCES INSIDE THE  
POLICE DEPARTMENT  
REVEALED THAT GOTHAM  
POLICE DETECTIVE  
*ARNOLD FLASS* HAS  
BEEN IMPLICATED IN  
SKEEVERS' DRUG  
OPERATION ...

I'M GONE...



1975-09-13

GOtham CITY



September 13

DETECTIVE FLASS IS A FRIEND OF MINE, GORDON. YOU MIGHT HAVE AT LEAST INFORMED ME OF YOUR PLANS BEFORE HANDING HIS HEAD TO INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

IT WAS A SLIP, SIR. EVERYBODY'S WORKING SUCH LONG HOURS.

GILLIAN B. I.  
COMMISSIONER  
OF POLICE

FRIENDSHIP, GORDON. LOYALTY. THESE WORDS STILL COUNT FOR SOMETHING IN GOTHAM CITY.

WE TOOK YOU IN. YES WE DID. BLEMISHES AND ALL. AND YOU DO HAVE YOUR BLEMISHES. AND YOU GO AND --

I'VE DONE EXACTLY WHAT I PROMISED, COMMISSIONER. YOU GET MY BEST WORK.

YOU GET GOOD PRESS, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

THEY LIKE YOU, DON'T THEY, AGEE AND HIS PACK AT THE GAZETTE.

BUT THEY DON'T KNOW YOU. NO THEY DON'T.

NOT THE WAY WE KNOW YOU.

TERRIBLE IF THEY-- OR YOUR WIFE-- LEARNED OF THE SPECIAL NATURE OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP--

-- WITH SERGEANT ESSEN.

WALLS HAVE EARS, JIMMY.

1975-09-25

GOtham CITY



September 25

COMMISSIONER LOEB ASSURES GOTHAM THAT THE MANHUNT FOR THE **BATMAN** CONTINUES, WITH HERO COP **JAMES GORDON** ON THE CASE...

The butler makes us feel as welcome as a virus. He leads us through a few dozen rooms the size of small states to Wayne's study.

Wayne's been out of the country. Wayne's had the flu. This morning I was told he had a hangover!, but he'd see me.

Better than having Barbara stay at home and worry about being so overdue...



POLICE LIEUTENANT AND MRS. GORDON, SIR.

MRS. GORDON. I'M CHARMED.

ALFRED-- BE A JOY AND GET SOME GLASSES FOR OUR GUESTS.

AND ANOTHER BOTTLE. THIS ONE'S EVAPORATED.

LITTLE **EARLY** IN THE DAY FOR US, THANKS.

MR. WAYNE-- I DON'T WANT TO WASTE YOUR **TIME**...

MY TIME IS **WORTHLESS**, LIEUTENANT. JUST ASK **ALFRED**.

HMF.

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR **EXPLOITS**, LIEUTENANT, AND I MUST SAY THAT I'M **IMPRESSED**. YOU'RE GETTING AS MUCH PRESS AS **BATMAN**.

IT IS **BATMAN** YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, ISN'T IT? SOMETHING ABOUT MY **BEING** HIM?

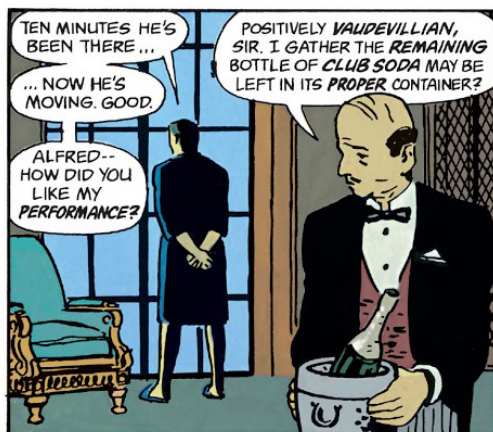
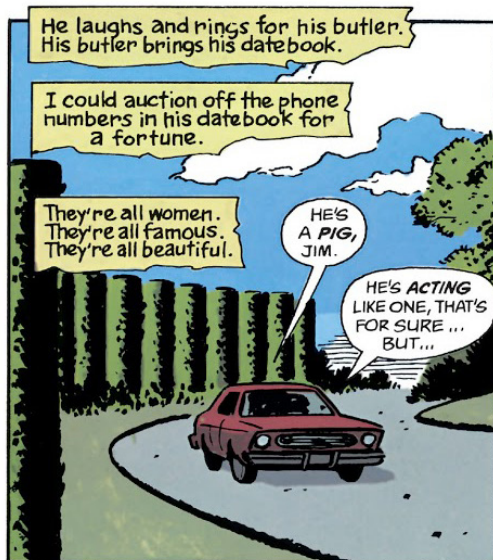
EXCUSE ME. IT MUST BE THE **CHAMPAGNE**. I NEGLECTED TO INTRODUCE MY **FRIEND**-- YOU SEE, I'M NOT SURE OF HER **NAME**, AND SHE DOESN'T SPEAK ANY LANGUAGE I KNOW...

THAT MUST BE CONVENIENT.

BARBARA.

MR. WAYNE, I NEED TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE ON THE FOLLOWING DATES...









1975-10-02

GOtham CITY



October 2

SKEEVERS TOLD US *WHERE*,  
*WHEN*, AND *HOW MUCH* MONEY  
YOU RECEIVED, FLASS.

AND YOU'VE  
BEEN SPENDING  
A LOT MORE THAN  
YOU'RE EARNING...

YOU'RE  
FACING *TEN*  
YEARS IN *PRISON*,  
FLASS.

THAT'S IF  
SKEEVERS IS ALIVE  
ENOUGH TO  
*TESTIFY*.

MY *CLIENT*  
DIDN'T *MEAN*  
THAT...

**BATMAN**  
CREATED  
BY  
**BOB KANE**



1975-10-05

GOtham CITY





1975-10-07

GOtham CITY



October 7

Somebody slips  
rat poison into  
Skeevens' food.

Merkel gets  
his stomach  
pumped in  
time.



1975-10-08

NEW YORK



AND SO, SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE THE DEATH OF FREDDY FISHER, LIEUTENANT! HOW WAS HE KILLED?

WITH HIS OWN PISTOL, SIR! A .45!

I SEE! AND WHOSE FINGERPRINTS DID YOU FIND ON FREDDY FISHER'S .45, LIEUTENANT?

WELL, FISHER'S WERE ON THERE, SIR! AND SO WERE CRAWFORD'S! EARL CRAWFORD'S!

AND...

EARL HAD BEEN ACTING STRANGELY FOR MONTHS! HE SEEMED DETERMINED TO PROVE, AT ALMOST ANY COST, THAT SOME STRANGE GHOST WAS GOING AROUND EXTERMINATING DANGEROUS CRIMINALS!

AND...

AS AN EXPERIENCED DARKROOM TECHNICIAN, WOULD YOU SAY MR. CRAWFORD'S PHOTOGRAPHS ARE REAL... OR FAKES?

I CAN'T TELL FOR SURE! BUT IF THEY'RE REAL, THAT MEANS YOU'VE GOTTA BELIEVE IN... IN GHOSTS!

AND...

WHY DON'T YOU COME CLEAN, MR. CRAWFORD! ADMIT YOU KILLED FREDDY FISHER TO SUPPORT YOUR COCKEYED STORY ABOUT--

I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE! FREDDY FISHER WAS KILLED BY THE SPECTRE!

AH, YES, OF COURSE! HOW STUPID OF ME! AND WHO, PRAY TELL, IS THE SPECTRE?

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, DAMN IT? HE'S A VENGEFUL WRAITH WHO USES HIS SUPERNATURAL POWERS TO LIQUIDATE CRIMINALS!









1975-10-09

NEW YORK



IT'S A NIGHTMARE.  
THAT'S WHAT IT IS!  
A HORRIFYING ...

AND DON'T YOU  
WORRY, MA'AM! I'LL BE  
RIGHT OUTSIDE IN CASE  
HE SUDDENLY GETS  
VIOLENT!

HUNH...!?  
WHO...?

SHHH!  
PLEASE!  
I AM A  
FRIEND!

A FRIEND?!  
I DON'T  
KNOW YOU  
FROM  
ADAM!

WHO ARE YOU,  
ANYWAY?

BUT I KNOW THAT  
YOU'RE NO MORE  
INSANE THAN I  
AM!

AND THAT YOU  
WERE TELLING THE  
TRUTH ABOUT THE  
SPECTRE!

I... I CAN'T  
TELL YOU THAT!

THE  
SPECTRE! ?  
Y-YOU MEAN  
YOU KNOW  
ABOUT THE  
SPECTRE?









I... I DID JUST WHAT YOU TOLD ME TO! I VISITED HIM AT THE ASYLUM, AND... AND I DID MY BEST TO LIFT HIS SPIRITS!


I HINTED THAT THERE WERE PEOPLE ON THE OUTSIDE WHO BELIEVED IN HIM... WHO WERE WORKING TO PROVE HIS SANITY AND GAIN HIS RELEASE!











IN THE WORLD OF MORTAL MEN, HE IS JIM CORRIGAN, HARD-BOILED POLICE DETECTIVE-- BUT TO THE VERMIN OF THE UNDERWORLD HE IS THE SPECTRE, AWESOME AVENGER OF EVIL, AN EARTHBOUND GHOST WHO PUNISHES EVIL WITH A FEARSOME VENGEANCE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

THE SPECTRE IS REAL! I KNOW HE IS! I'VE SEEN HIM WITH MY OWN TWO EYES! AND YET, JUST BECAUSE I'VE TRIED TO TELL THE WORLD THE TRUTH ABOUT HIM, I'VE BEEN LOCKED AWAY IN AN INSANE ASYLUM LIKE SOME SORT OF... MANIAC!

I CAN'T LET THEM KEEP ME HERE! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

# THE MANIAC AND... THE SPECTRE!

SCRIPT BY  
MICHAEL FLEISHER

ART BY  
JIM APPARO & MIKE DO CARLO

LETTERING BY AGUSTIN MAS  
COLORING BY ADRIENNE ROY

EDITED BY  
ROBERT GREENBERGER

















END

1975-10-10

GOtham CITY



October 10

SKEEVERS IS STILL GOING TO *TESTIFY* AGAINST *FLASS*. DOESN'T CARE THAT HIS ATTORNEY *QUIT*.

WHATEVER HE'S *SCARED* OF, IT'S-- WHAT'S SO *FUNNY*, DENT?



1975-10-12

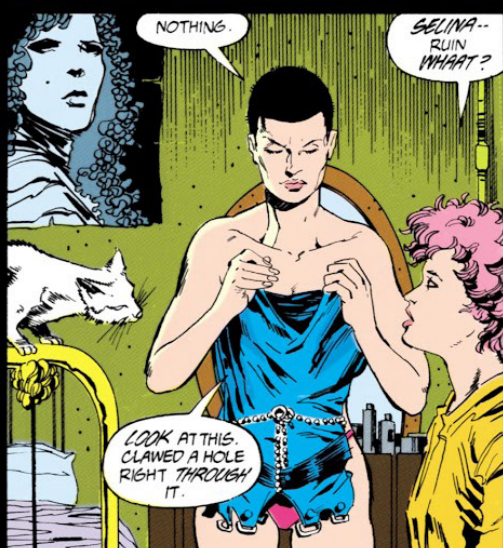
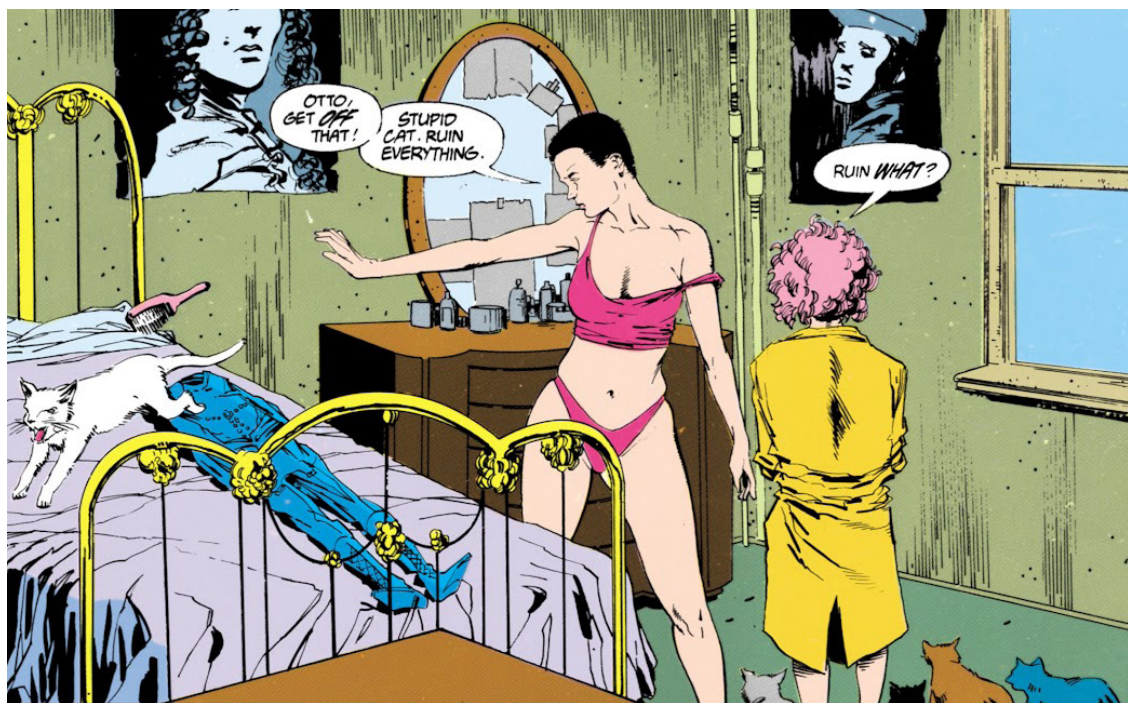
GOtham CITY





...*FOURTH* IN A DARING SERIES OF *CAT BURGLARIES*. COMMISSIONER LOEB'S PRIVATE COLLECTION OF *POP MEMORABILIA* IS VALUED AT *FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS*...







"STAN--"

"WAS THE MATTER?  
WHERE ARE YOU?"

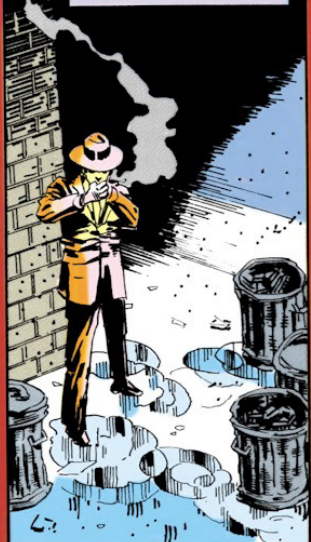
"IN A PHONE BOOTH. HE WAS  
WIRED. STAN, STRLING OUT--  
PULLED A KNIFE--GOD, I  
THINK HE'S DEAD, I KNOW  
HE'S DEAD. WHAT'LL WE DO?!"



"ANYBODY SEE? COPS?"

"NO, NO, I DON'T THINK SO  
GOD, STAN, I'M SCARED."

"OKAY, JUS STAY COOL,  
THAS RIGHT, I'M COMIN'.  
BE AT THE REGULAR  
SPOT."

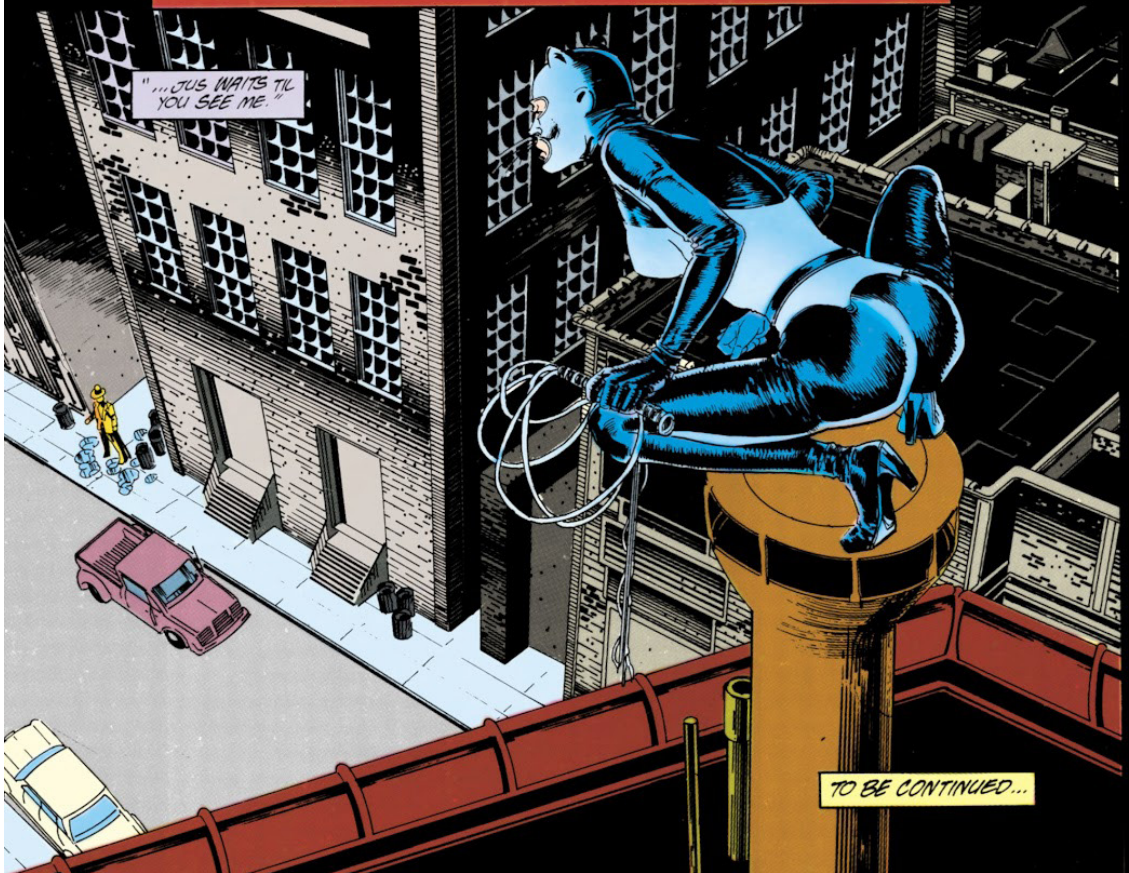


"BUT WHAT IF--"

"DON' TALK TO  
NOBODY, DON'  
DO NOTHIN'..."



"...JUS WAITS TIL  
YOU SEE ME."



TO BE CONTINUED...





I WORE IT  
JUST FOR YOU.















1975-10-13

GOtham CITY



AND THEN SHE RAN AWAY. I *STARTED* TO RUN AFTER HER, BUT THERE WAS THAT *MAY*--



YOU MEAN *PIMP*!

AND HE WAS *HURT*!

YOU'RE A BETTER NUN THAN I AM, GUNGA DIN.

SISTERS, PLEASE-- OKAY. JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT--EXCUSE *ME* SISTERS--



LET'S SAY THIS GIRL *IS* SISTER MAGDALENE'S SISTER.

WHY'D SHE RUN *AWAY* FROM YOU?



SHE'S FRIGHTENED, CONFUSED, EMBARRASSED--

RUNNING HAS *ALWAYS* BEEN HER WAY, DETECTIVE FLANNERY.



WHAT ABOUT THE *COSTUME*?

I--DON'T KNOW.

CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT, DETECTIVE?





I CAN TAKE A STAB AT IT--

WE GOT THIS SCREWBALL LOOSE  
HERE, RIGHT? DRESSES UP LIKE A  
BAT, BEATS UP ON THE LOW-LIFE,  
THE WHOLE ZORRO NUMBER, EAST  
END VERSION.

NOW IT LOOKS LIKE  
WE GOT ANOTHER ONE. ONLY  
THIS ONE'S A WOMAN, AND  
INTO CATS. AND HER SISTERS  
A SISTER--

OR SO THE SISTER SAYS.

YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE ME,  
DO YOU?

OH, I BELIEVE THE PART ABOUT  
THIS CAT-WOMAN.

YOU JUST DON'T  
BELIEVE WE'RE  
RELATED.

'FRAID NOT.

THANK YOU FOR  
YOUR TIME--

WHAT IS THE  
PIMP'S NAME.  
PLEASE?

WHAT?

IS HE HERE? I  
WANT TO TALK  
TO HIM.

SORRY. LEGALLY  
COULDN'T HOLD  
HIM.

I'LL FIND HIM. OR HER. I'LL WALK  
THE STREETS 'TIL I DO.

A STREETWALKING NUN.  
WHAT A CONCEPT.

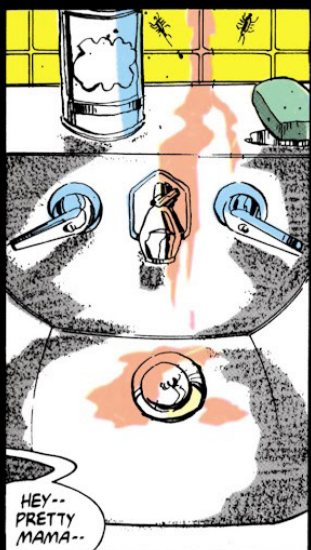
I MEAN IT.

YOU DO AND  
I'LL ARREST YOU  
FOR SOLICITING,  
SISTER!

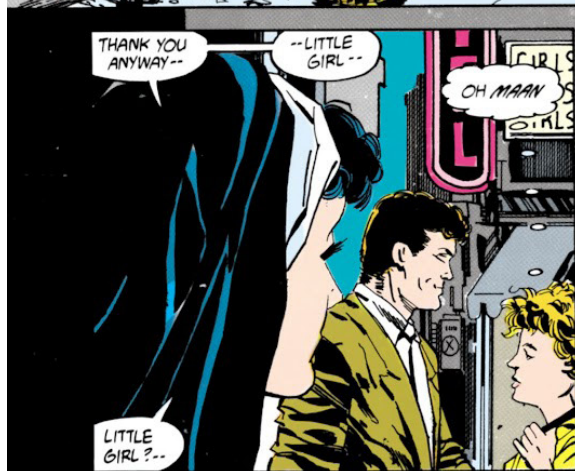
STICK TO  
PRAYER. IT'S  
A LOT SAFER.

BUT CHEER UP...  
MAYBE HE'LL COME TO  
BINGO WEDNESDAY NIGHT.













1975-10-30

NEW YORK







MEANWHILE, IN THE POSH DOWNTOWN OFFICES OF STERLING TEXTILES, INC....

LOOK, MISS STERLING, I APPRECIATE THAT WITH THE DEATH OF YOUR FATHER A MAJOR PORTION OF STERLING TEXTILE STOCK HAS FALLEN UNDER YOUR CONTROL!

BUT LET'S FACE IT! YOU'RE JUST A GIRL! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BUSINESS! WHY DON'T YOU SELL YOUR STOCK TO ME SO THAT--

GIVE IT A REST, WILL YOU, DAWSON?

JUST IGNORE HIM, MISS STERLING! DAWSON HERE HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET US ALL TO SELL OUT TO HIM FOR YEARS! YOUR FATHER WOULDN'T, THE REST OF US WOULDN'T, AND I'M SURE YOU WON'T, EITHER!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, MR. HENDERSON! THANK YOU!

WHILE OUTSIDE THE BOARD ROOM...

YES, MA'AM! CAN I--

OH, DON'T MIND ME, SWEETIE! I DON'T MIND (HEE HEE) ANNOUNCING MYSELF!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE! THERE'S A BOARD MEETING--

HEE HEE! WHY, OF COURSE THERE IS, CREAMPUFF! WHY ELSE DO YOU THINK I CAME HERE AT THIS UNGODLY HOUR OF THE MORNING?

BOARD ROOM













THE GNARLED OLD HAS SQUIRRIES AWAY, AND SOON AFTERWARD...

HOW YOU MAKE THIS ONE, ED?



CAN'T SAY FOR SURE TILL WE DO THE AUTOPSY, LIEUTENANT! IT'S A WEIRD ONE, ALL RIGHT!











MEANWHILE...

BUT, EARL...

STOP TRYING TO TALK ME OUT OF IT, BOB! I'VE TOLD YOU I'M QUITTING, AND I MEAN IT!

I'M NEVER GOING TO BE ABLE TO UNRAVEL THIS WHOLE SPECTRE THING, AS LONG AS--

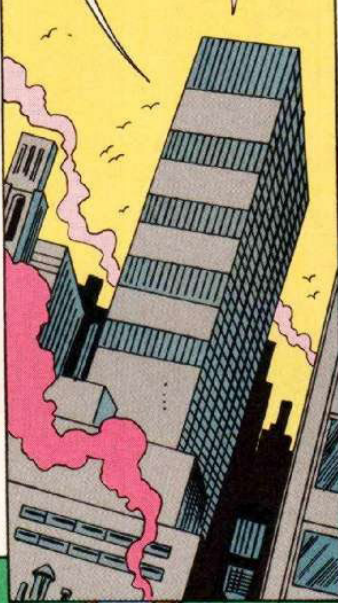
LET THE MAGAZINE HELP YOU.

HA! SOME HELP I'D GET!

LAST TIME I WAS IN HERE I BROUGHT YOU UNDEVELOPED PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SPECTRE IN ACTION... POSITIVE PROOF THAT HE REALLY EXISTS!



BE REASONABLE, EARL! DON'T QUIT!



AND WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THEM? DID YOU THINK FOR A MINUTE THAT MAYBE YOUR BEST WRITER HAD COME UP WITH THE NEWS SCOOP OF THE CENTURY? OH NO!

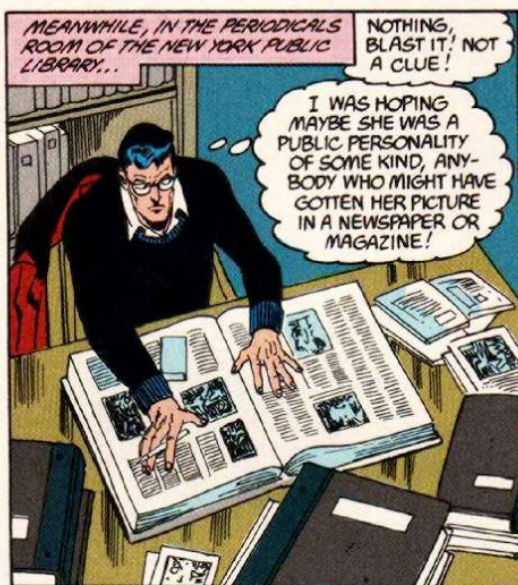


EARL, PLEASE!



















INDEED, THAT VERY NIGHT, AS BOARD MEMBER FRED THOMPSON STANDS ADMIRING HIS COLLECTION OF VALUABLE ANTIQUE WEAPONS...

BRAUD! THAT 16TH-CENTURY TURKISH SCIMITAR I JUST PURCHASED IS SURE A BEAUTY! I'LL BET THE--

HEE HEE! YOUR COMPANY STILL HASN'T STOPPED MAKING THOSE RACY DRESSES, HAVE THEY, MR. THOMPSON?

YOU! HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

WE OLD LADIES HAVE OUR *WAYS*, MR. THOMPSON! HEE HEE! YES INDEEDY, WE HAVE OUR LITTLE OLD-LADY TRICKS!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT DOLL?

HONESTLY, MR. THOMPSON! YOU ASK SUCH SILLY QUESTIONS! YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT IN ALL YOUR TRAVELS...

... YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A REAL VODOO WITCH PRACTICE *VODOO* BEFORE?

NO! FOR GOD'S SAKE!

HA! NOTHING HAPPENED! YOU TRIED TO SCARE ME WITH YOUR SILLY TRICKS!

THOK





--BUT  
NOTHING--



HUH--!?



GHAAAGH!



HEE  
HEE!

THUMP

THUMP

THUMP



IS MR. THOMPSON  
IN? I'D LIKE TO  
ASK HIM A FEW  
QUESTIONS ABOUT--

WHY, YES, I  
BELIEVE HE IS--  
IN A (HEE HEE)  
MANNER OF  
SPEAKIN'!



WHEW!  
WHAT A WEIRD  
OLD LADY!

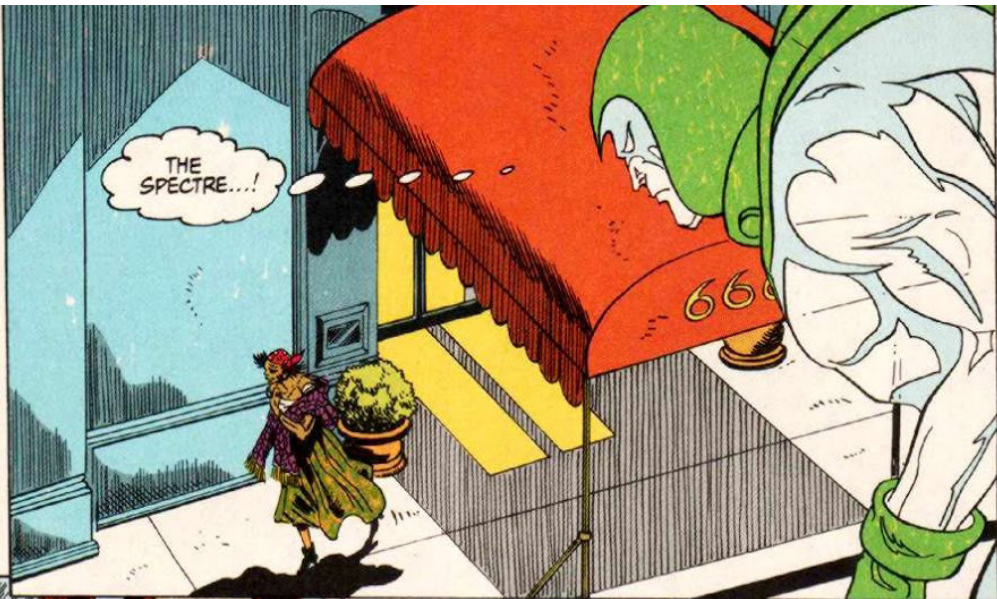
GASP!



WHAT  
A FOOL  
I WAS!

STILL, SHE  
CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN  
FAR IN ONLY A FEW  
SECONDS! MY BEST  
BET IS TO PURSUE  
HER AS...





THE HAG MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE MURKY NIGHT-SHROUDED STREETS, UNTIL FINALLY...



THESE THINGS TAKE TIME, YOU KNOW! ANYTHIN' WORTH DOIN' IS (HEE HEE) WORTH DOIN' WELL!

I'VE BEEN PAYING YOU GOOD MONEY TO USE YOUR VOODOO POWERS TO KILL THE OTHER BOARD MEMBERS SO THAT I CAN ASSUME CONTROL OF THE COMPANY...

...NOT SO YOU CAN BORE ME WITH HOMEY PLATITUDES!



HERE'S THE MONEY FOR THOMPSON! THAT MEANS ONLY TWO BOARD MEMBERS ARE LEFT, THE STERLING WOMAN AND ONE OTHER!

DO YOU WANT ME TO--



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE LAST TWO MYSELF!













OH, IT'S YOU, MR. SLATER! WHAT CAN I--

I REALIZE IT'S LATE, MISS STERLING! BUT I'VE JUST GOT TO TALK TO YOU RIGHT AWAY!



SURE! OKAY! COME ON IN!

IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH, BELIEVE ME!



GO ON! START TELLING ME ABOUT IT! I'LL FIX US SOME COFFEE!

YOU REMEMBER DAWSON, DON'T YOU? HOW HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO EAGER TO BUY UP ALL THE STERLING TEXTILES STOCK?



YES, YES! I REMEMBER! BUT NONE OF US INTENDS TO SELL TO HIM! SO, SO WHAT?

I HAVE PROOF THAT DAWSON DELIBERATELY PLANNED HENDERSON'S DEATH!



OH, GO ON! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

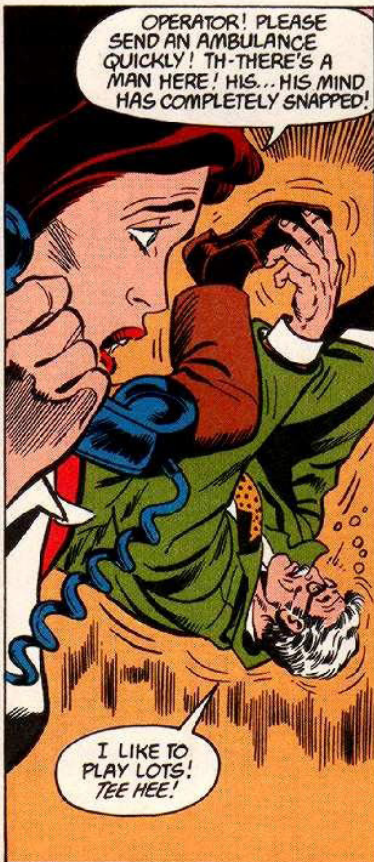
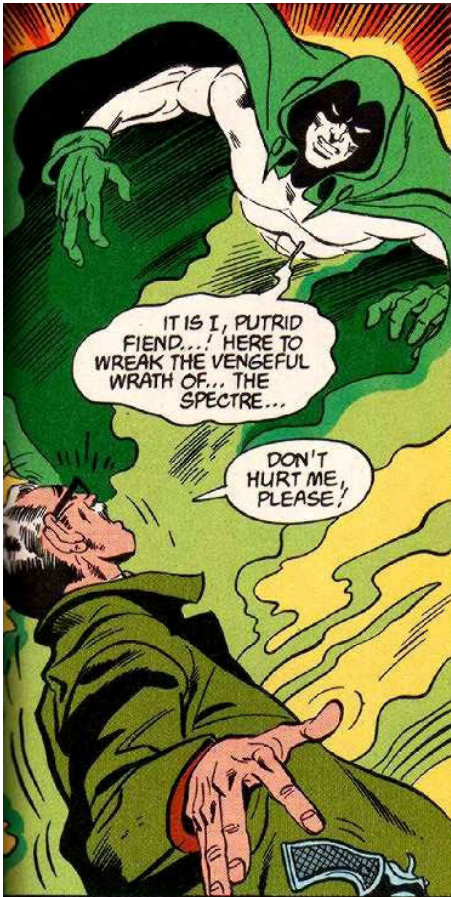
I DON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER, MISS STERLING, BECAUSE IT ISN'T TRUE! BUT I THINK I CAN PERSUADE THE POLICE TO BELIEVE IT!

GOOD-BYE, MISS--

GASP! COMING OUT OF THAT COFFEE CUP! WHAT IS THAT... THAT THING?

HUM?





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JOHN COSTANZA  
LETTERER

ADRIENNE ROY  
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ROBERT GREENBERGER  
EDITOR

**THE END**

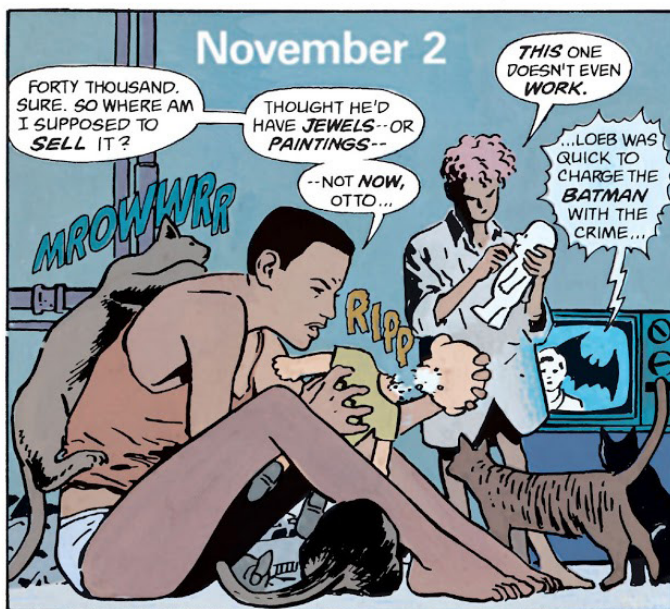




1975-11-02

GOtham CITY





...INDUSTRY EXPERTS WERE STUNNED BY THE DEMONSTRATION OF UNHEARD-OF POSSIBILITIES FOR LIGHTWEIGHT, DURABLE PLASTICS...







JOHNNY. LITTLE  
JOHNNY. YOU'RE A  
MAN NOW. A **STRONG**  
MAN.

AND HOW IS  
MY **SISTER**? MY  
BEAUTIFUL, FAITHFUL  
SISTER.

MOTHER IS  
WELL, SIR. SHE  
SENDS HER DEEPEST  
DEVOTION. SHE  
PRAYS FOR YOUR  
CONTINUED  
SUCCESS.

I FEAR I  
**NEED** HER PRAYERS,  
JOHNNY. I NEED  
HER **SON**.

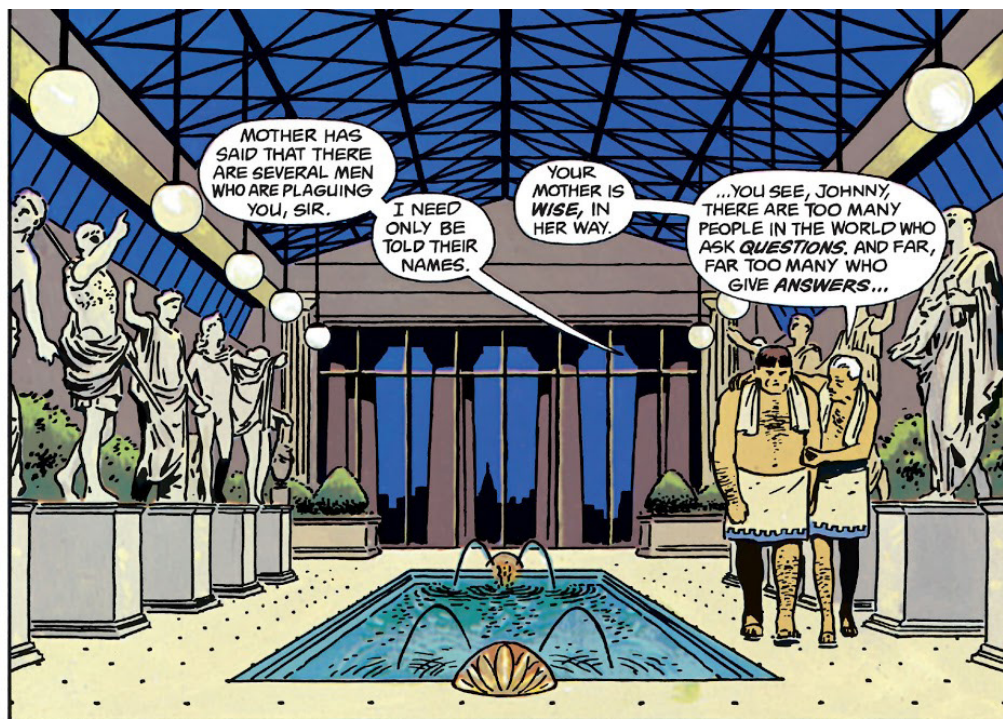
AND YOU HAVE  
SHOWN THAT YOU  
ARE BRAVE AS  
**HORATIUS**,  
JOHNNY.

HAVE I TOLD  
YOU OF **HORATIUS**?  
ONE MAN ON A NARROW  
BRIDGE--HOLDING THE  
LINE AGAINST **HUNDREDS**  
--UNTIL--

IT HAS  
THRILLED ME  
EVERY TIME,  
SIR.

I AM,  
OF COURSE,  
YOURS.









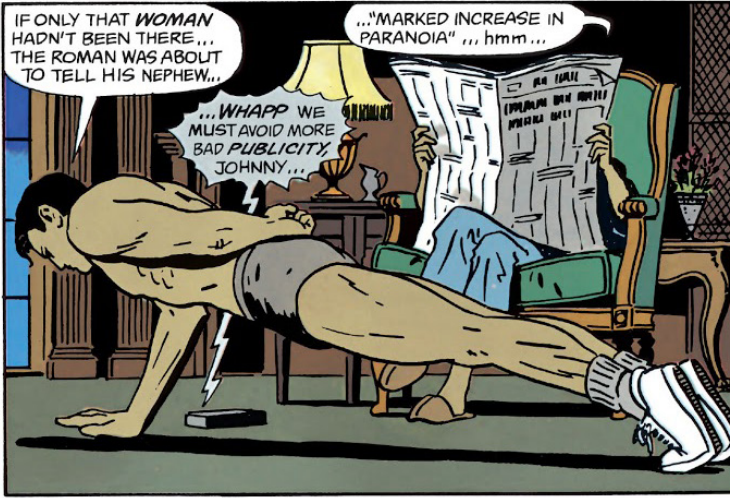
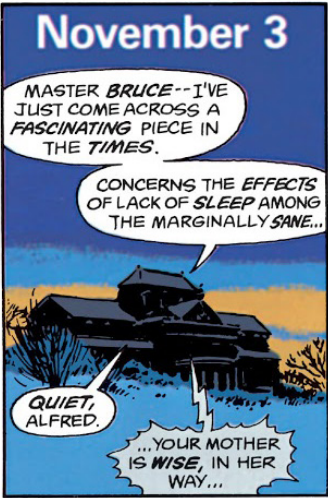


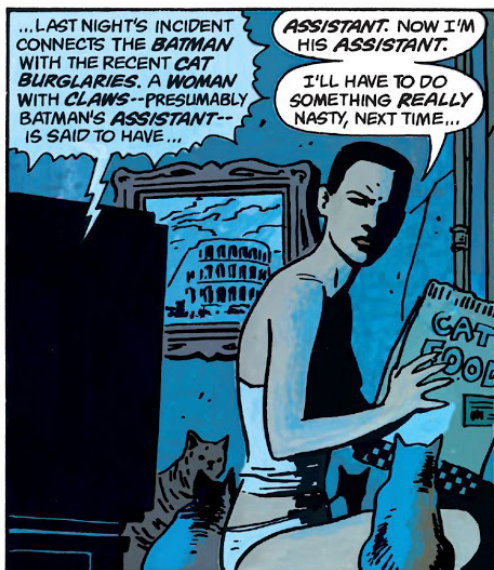


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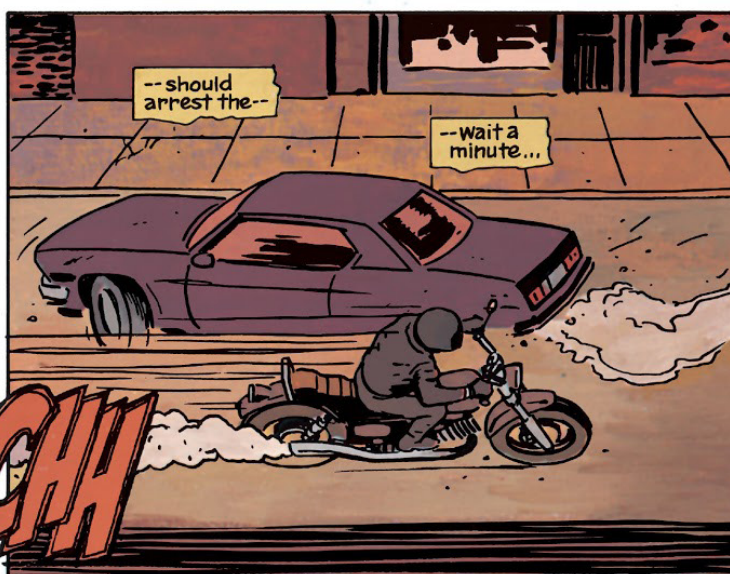
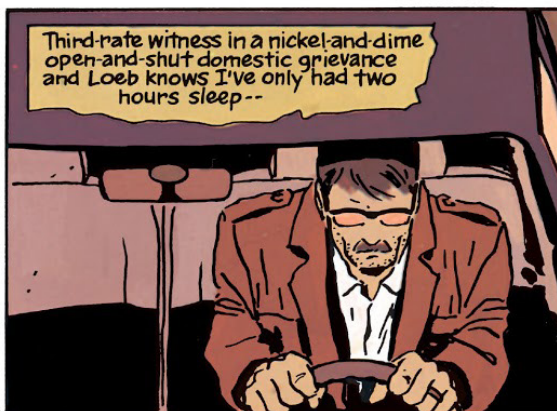
GOtham CITY

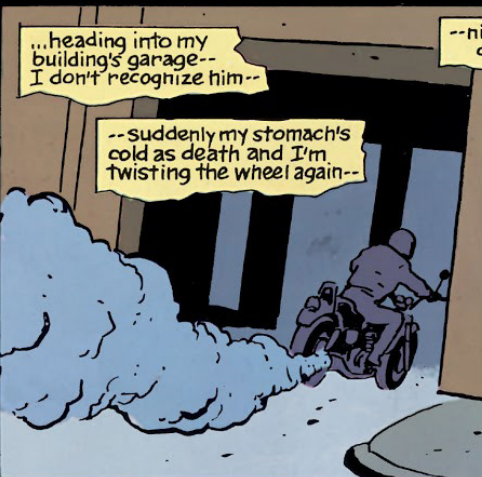












...heading into my building's garage-- I don't recognize him--

--suddenly my stomach's cold as death and I'm twisting the wheel again--



--nickel-and-dime domestic--

--getting me out of the apartment--

--Barbara--

--James--



--no sign of the motorcycle-- plenty of places to hide in here--

--come on-- come on-- I'm ready for you--



DROP THE GUN, LIEUTENANT. GO TO THE OFFICE. WAIT FOR OUR CALL.

JIM--













The driver hits the brakes, too late--going too fast--

--the bridge shakes--

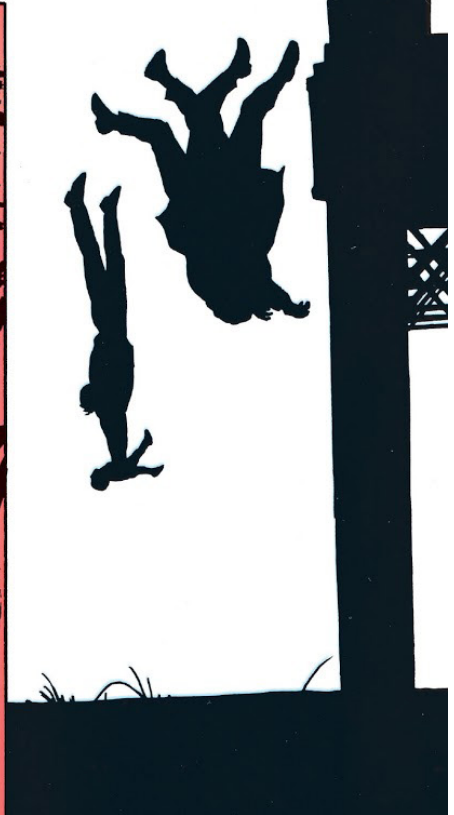
--I listen to the rending metal and clattering glass--

--I listen--the radiator hisses, spits water on the street--

--I don't hear a human sound--

--I don't hear my baby cry--









1975-11-04

GOtham CITY













Y'SEE...Y'SEE, I HAVE TO PROVE MYSELF. AS A HUSBAND, AND, AND AS A FATHER!

I MEAN, I, WELL, I WOULDN'T BE DOING THIS SORT OF THING IF, IF IT WASN'T SOMETHING IMPORTANT.



IT'S LIKE, I BEGAN AS A LAB ASSISTANT. RIGHT? WAS A GOOD JOB. REAL GOOD JOB.

SO, WHAT I DID, I QUIT TO BECOME A COMEDIAN. I WAS SO SURE. SO SURE I HAD TALENT.



BUT, HA, WELL, LOOK AT ME. I GUESS MY TALENTS DIDN'T LIE IN THAT DIRECTION.

SO, YOU SEE, LIKE, IF I JUST DO THIS ONE BIG CRIME...

HEY, JEEZ, MAN, BE COOL.



I'M SORRY. I'M SORRY, I DON'T USUALLY DRINK LUNCHTIMES...

IT'S JUST, IF YOU'RE SURE WE CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS THING AND THAT NOBODY WILL KNOW I WAS INVOLVED...

DON'T WORRY, FRIEND. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.



WE NEED YOUR HELP GETTING THROUGH THAT CHEMICAL PLANT WHERE YOU WORKED TO THE PLAYING CARD COMPANY NEXT DOOR.

WE REALLY APPRECIATE YOUR EXPERTISE.

SO, LIKE, TO ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE NOBODY CONNECTS YOU WITH THE ROBBERY...



...YOU'LL BE WEARING THIS.





NO. NO. OF COURSE I MEAN, IT'S NOT. YOU'RE RIGHT. JUST THIS ONCE, THEN I CAN SWITCH NEIGHBORHOODS AND START A PROPER LIFE...

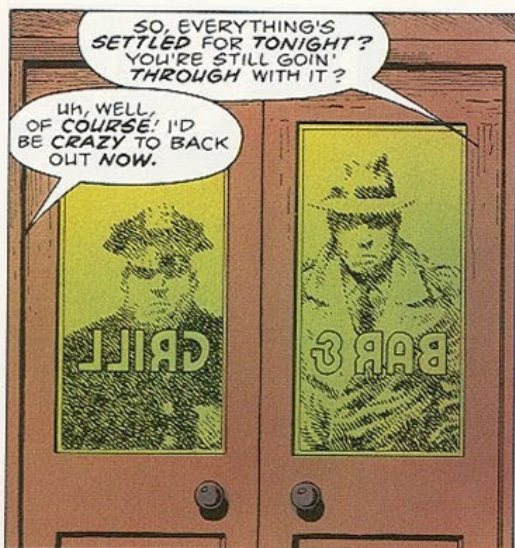


SURE. SURE. WHY NOT? HA HA! FRIDAY IT IS.

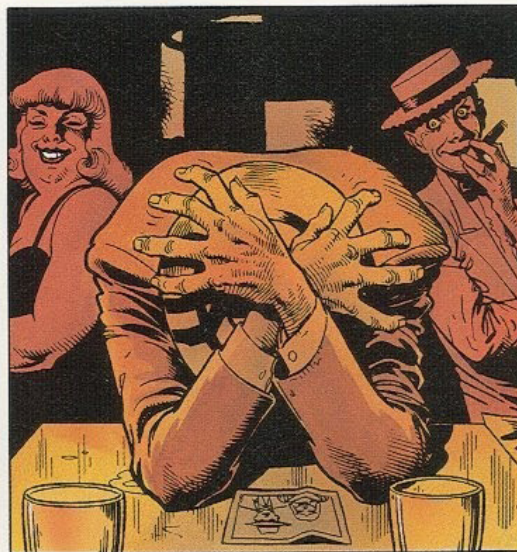
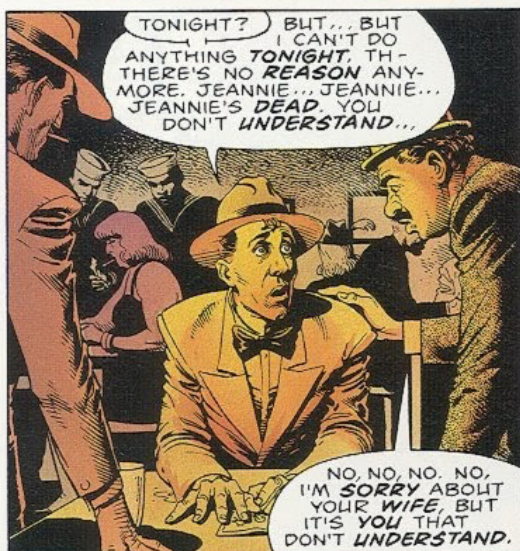
MORNING, I'LL BE RICH. I CAN'T IMAGINE IT. MY LIFE'S GOING TO BE COMPLETELY CHANGED!



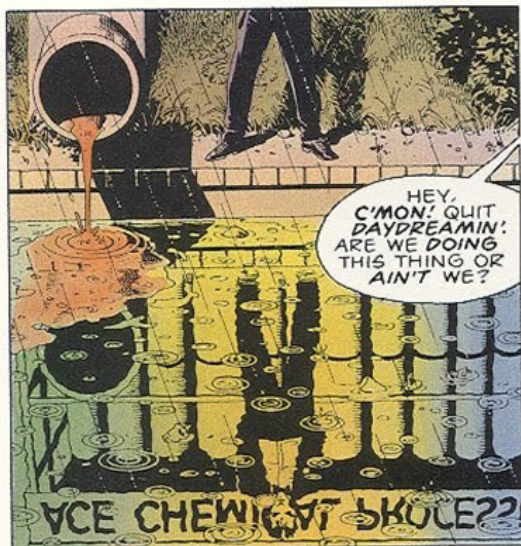












HEY, C'MON! QUIT DAYDREAMIN'! ARE WE DOING THIS THING OR AIN'T WE?

ACE CHEMICAL SKULE??



UH, YES. YES, OF COURSE.

I WAS, I WAS JUST REMEMBERING... I USED TO WALK ALONG HERE ON THE WAY TO WORK EACH MORNING...

YEAH, YEAH. NOW PUT THIS SUCKER ON, MAN, AN' SHUT UP.



WHAT, RIGHT NOW? I MEAN... I MEAN, ARE YOU SURE IT'S OKAY?

WILL I BE ABLE TO BREATHE?

HEY, MAN, EVERYTHING'S COOL. JEEZ... Y'KNOW, YOU GOT A FUNNY-SHAPED HEAD...



THERE. YOU STILL SEE OKAY, MAN?

Wuh, well, yeah. I guess, except everything's red... It's kinda stuffy too, and it smells funny. Does my voice sound echoey to you?



YOU SOUND GREAT. NOW... HOW ABOUT GUIDIN' US THROUGH THIS STINKIN' FACTORY TO THE JOINT NEXT DOOR?

SURE. SURE THING. Y'KNOW... THIS FEELS KINDA WEIRD. LIKE A DREAM. I KEEP REMEMBERING JEANNIE...

WATCH OUT, MAN. STEPS.



OKAY... WE GO THROUGH HERE, PAST THE FILTER TANKS AND THEN MONARCH PLAYING CARDS IS JUST BEYOND A PARTITION.

Y'KNOW, THIS PLACE... IT LOOKS EVEN WORSE IN RED. IT LOOKS LIKE...

HEY, YOU! FREEEEZE!



C'MON, C'MON. GET 'EM UP!

YOU ASSHOLE! YOU SAID THERE WAS NO SECURITY!

THEY... THEY MUST HAVE ALTERED THINGS SINCE I LEFT...









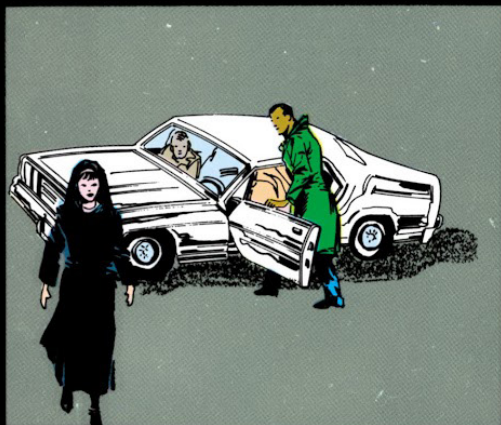




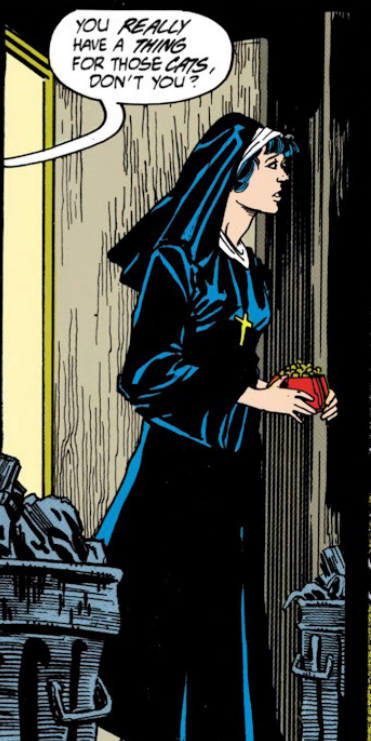
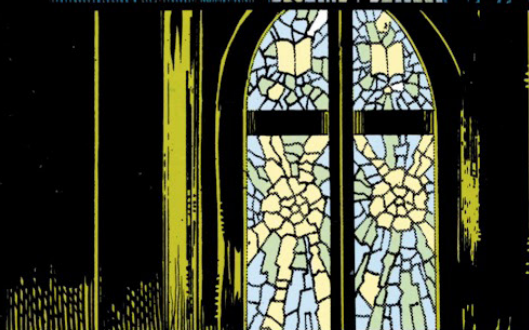








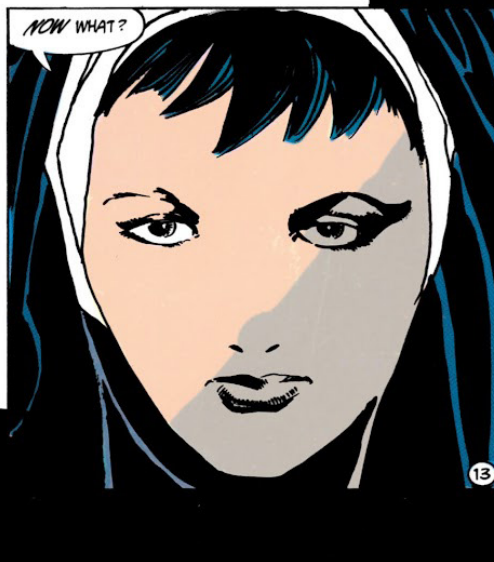
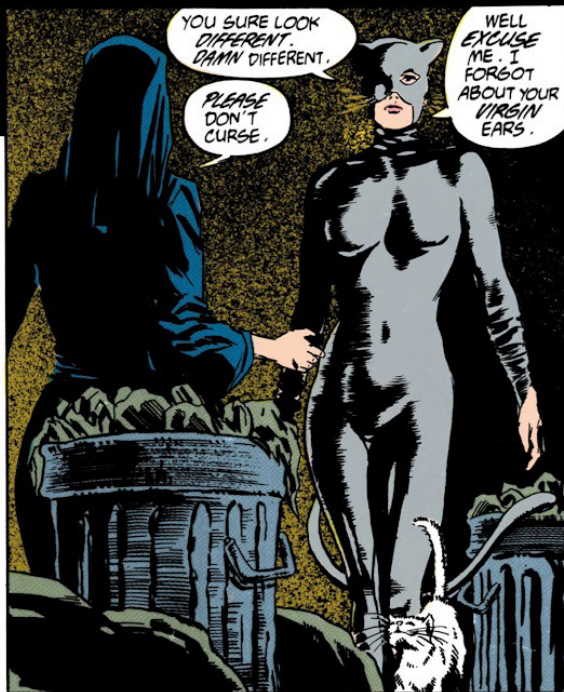




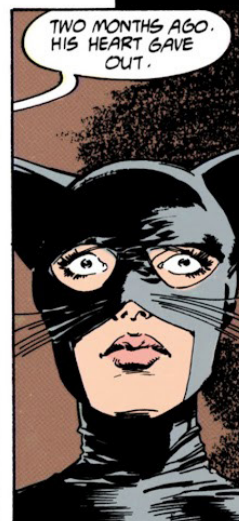
YOU REALLY  
HAVE A THING  
FOR THOSE CATS,  
DON'T YOU?



IT RUNS IN  
THE FAMILY.















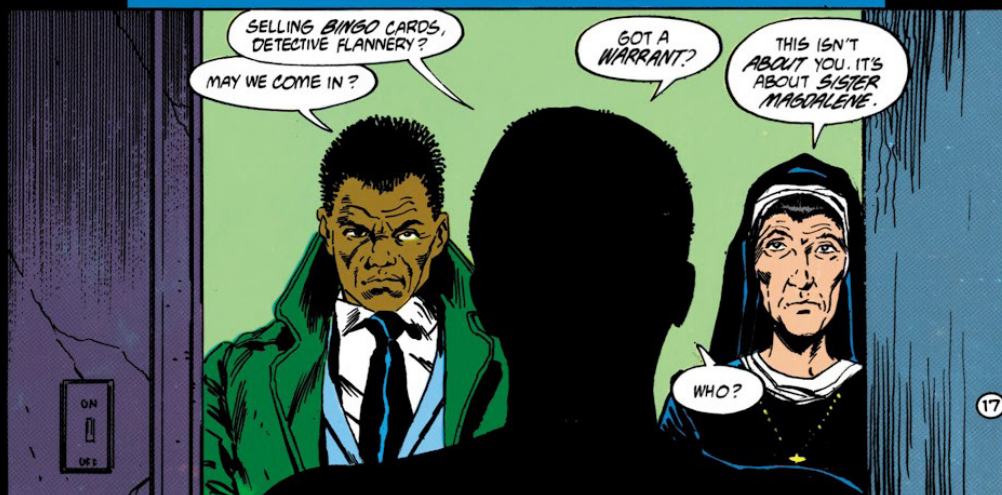
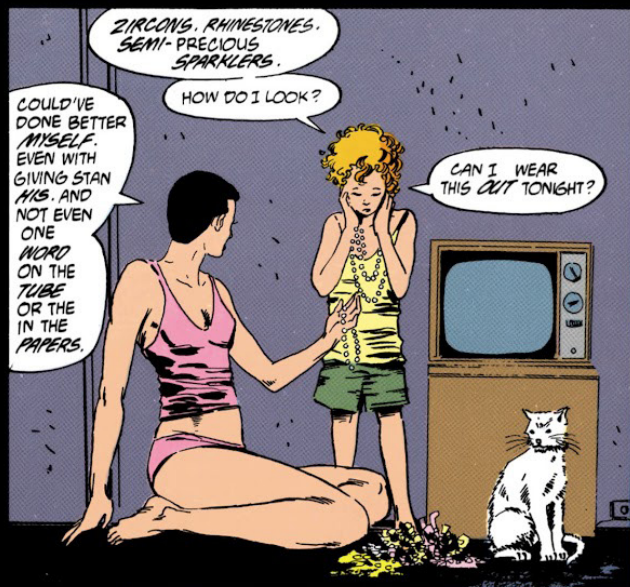
1975-11-05

GOtham CITY

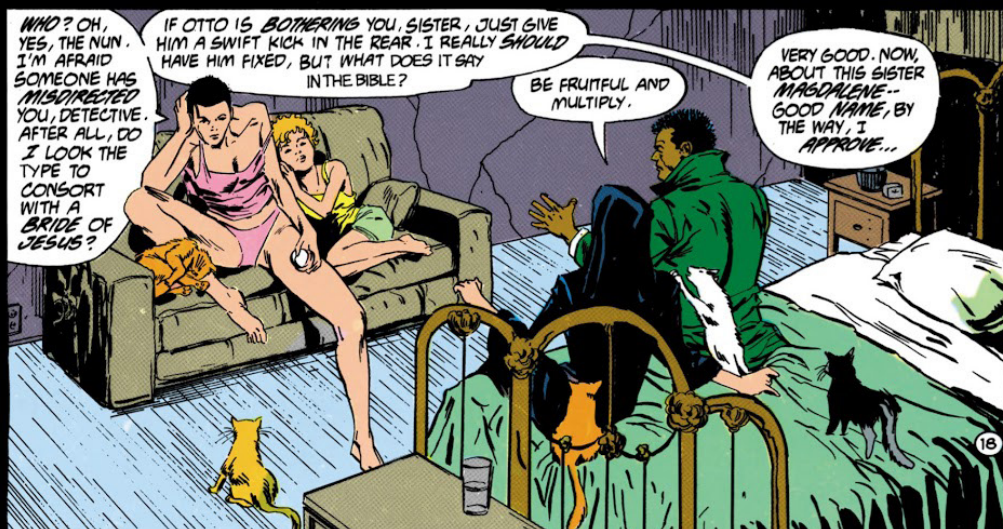
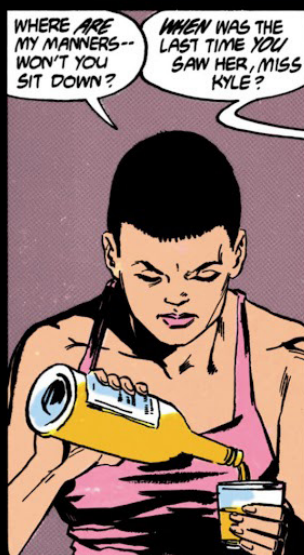
















TOUGH LITTLE  
ALLEY CAT. NOT  
EVEN TWENTY.

SHE *KNEW* YOU.

SHE GOT BEAT UP BY  
HER PIMP A FEW MONTHS  
AGO. I GOT ASSIGNED TO  
THE CASE. COMPLETELY  
UNCOOPERATIVE--LIKE  
TODAY...

...THEY GET LIKE THAT.  
HAVE TO. JUNGLE  
LAW. SURVIVAL OF  
THE FITTEST...

...GOOD EXCUSE AS  
ANY. GOOD A WAY  
AS ANY--DOWN HERE.  
SO I HELPED A  
LITTLE...

...SO WHAT? I'M  
NOT THE *ONLY* ONE. YOU  
GET TIRED OF CORPSES  
IN TRAINING BRAS.

DETECTIVE--  
I'M NOT A  
PRIEST.



YOU THINK I'M *CONFESSING*,  
SISTER? OKAY. I *CONFESS*.  
I'M NEGLIGENT AND  
CYNICAL AND A STUBBORN  
JACKASS AND A LADY COP.  
I ADMIT IT. MEA CULPA--

SO  
HOW COME I  
DON'T FEEL  
CLEANSED?



I LET IT  
HAPPEN--

YOU  
COULDA TOLD  
ME, SELINA--

I *WOULDN'T*'F  
TOLD ANYBODY--

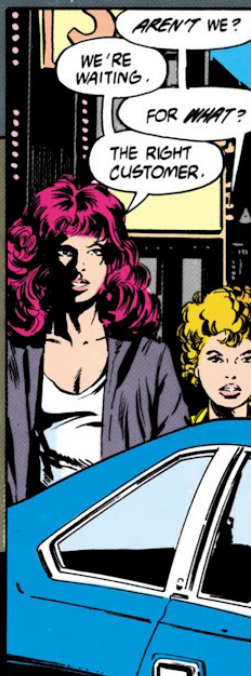


I LET IT  
HAPPEN--

YOU  
REALLY HURT  
MY FEELINGS,  
SELINA--

REALLY--









...NICE  
WHEELS.

HEY, SELINA--GIRL,  
YOU LOOKING GOOD.  
WHERE YOU BEEN?

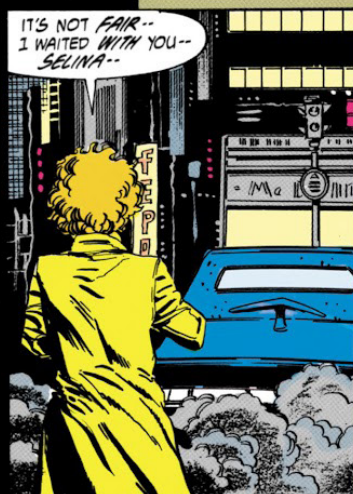
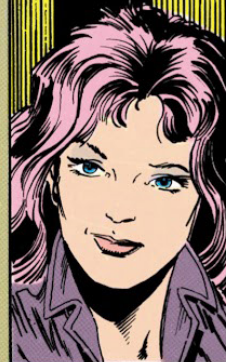
WHERE  
YOU BEEN?

HERE AND  
THERE, HERE  
AND THERE.

SURE DO LIKE  
THIS CAR.

BET IT RIDES  
GREAT.

REAL LEATHER  
INSIDE.



IT'S NOT FAIR--  
I WAITED WITH YOU--  
SELINA--



I THOUGHT STAN  
HAD A THING ABOUT  
HIS WOMEN AND HIS  
FRIENDS.

I'M NOT  
HIS WOMAN.

ANYMORE.  
YEAH, I HEARD  
YOU DUMPED HIM.  
YOU GOT GUTS,  
LADY.



HE'S NOT SO  
TOUGH.

HE PUT  
YOU IN THE  
HOSPITAL.

SCARED HE'LL  
FIND OUT WE'VE  
BEEN TOGETHER.  
'SKEEVERS?



HELL, NO!

GOOD.  
'CAUSE HE'S GOT  
SOMETHING OF  
MINE...



...AND I  
WANT IT  
BACK.

SCARED  
TO ASK HIM  
YOURSELF,  
SELINA?

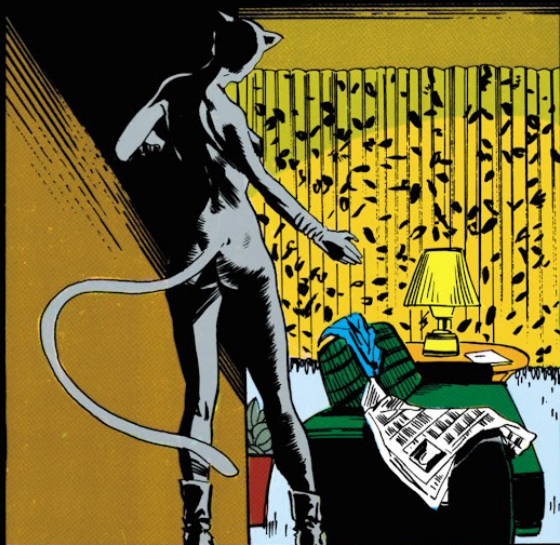
HELL,  
NO!

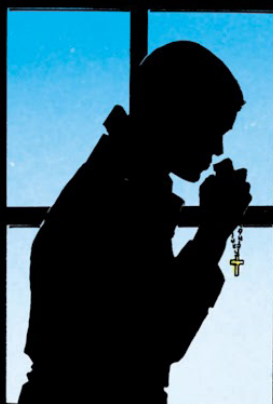


I CAN'T FIND  
HIM, THAT'S ALL.  
I THOUGHT YOU'D  
KNOW.

Y'ALL  
BEING SUCH  
GOOD FRIENDS  
AND ALL--







HELP ME--





1975-11-06

GOtham CITY

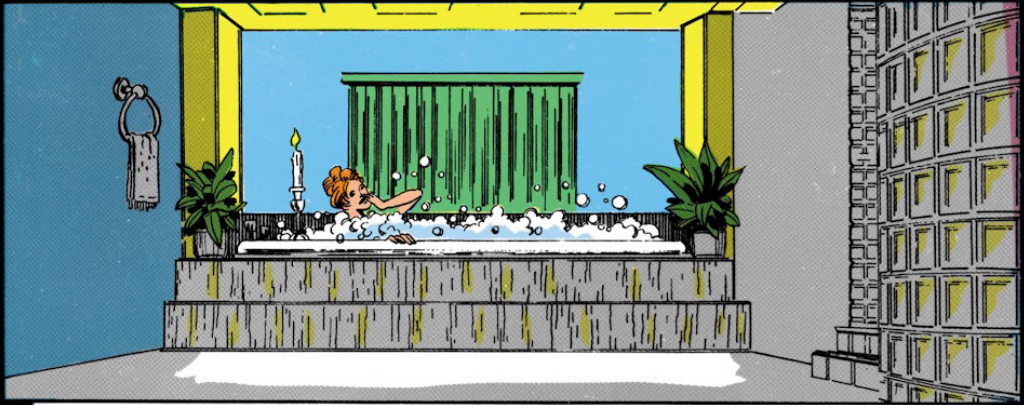














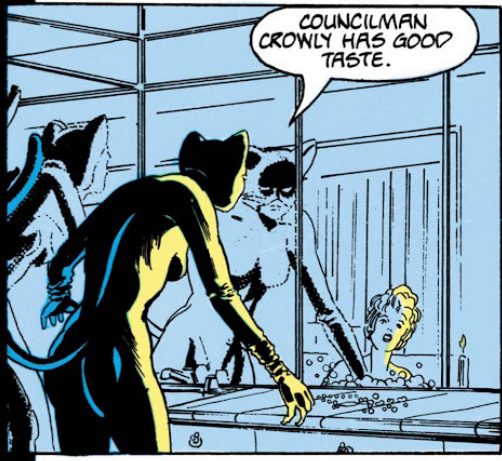
--THE ONE  
YOU USED TO  
WORK FOR--

--TILL  
COUNCILMAN  
CROWLY SET  
YOU UP HERE.

I'M NOT SURE.  
I MEAN--

HSSSS

THE SUPPLY DEPOT,  
AVENUE F TRAIN. ON EIGHTH  
AVENUE. MAYBE THERE, OR  
MAYBE BRUBINAKY'S THEATRE.  
THE OLD STRIP JOINT. ON  
SECOND AND SIXTH.



COUNCILMAN  
CROWLY HAS GOOD  
TASTE.



AT LEAST IN  
JEWELS.

TELL  
NO ONE I  
WAS HERE--



AEEEEEE



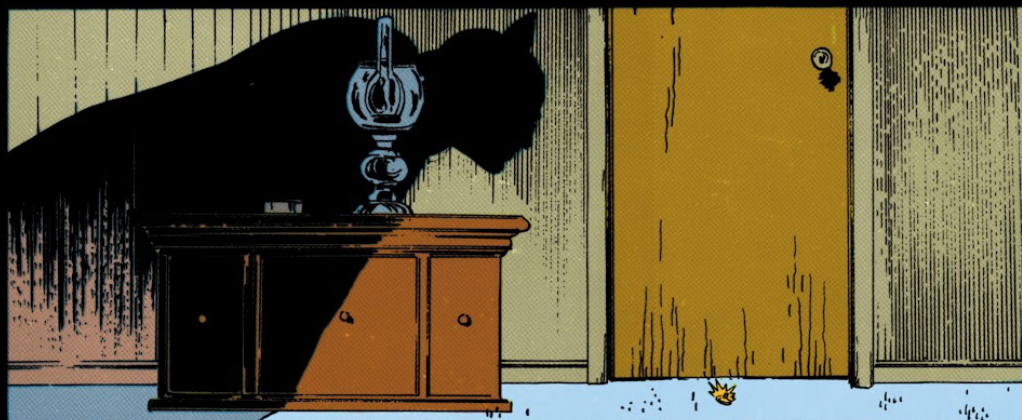


SHE WAS HERE  
WITH HIM.

THE ROOM STILL  
QUIVERS WITH THEIR  
COMBINED FEARS.

ANOTHER PIECE OF  
HIS TATTERED FAITH  
IN HIS FELLOW MAN  
UNRAVELS AND FALLS  
AWAY--

HE HOPES SHE HAS  
MORE THAN THAT  
TO SUSTAIN HER.

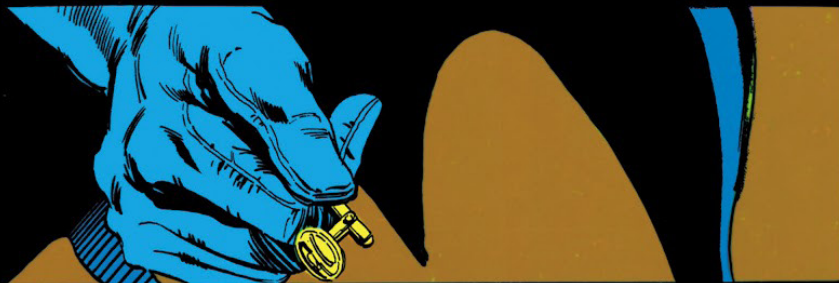


HE KNOWS THAT  
CUFF LINK--





BUT FROM  
WHERE--



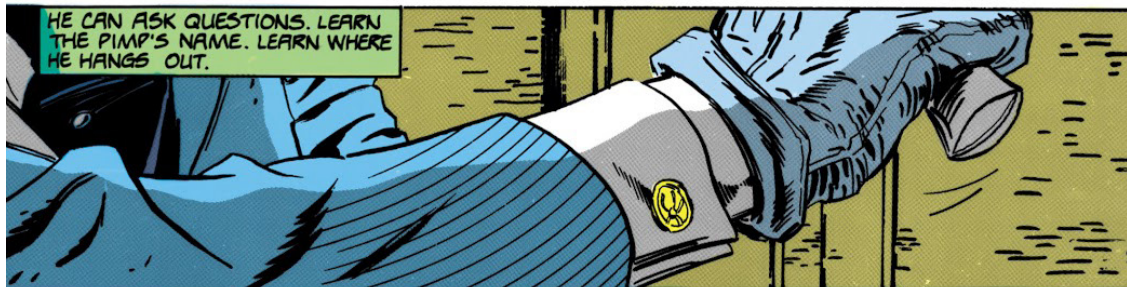
THEN HE REMEMBERS. THE  
FIGHT WITH THE PIMP.



THAT'S WHERE HE SAW  
THE CLIFFLINK.



HE CAN ASK QUESTIONS. LEARN  
THE PIMP'S NAME. LEARN WHERE  
HE HANGS OUT.



PIMPS AREN'T SUICIDAL. SOMEONE  
OR SOMETHING PUSHED HIM IN-  
TO ABDUCTING THAT NUN.

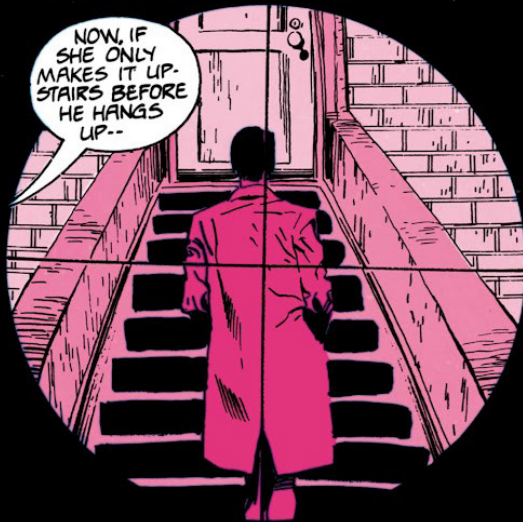
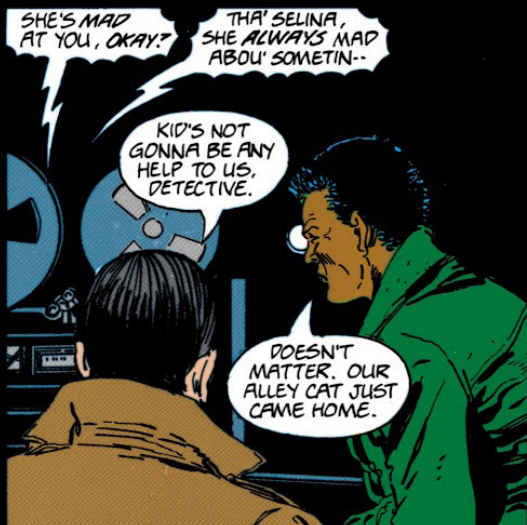
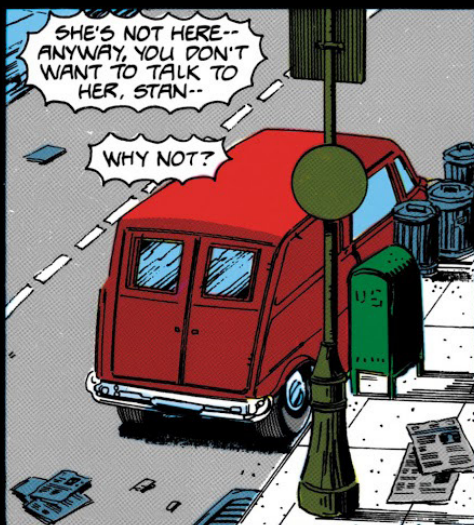
HE FINDS HER--HE FINDS  
ALL THE ANSWERS.

FIND HIM. AND  
FIND THE NUN.

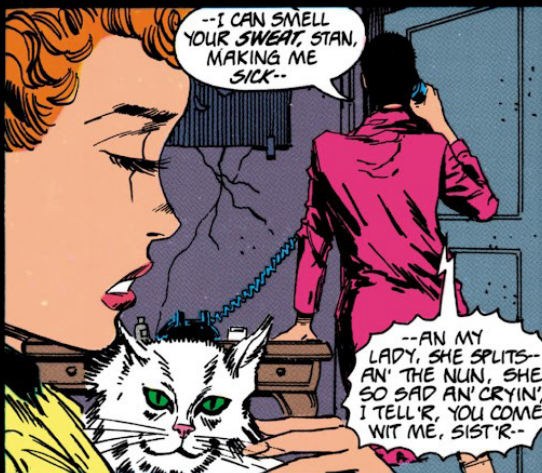
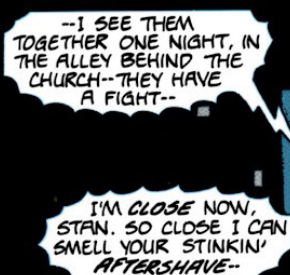
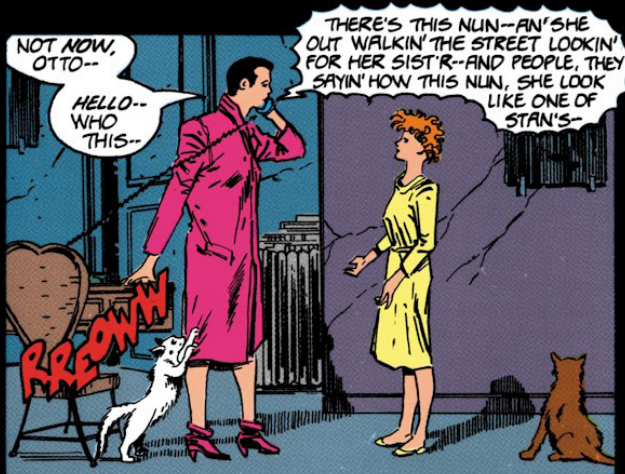
AND GET ALL  
THE ANSWERS.













CLIQUE

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT? I THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA DARE HER TO COME AFTER HIM, AND THEN HE JUST HANGS UP.

DOESN'T MATTER. SHE'LL BE OUT AFTER HIM ANY MINUTE.

BUT SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE IS.

DON'T BET ON IT.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING--

OUT--

YOU JUST GOT IN--

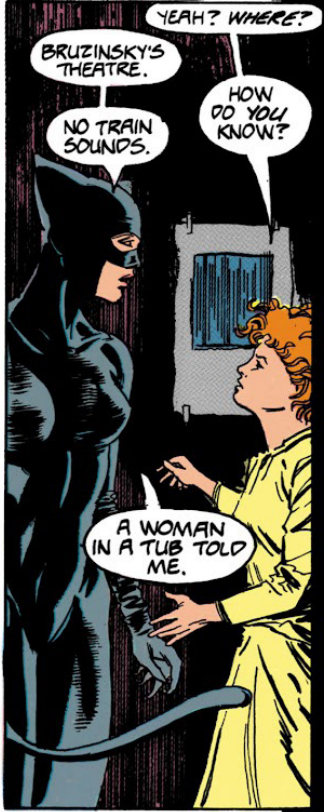
FEED THE CATS, HOLLY--



NO-- SELINA--

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS--

YES I DO--



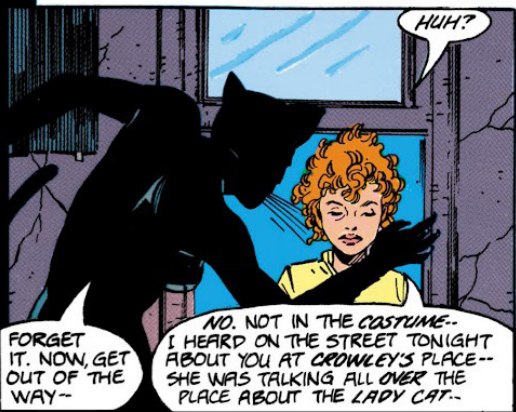
YEAH? WHERE?

BRUZINSKY'S THEATRE.

NO TRAIN SOUNDS.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

A WOMAN IN A TUB TOLD ME.



HUH?

FORGET IT. NOW, GET OUT OF THE WAY--

NO. NOT IN THE COSTUME-- I HEARD ON THE STREET TONIGHT ABOUT YOU AT CROWLEY'S PLACE-- SHE WAS TALKING ALL OVER THE PLACE ABOUT THE LADY CAT--



WHAT IF STAN'S SETTING YOU UP? DON'T MAKE IT EASY FOR'IM, SELINA--

TAKE THE COSTUME OFF. PLEASE.



THEY TRACED HIS CALL  
TO A PHONE BOOTH  
DOWNTOWN. NO  
TRACE OF HIM,  
THOUGH.

NOT  
YET--

ANYTHING?



BINGO!

LET'S ROLL,  
KATO--



TRICK OR  
TREAT.

GET  
LOST--

HEY,  
SELINA BABY,  
WHAT'S YOUR  
RUSH?



NOT NOW,  
FLANNERY--

YES, NOW,  
SELINA.

I'M  
BUSY--

I CAN SEE THAT.  
WHO YOU GOING TO SEE,  
SELINA? A SICK AUNT? OR  
MAYBE A SISTER?



STILL ON THAT  
KICK, FLANNERY? IT'S  
GOTTEN PRETTY  
OLD--

HOLD IT,  
SWEETHEART. WE  
AIN'T DONE.

WHAT  
NOW--



WE ALL GO  
DOWNTOWN.

WHAT  
FOR--

ANSWERS.





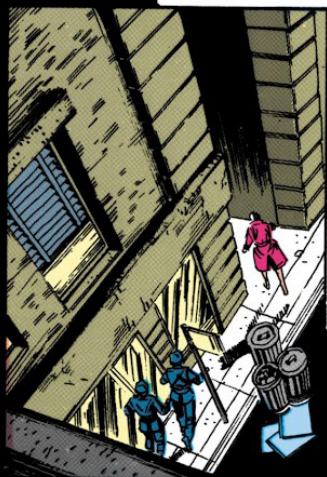
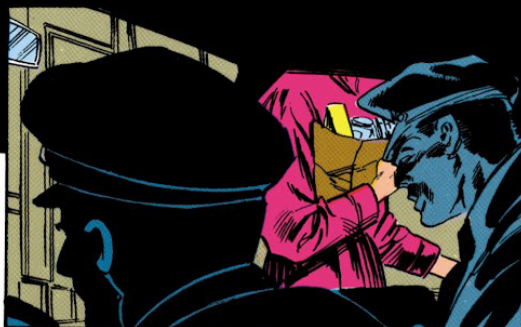




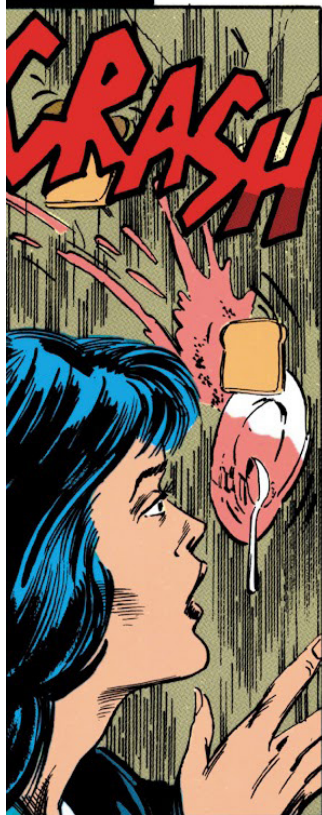
















PLEASE,  
SIST'R...HNGHH...  
HELP HNGHHH...



OH GOD, I'S  
SO SORRY...HNGHH  
...SO SORRY...SAY  
YOU FORGIVES ME...  
PLEASE, SIST'R...  
HNGHHH...



YOU'RE...  
FORGIVEN--



YOU A  
MODERN  
SAINT,  
SIST'R.

WE GOIN'  
FOR A  
CLIMB.



YOU OPEN THE  
DOOR TO PURGATORY  
FO' ME.





SHEE--MY  
SOUL BURNIN' IN  
PURGATORY FOR PARA-  
DISE, AN' YOU AN' HER,  
PROMISING PARADISE,  
ONLY SHE MAKES A  
MAN PAYS FO' IT,  
AN' YOU--

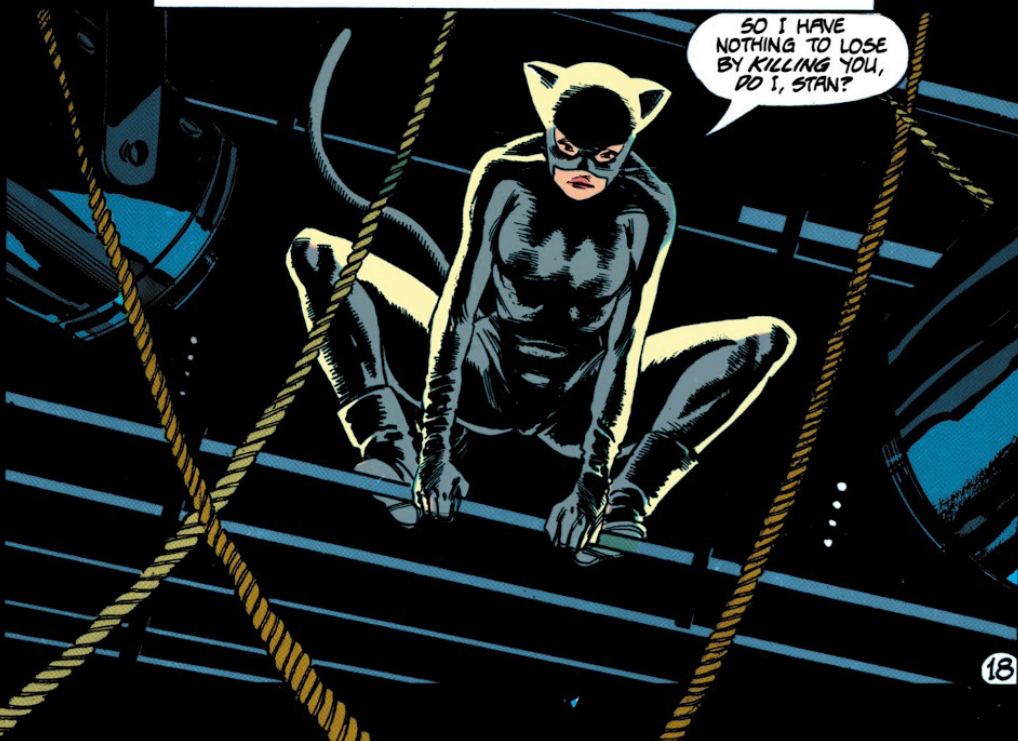
YOU MAKES  
A MAN GETS DOWN  
ON HIS KNEES  
FO' IT--



AN ALL THE  
WHILES, YOU BOTH  
LAUGHIN', CAUSE YOU  
KNOWS WHERE YOUR  
SOULS IS--YOURS  
LOCKED UP BY THEM  
PEARLY GATES--



AND MINE  
IS DEAD IN  
HADES.



SO I HAVE  
NOTHING TO LOSE  
BY KILLING YOU,  
DO I, STAN?

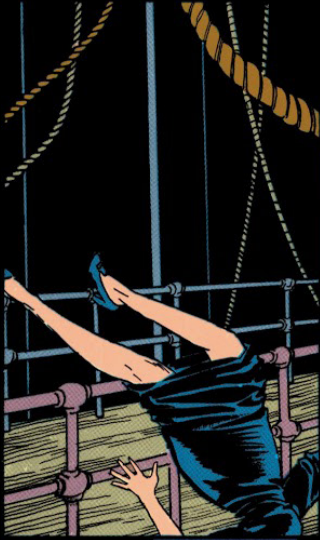




**GRRROWWWRRRR**







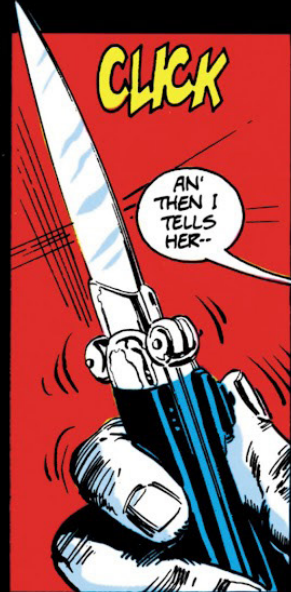




GOD...HELP  
US...HELP  
HER...



YOU BLAMIN ME FOR YOUR  
SIST'R, THAS WRONG, BABY. YOUR  
SIST'R, SHE GOT HERSEF IN  
TROUBLE, I DIDN' GO LOOKIN'  
FOR HER, SHE  
COMES TO ME--

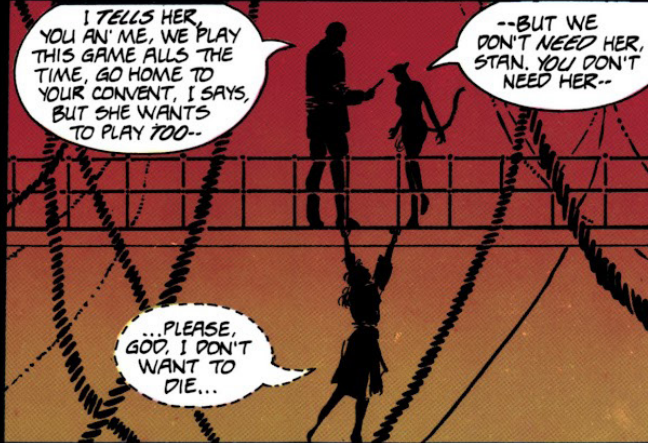


**CLICK**

AN'  
THEN I  
TELLS  
HER--



WHAT, STAN?  
WHAT'D YOU  
TELL HER?



I TELLS HER,  
YOU AN' ME, WE PLAY  
THIS GAME ALLS THE  
TIME, GO HOME TO  
YOUR CONVENT, I SAYS,  
BUT SHE WANTS  
TO PLAY TOO--

--BUT WE  
DON'T NEED HER,  
STAN. YOU DON'T  
NEED HER--

...PLEASE,  
GOD, I DON'T  
WANT TO  
DIE...



IT'S ME YOU  
NEED--IT'S  
ALWAYS BEEN  
ME--HASN'T  
IT--

AND I'M  
HERE, STAN--  
ALL OF ME--  
JUST FOR  
YOU--

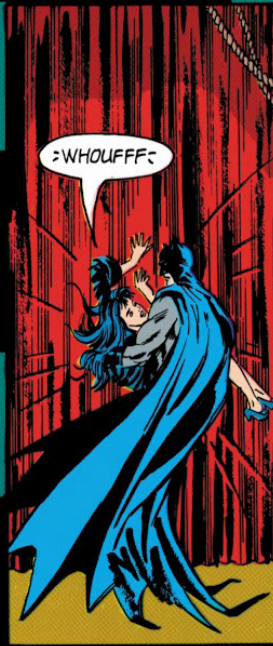


YOU LYIN'! YOU  
DON' LIKE BEIN'  
TOUCHED! I  
KNOWS YOU  
DON'!







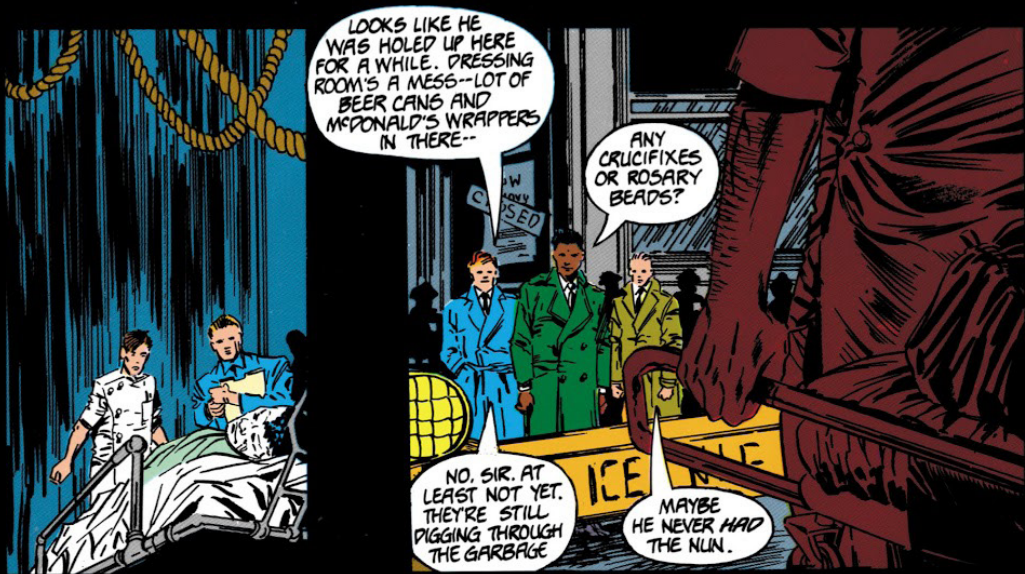




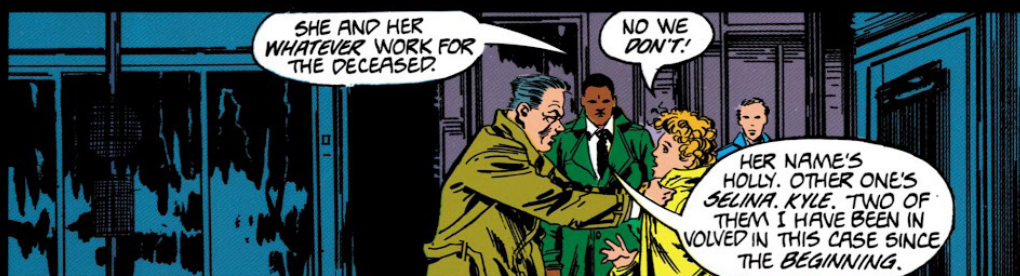


*To Be Continued*





















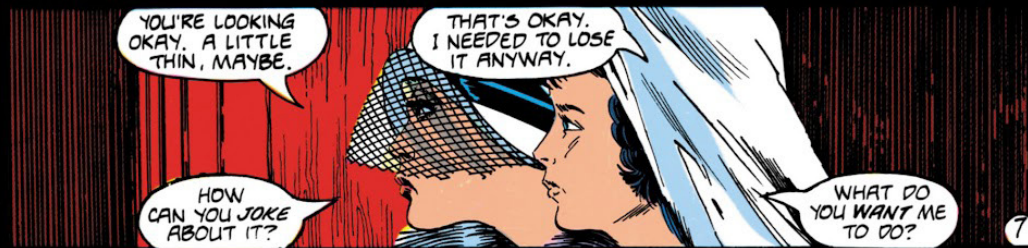
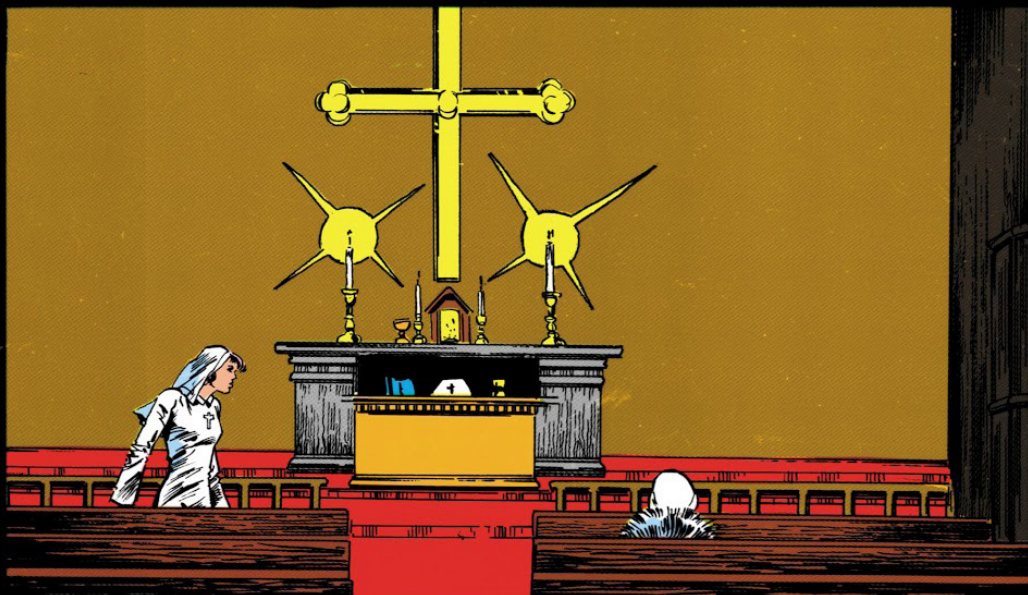




1975-11-27

GOtham CITY







CRY! SCREAM! CURSE  
ME OUT! TELL ME TO GET  
OUT AND NEVER COME  
BACK!



I DID ALL THAT. I  
CRIED, AND I SCREAMED,  
AND I'VE HATED AND CURSED  
YOU, AND THIS GOD-FORSAKEN  
CITY, AND THIS WHOLE  
STINKIN' BALL OF  
WAX WORLD--



I WAS IN THE  
HOSPITAL FOR THREE  
WEEKS AND YOU  
KNOW WHAT I DID  
BETWEEN CRYING  
AND SCREAMING  
AND CURSING  
YOU?

PRAY FOR  
FORGIVENESS?

I  
THOUGHT  
OF ALL THE  
DIFFERENT  
WAYS I COULD  
KILL MYSELF.



YOU KNOW--  
WHAT'S BLACK  
AND WHITE AND  
RED ALL OVER...



KIND OF  
SICK, WASN'T  
IT? LIKE DEAD  
BABY JOKES.

STOP IT!  
THIS ISN'T YOU  
TALKING! IT'S JYAN,  
AND IT'S ME, AND  
IT'S THE EAST END  
AND IT'S EVERY-  
THING--



BUT  
IT'S NOT  
YOU--!

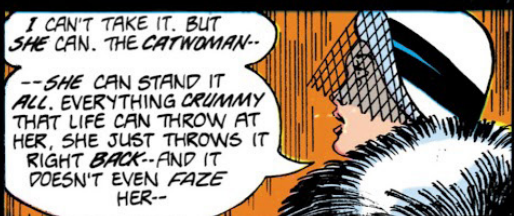
IT'S  
THIS--!



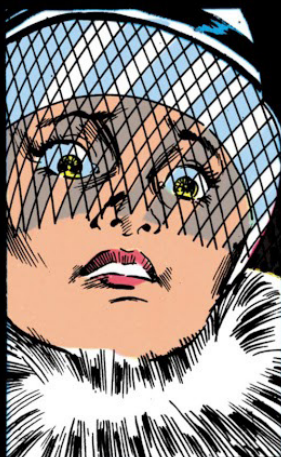
THIS!!















DON'T LET THE CAT OUT. LET IT HURT.



WHO DID THIS, HOLLY?

CAPTAIN STRUNK.



STRUNK?? ARE YOU CRAZY?

STRUNK.

UH-UH. NO WAY.



HOLLY'S NOT A LIAR.

SHE'S A WHORE.

YOU TOLD ME ONCE EVEN WHORES GOT RIGHTS. PROVE IT.



LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT CAPTAIN ETHAN STRUNK.

TWENTY-SEVEN YEAR VETERAN, GOES TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY. NEVER'S TAKEN A PENNY HE DIDN'T EARN. KNOWS THE FAMILIES OF EVERY COP IN HIS DEPARTMENT. NEVER FORGETS BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES. PROMOTED A WOMAN TO SECOND-IN-COMMAND AND HAS A BLACK DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.





YOU GETTING  
THE PICTURE,  
MISS KYLE?

THE BASTARD  
ATTACKED  
HOLLY.



DON'T TRY  
TO CHANGE THE  
SUBJECT.

Y'KNOW, HOLLY WAS  
AT THE SCENE OF THE  
CRIME A FEW WEEKS  
AGO. WHERE WERE  
YOU?

I'M NOT.  
STAN'S DEAD,  
THE NUN'S BACK AT  
THE MISSION. GORDON SAYS  
EVERYONE SHOULD BE HAPPY.  
SO I'M HAPPY--



--GOT A LOT OF  
UNANSWERED QUESTIONS,  
BUT I'M HAPPY.

ANYWAY, HOLLY  
WAS CLIMBING ALL OVER  
STRUNK'S CAR TRYING TO  
RUBBERNECK, HE GOT  
PISSED, GOT A LITTLE  
ROUGH WITH  
HER--



HEY, LOOK,  
MAYBE THE KID'S  
TRYING TO GET  
BACK AT HIM.

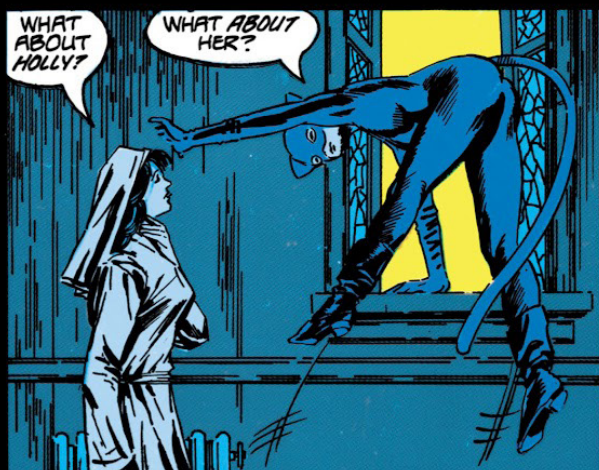
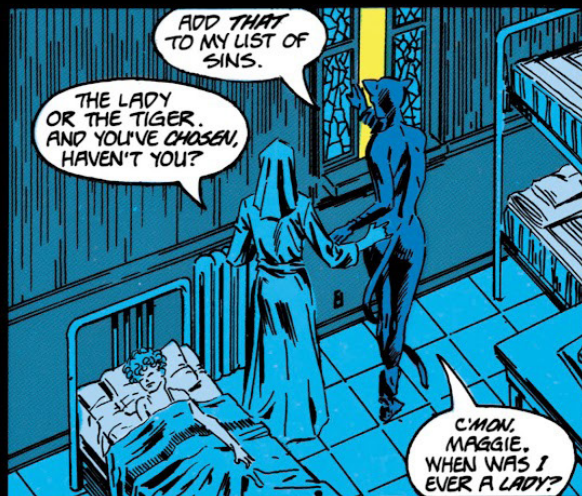


AND JUSTICE  
FOR ALL.

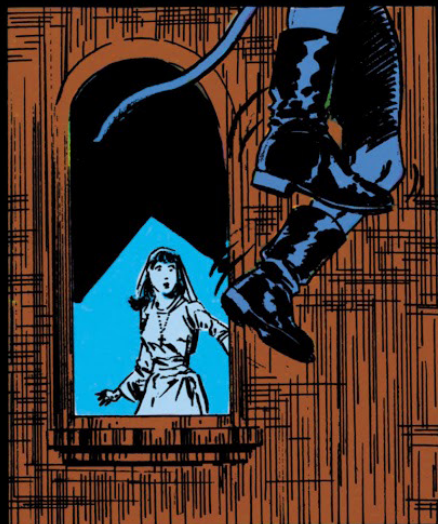












SISTER...

I JUST HEARD ABOUT HOLLY. I HEARD THAT SHE CAME HERE.

MOTHER OF GOD!

PLEASE! HOLLY'S DONE NOTHING! IT WAS STRUNK WHO ATTACKED HER!

IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

SHE'S SLEEPING. I'M SORRY. I THOUGHT YOU WERE HERE TO TAKE HOLLY AWAY.

TAKE HER--?

I HEARD THAT YOU WORK FOR THE POLICE.

YOU HEARD WRONG.

YOU MENTIONED, STRUNK. ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT HOLLY WAS ATTACKED BY CAPTAIN STRUNK?



IF THAT'S TRUE,  
I'LL SEE THAT HE'S  
THROWN AWAY FOR  
GOOD.

YOU  
MAY NOT HAVE TO--  
SHE WAS JUST HERE.  
SHE JUST LEFT.

WHO JUST LEFT?  
WHAT ARE YOU TALK-  
ING ABOUT?

THE  
CATWOMAN.

CATWOMAN?  
HERE? WHEN? IF  
SHE'S GONE TO STRUNK,  
I'M GOING TO STOP HER.  
REGARDLESS OF WHAT  
HAPPENED TO HOLLY. IT'S  
AGAINST THE LAW.

AND YOU  
NEVER BREAK  
THE LAW'?

THE CATWOMAN  
IS A THIEF.

SHE'S  
A LOST  
CHILD.

AH, YES.  
AND THERE'S  
THE RUB.

SHE'S NOT  
THE TYPE OF  
CRIMINAL  
YOU'RE USED  
TO CHASING.  
CONFUSING,  
ISN'T IT?

WHAT'S  
YOUR  
POINT?

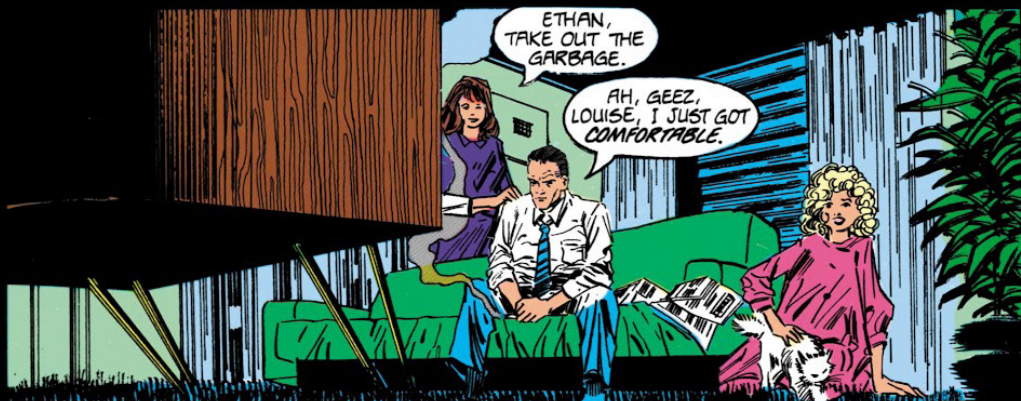
HALF  
THE BAT IS  
MAN, JUST AS  
HALF THE CAT  
IS WOMAN.

SHE'S  
A GROWN  
WOMAN!

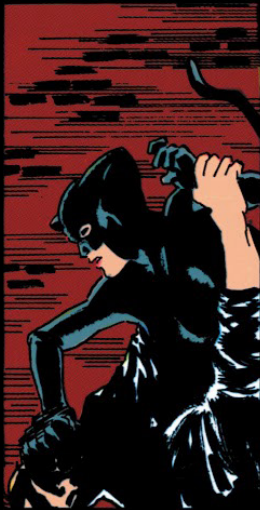
I DIDN'T SEE  
A SHINGLE HANGING  
OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW,  
SISTER.

THEN WHY  
ARE YOU STILL HERE?  
I TOLD YOU THERE WAS  
A CRIME BEING COM-  
MITTED. OR ARE YOU  
JUST COMPIING  
MORE FACTS?



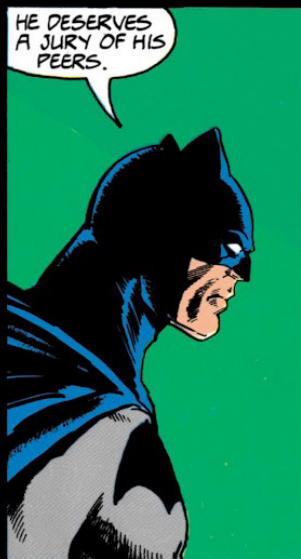
















GORDON WILL INVESTIGATE.

I'LL SEE TO IT.

BULL.



GORDON'S IN YOUR POCKET. IS THAT IT? YOU GOT SOMETHING ON MR. HERO COP?

NO.

WE SEEM TO KEEP BUMPING INTO EACH OTHER. FIRST THE ROMAN'S, THEN BRUZINSKY'S NOW HERE--

THE TV CALLED ME YOUR PARTNER.

LET'S GO.

QUIETLY? MEEKLY? LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL?



DON'T FANTASIZE. WE'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES.

OF THE SAME COIN?



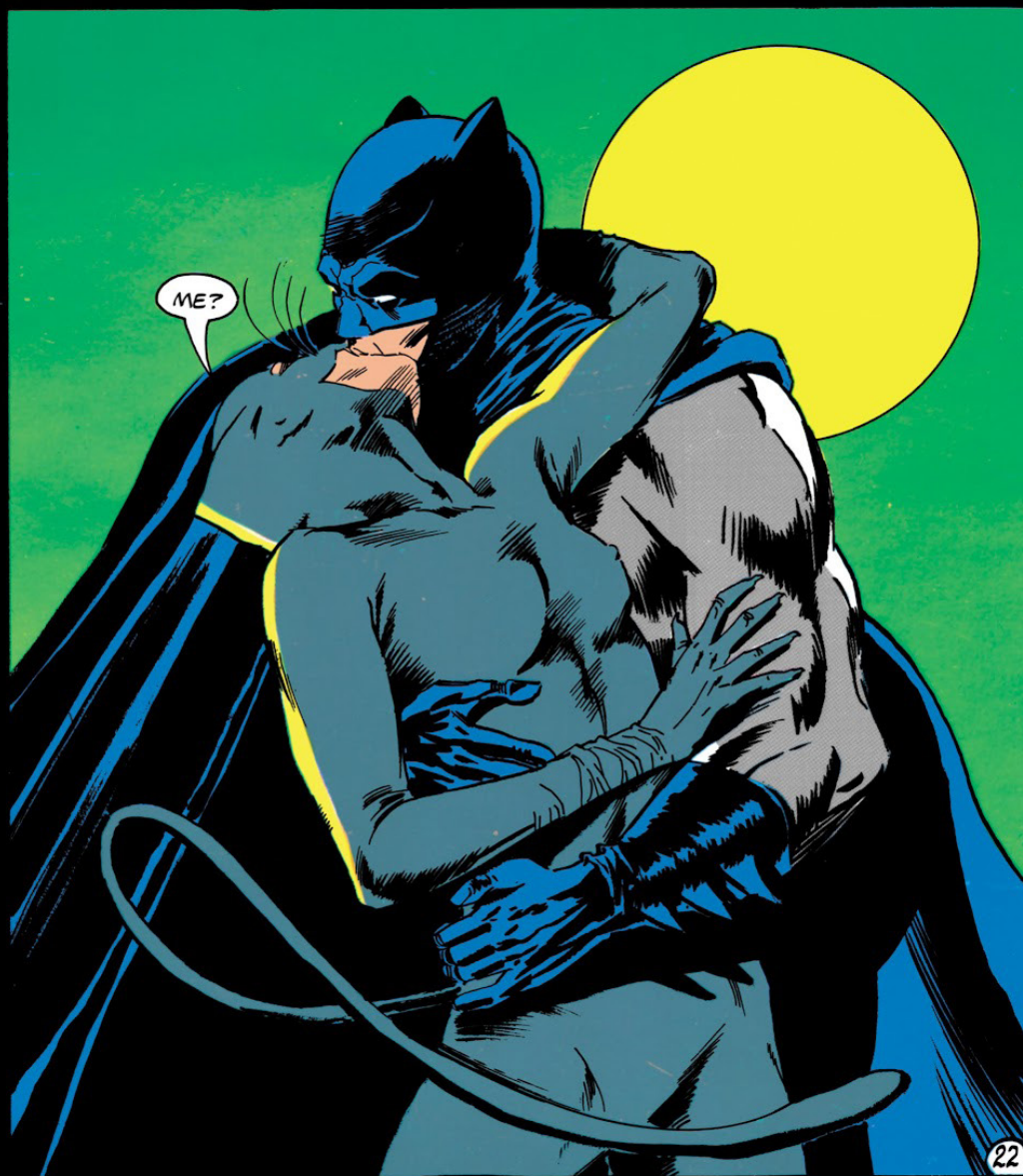
LIKE A SMART WOMAN WHO KNOWS WHEN HER GAME'S UP.



BUT I LIKE THIS GAME.



BUT I WON'T LET YOU WIN.











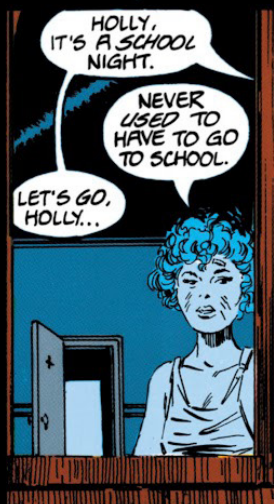
TIME FOR BED--

GEEZ, IT'S EARLY. NOT EVEN MIDNIGHT.



NOW--

I HATE GOING TO BED SO EARLY!



HOLLY, IT'S A SCHOOL NIGHT.

NEVER USED TO HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL.

LET'S GO, HOLLY...



DO I HAVE TO BRUSH MY TEETH?

UH-HUH--



WHAT WERE YOU LOOKING AT OUT THERE?

NOTHING.



I KNOW, HOLLY. I MISS HER, TOO. BUT SHE'LL NEVER COME BACK--



NEVER.

The End

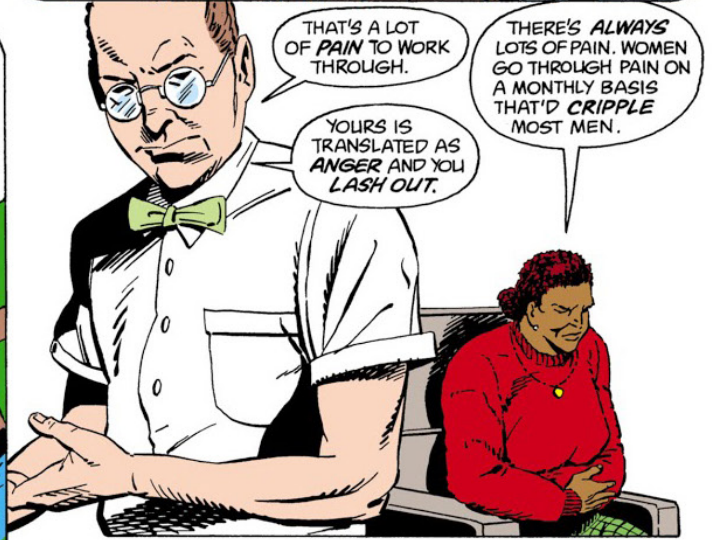




1975-12-01

CHICAGO











1975-12-03

GOtham CITY



December 3

They've already got Grogan primed to replace him, who's worse. Still, things aren't so bad, right now.

The Roman's been at war with his sister ever since he tried to get a hired knife slid between his nephew's ribs.

I had a few run-ins with his sister, back in Chicago, a few years ago. I don't envy the Roman.

They were all too busy to stand in the way of my promotion to Captain.

Sarah's in New York, doing well, I hear.

Barbara's not crazy about the marriage counselor, but we're making progress.

As for me--well, there's a real panic on. Somebody's threatened to poison the Gotham reservoir.

Calls himself the Joker.

I've got a friend coming who might be able to help.

Should be here any minute.

1975-12-04

GOtham CITY



# Images

BEHIND THIS  
DOOR IS SOMETHING  
REALLY SERIOUSLY  
GORGEOUS--

--THE  
MOST BEAUTIFUL  
CREATURE IN  
THE ENTIRE  
WORLD--

--AND  
YOU ARE  
GOING TO  
SEE IT.

LUCKY.

LUCKY.

LUCKY.

YOU!!

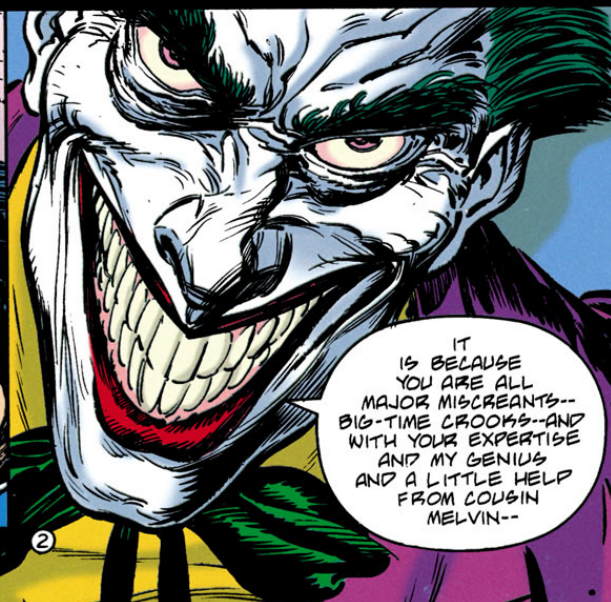
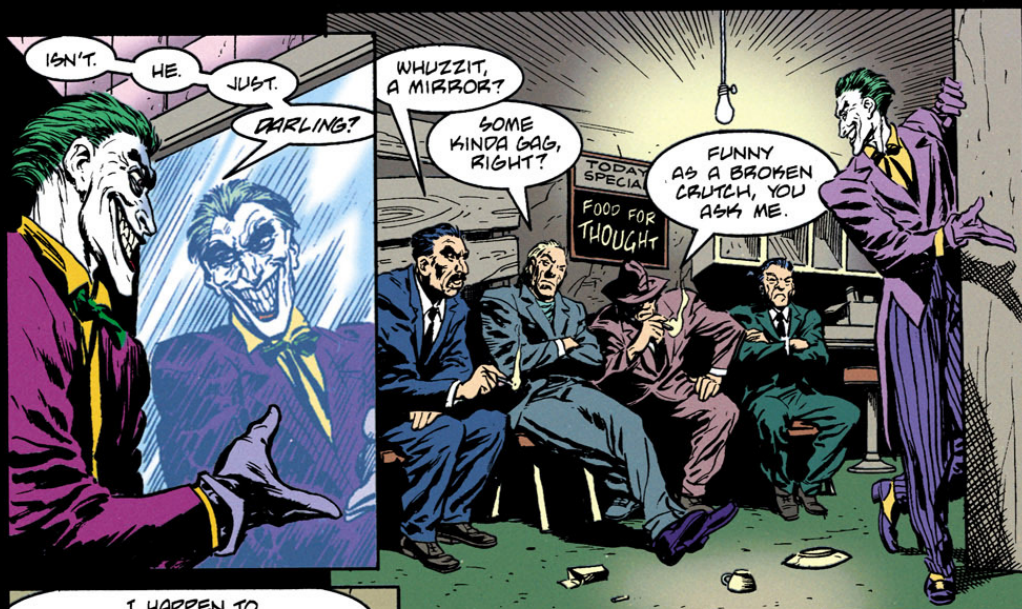
SO WE BEAT ON, BOATS  
AGAINST THE CURRENT,  
BORNE BACK CEASELESSLY  
INTO THE PAST.  
-- F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Batman created by  
BOB KANE.

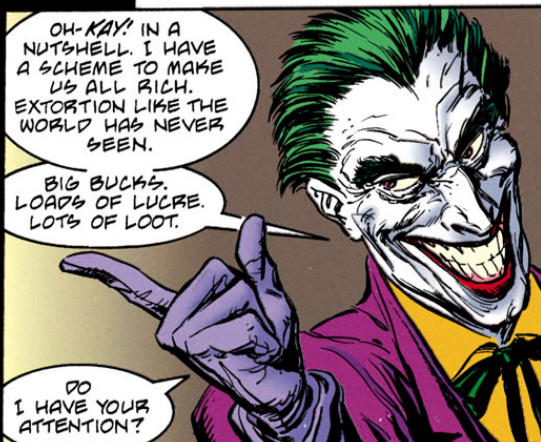
Suggested by the work of  
BILL FINGER and BOB KANE.

A tale from the  
early days by—  
DENNIS O'NEIL  
story  
BRET BLEVINS  
art  
DIGITAL CHAMELEON  
colors  
WILLIE SCHUBERT  
letters  
GOODWIN & KAPLAN  
editors





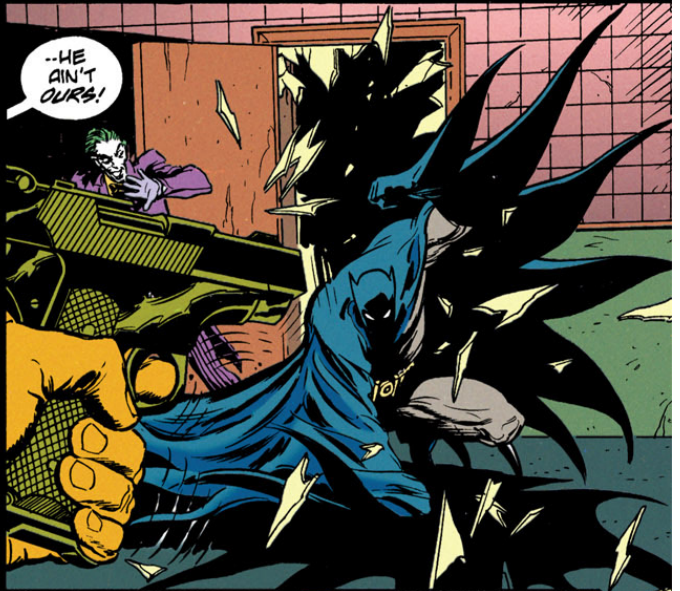






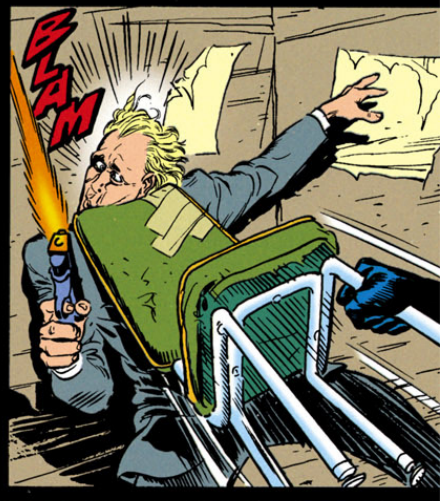
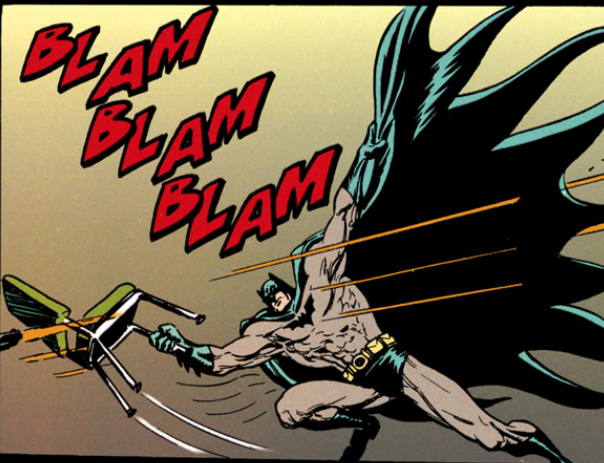








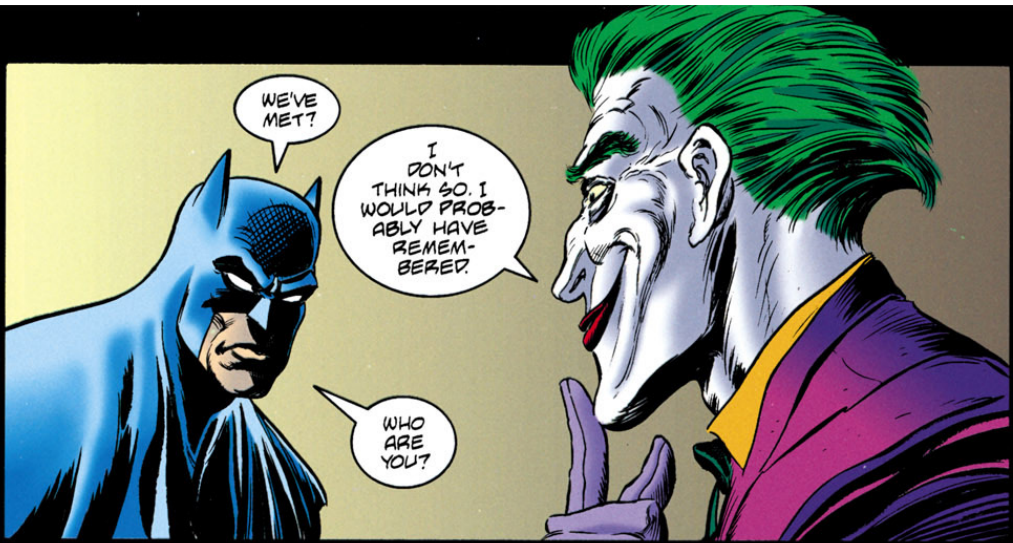
VERY IMPRESSIVE!  
ANOTHER NINE.



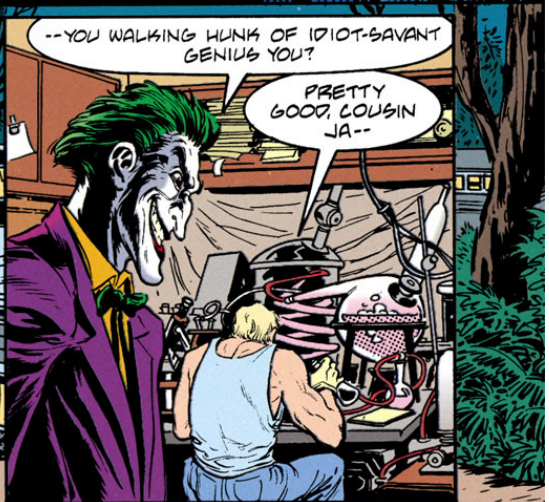
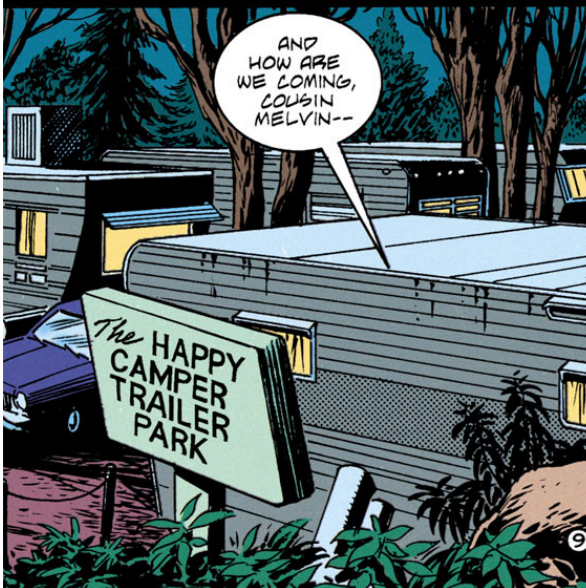
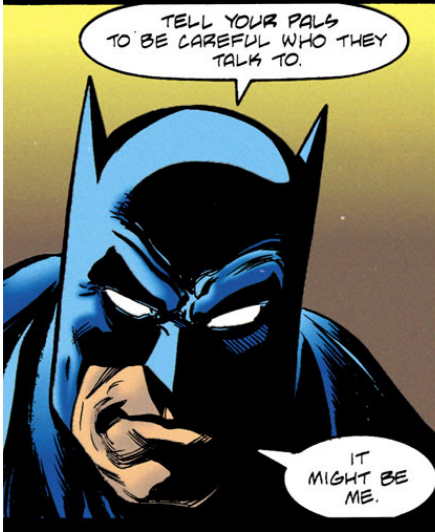












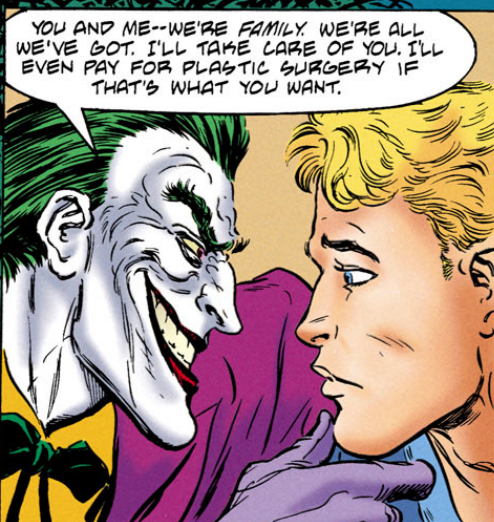








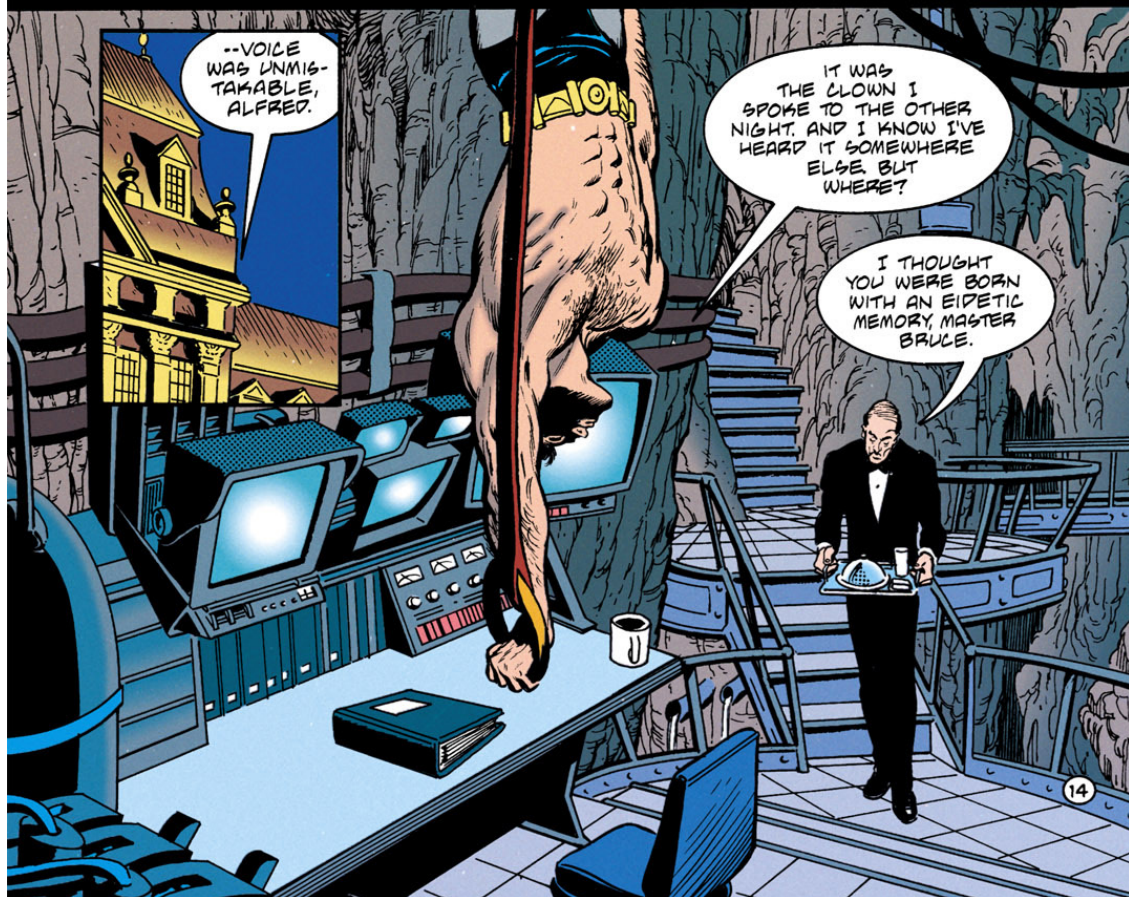
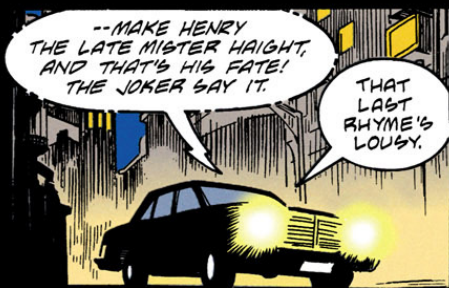




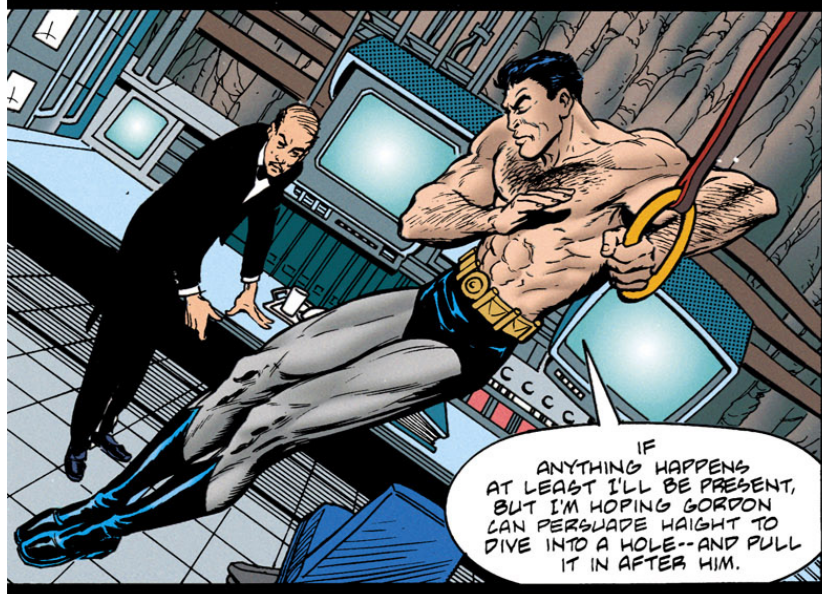
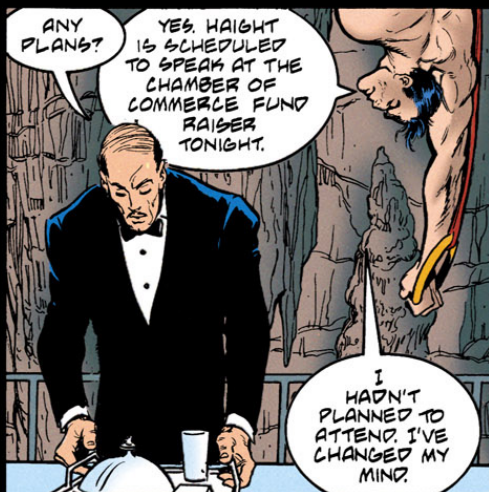












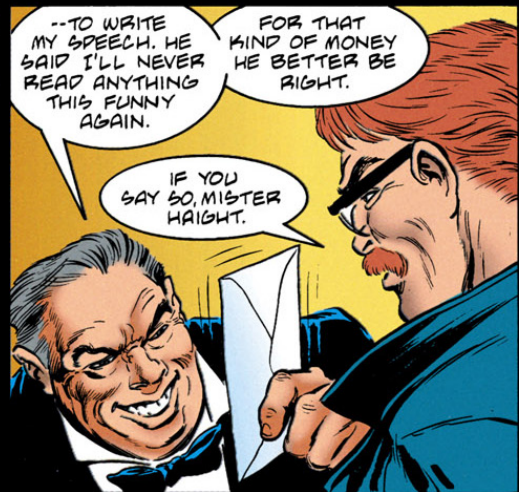
1975-12-05

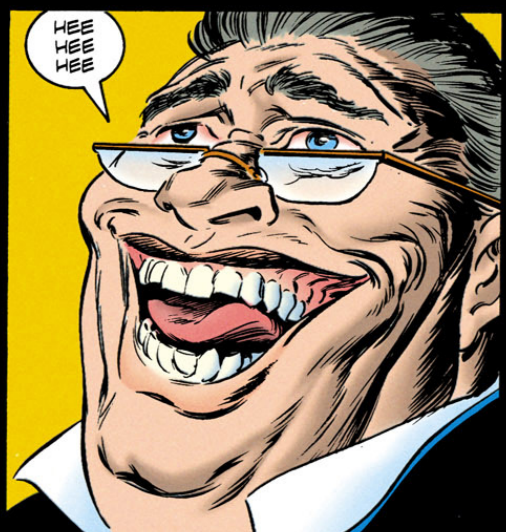
GOtham CITY





BESIDES, I PAID SOME FELLA FORTY DOLLARS--





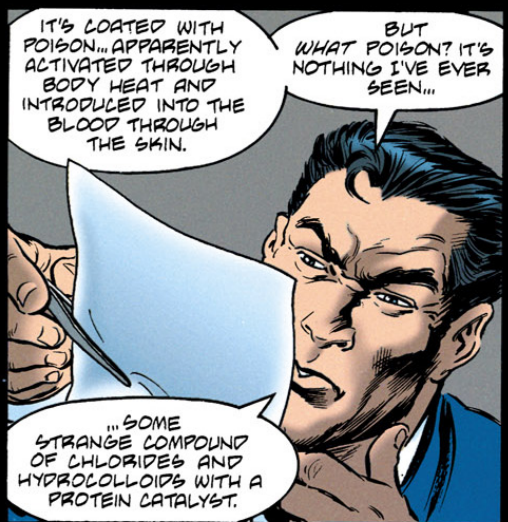




1975-12-06

GOtham CITY





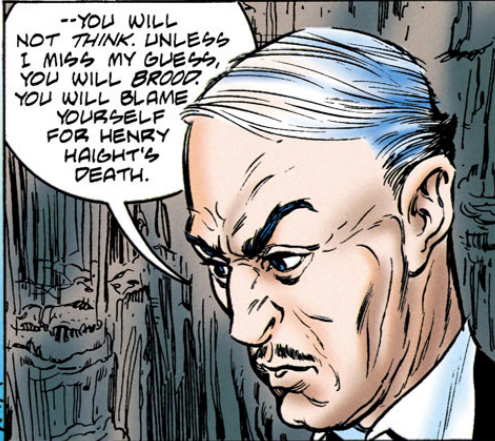


WAYNE INDUSTRIES HAS JUST BECOME INTERESTED IN CHLORIDES AND HYDROCOLLOIDS. I'LL GET SOMEBODY STARTED SEARCHING THE LITERATURE TOMORROW.

AND TONIGHT?

I'LL STAY DOWN HERE AND THINK.

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MASTER BRUCE--



--YOU WILL NOT THINK. UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, YOU WILL BROOD. YOU WILL BLAME YOURSELF FOR HENRY HAIGHT'S DEATH.



I HAD THE JOKER... AND I LET HIM WALTZ AWAY. SO WHO SHOULD I BLAME?

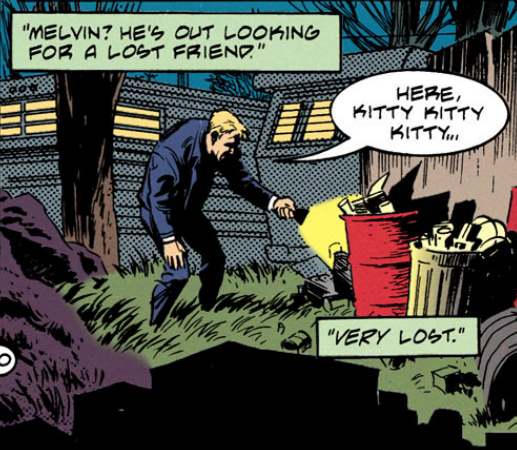
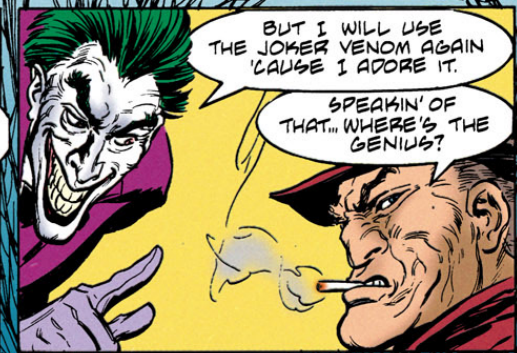
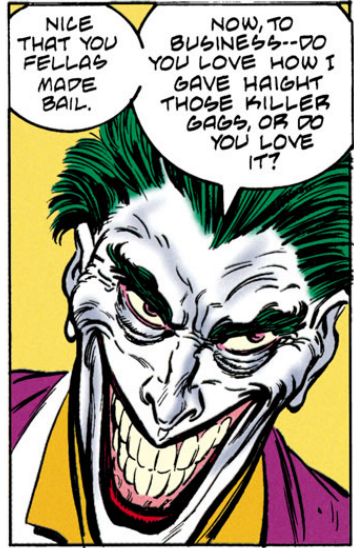
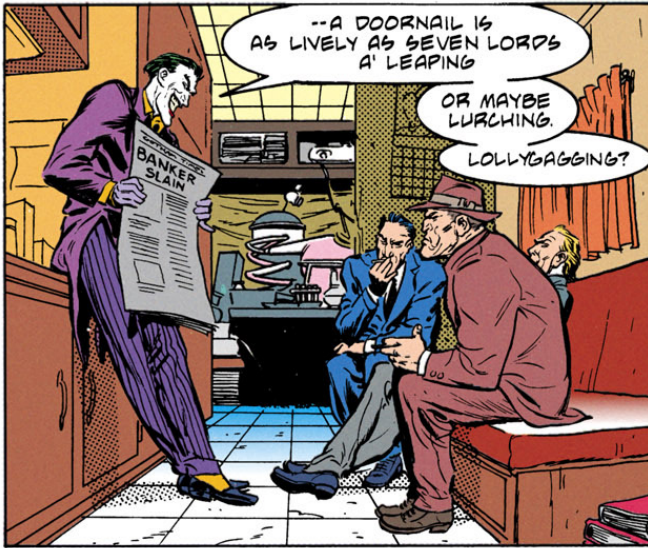


HIM. THE JOKER. HE IS THE MURDERER, YOU KNOW!



HEH HEH HEH HEH COMPARED TO OL' HENRY--













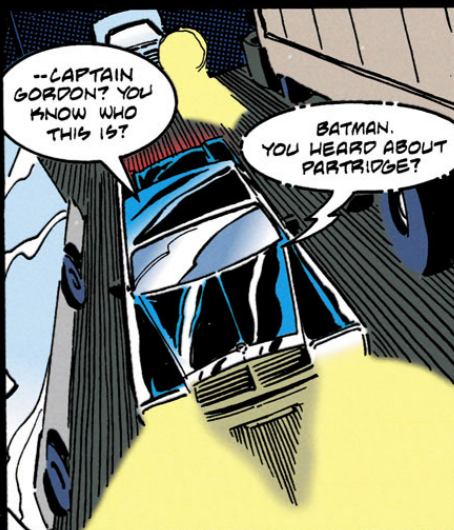






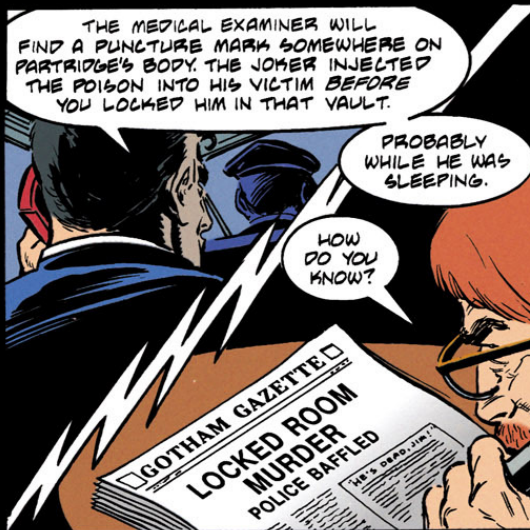






--CAPTAIN GORDON? YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?

BATMAN. YOU HEARD ABOUT PARTRIDGE?



THE MEDICAL EXAMINER WILL FIND A PUNCTURE MARK SOMEWHERE ON PARTRIDGE'S BODY. THE JOKER INJECTED THE POISON INTO HIS VICTIM BEFORE YOU LOCKED HIM IN THAT VAULT.

PROBABLY WHILE HE WAS SLEEPING.

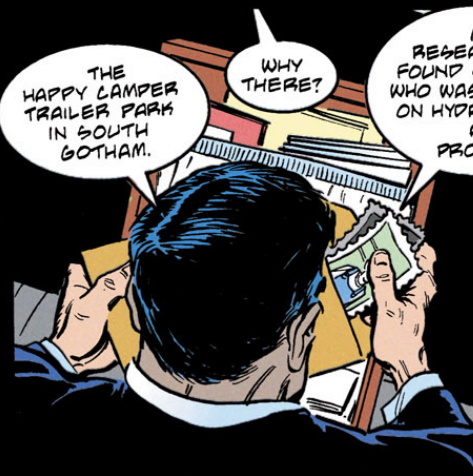
HOW DO YOU KNOW?



BECAUSE THAT'S THE WAY IT HAD TO BE.



ANY PARTICULAR DESTINATION, MASTER BRUCE?



THE HAPPY CAMPER TRAILER PARK IN SOUTH GOTHAM.

WHY THERE?

MY RESEARCHERS FOUND SOMEONE WHO WAS WORKING ON HYDROCOLLOIDS AND PROTEINS--



--A YOUNG NEW JERSEY MAN NAMED MELVIN REIPAN... AN IDIOT SAVANT--THE MIND OF AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD IN EVERYTHING--





--EXCEPT  
CHEMISTRY. IN THAT,  
HE MAY HAVE NO PEER  
ANYWHERE IN THE  
WORLD.



HE  
LEFT THE  
PEOPLE HE  
WAS STAYING WITH  
SUDDENLY,  
WITHOUT TELLING  
ANYONE WHERE  
HE WENT.  
BUT--



--HE HAS A  
SUBSCRIPTION  
TO THIS  
MAGAZINE AND  
HE HAD IT  
FORWARDED TO  
THE TRAILER  
PARK  
ADDRESS.



BRILLIANT  
DETECTIVE WORK,  
SIR.

NOT  
REALLY.  
A COUPLE OF  
PHONE CALLS.  
ROUTINE.



THE  
BRILLIANCE  
IS IN KNOWING  
WHICH  
ROUTINE CALLS  
TO MAKE--

ALFRED--

--THE  
PICKUP WITH THE  
TRAILER--

--I'M PRETTY  
SURE MELVIN REIPAN  
WAS DRIVING.

AFTER  
IT!

DINGDING--  
FARN!

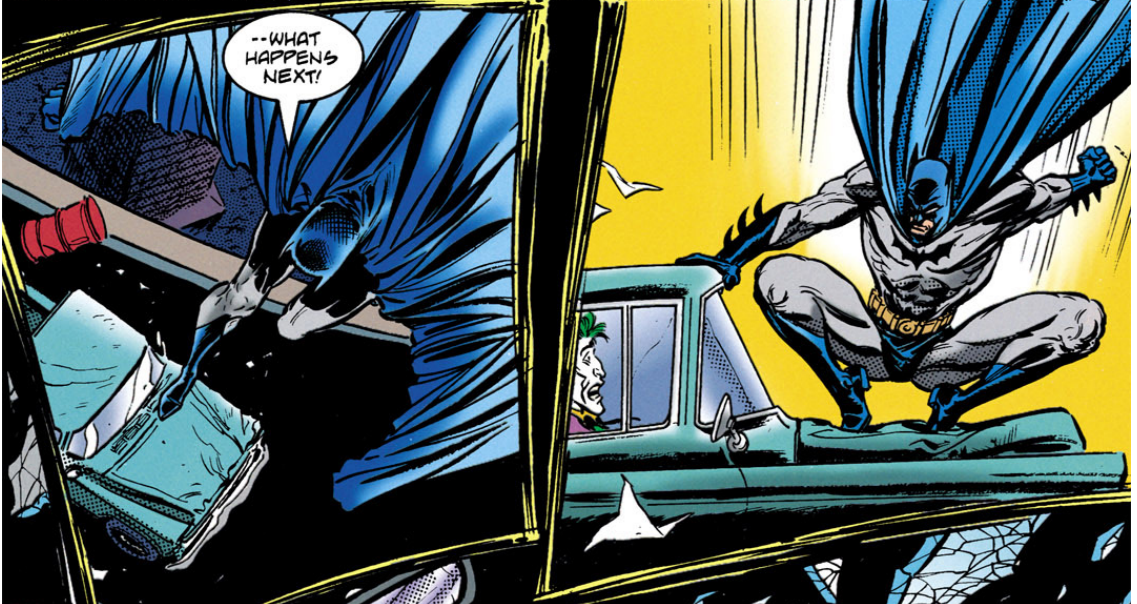
WHAT'S A MATTER,  
COUSIN?

THAT  
LIMO JUST  
MADE THE DEVIL'S  
OWN ILLEGAL  
TURN.

LIMOUSINE DRIVERS  
DON'T DO THAT UNLESS  
THEY'RE CHASING  
SOMEONE.

TAKE  
THE OFF-  
RAMP!

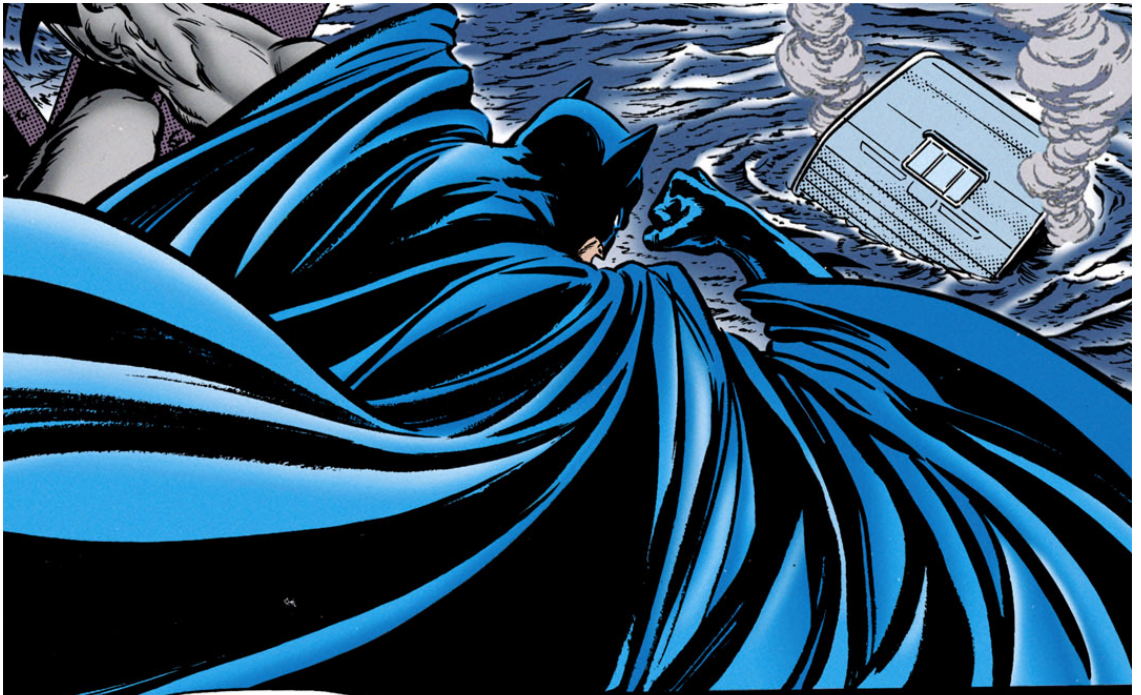












--CRASHED THROUGH THE PIER AND INTO THE RIVER. A POLICE LAUNCH HAPPENED TO BE NEARBY SO THERE WAS NO POINT IN MY LOOKING--

--FOR THE JOKER AND MELVIN. IF THEY'D BEEN THERE, THE POLICE DIVERS WOULD HAVE FOUND THEM.

I TAKE IT THE AQUATIC OFFICERS FAILED.

THEY CAME UP EMPTY-HANDED, YES.

SO THE FIEND MAY STILL BE ALIVE.

MAY I INQUIRE AS TO WHAT YOU ARE DOING WITH YOUR GLOVE?

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THAT ISN'T THERE.

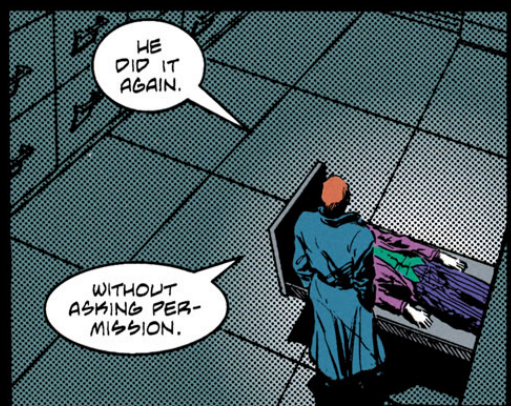
THEN PERHAPS YOU SHOULD USE A MAGNIFYING GLASS WITHOUT A LENS.

CAPTAIN. YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?


I'M GLAD YOU CALLED. WE FOUND HIM--

--ABOUT FOUR MILES DOWNRIVER FROM WHERE THE TRUCK WENT INTO THE RIVER.









I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY YET! YOU SAID YOU'D GIVE ME TWO DAYS!

DON'T WORRY, OTTO DREXEL. I'M NOT HERE TO HARM YOU. I'M NOT THE MAN WHO SAID YOU'D DIE UNLESS YOU PAID A QUARTER OF A MILLION.



HOW DID YOU KNOW--?

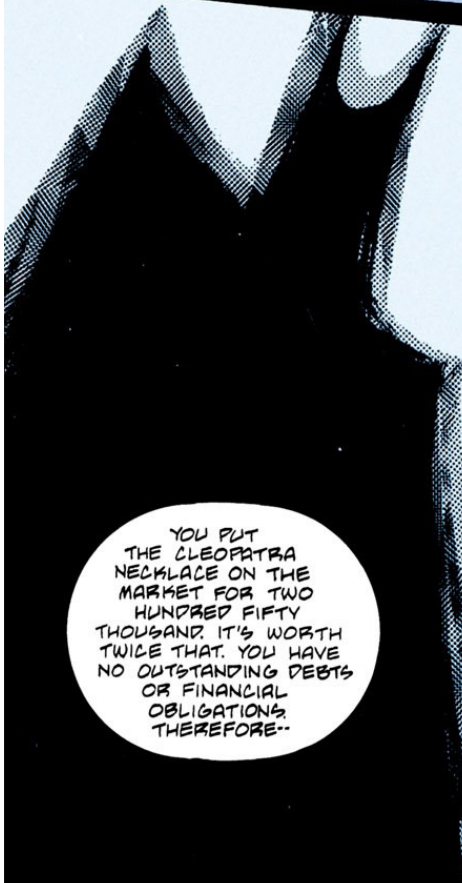


--YOU'RE TRYING TO BUY YOUR SAFETY.


YES, YES...

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

TO BUY THE NECKLACE.



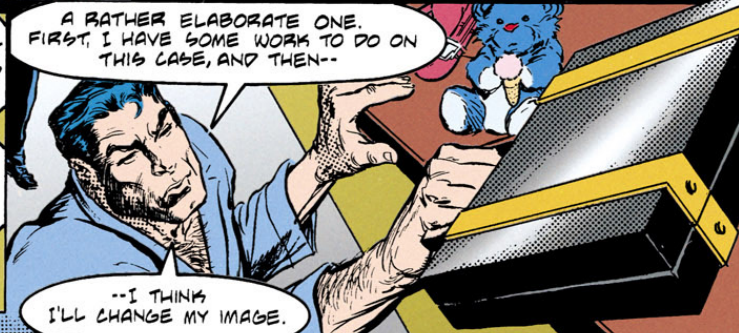
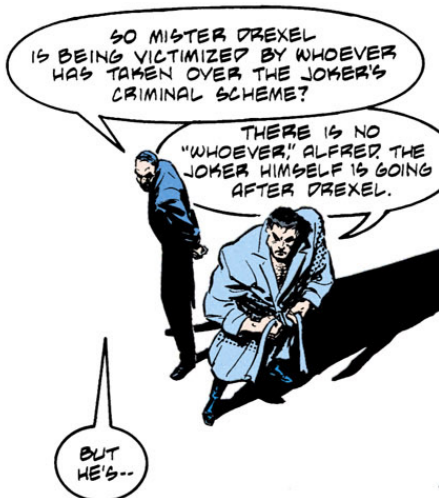
YOU PUT THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE ON THE MARKET FOR TWO HUNDRED FIFTY THOUSAND. IT'S WORTH TWICE THAT. YOU HAVE NO OUTSTANDING DEBTS OR FINANCIAL OBLIGATIONS THEREFORE--



--SIMPLY GAVE HIM ALL THAT MONEY WITHOUT EVEN TAKING THE JEWELRY, MASTER BRUCE?

I TRIED THE NECKLACE ON. IT CLASHED WITH MY MASK.





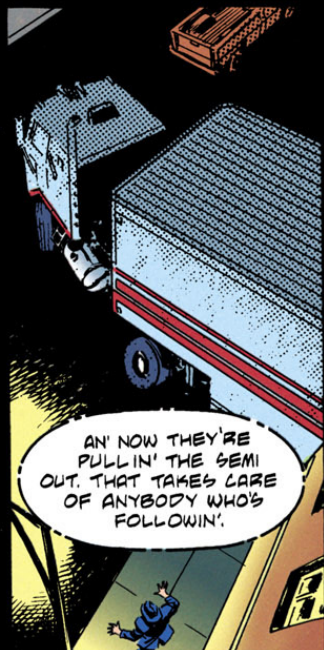




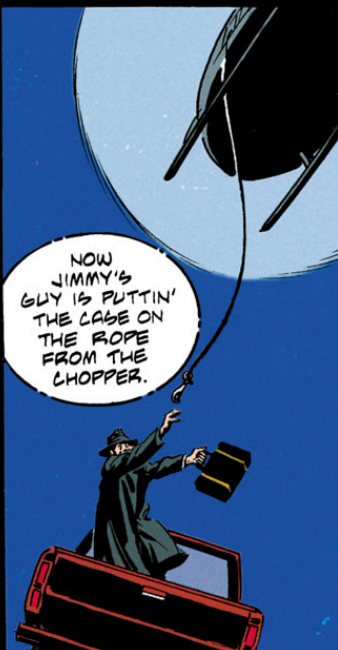
OKAY. THE TRUCK'S SLOWIN'--

--AN' DREXEL'S TOSSIN' THE CASE WITH THE PAYMENT IN

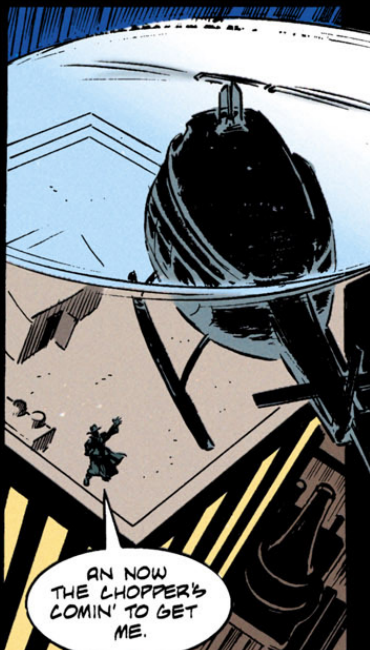
--JUST LIKE WE TOLD HIM TO.



AN' NOW THEY'RE PULLIN' THE SEMI OUT. THAT TAKES CARE OF ANYBODY WHO'S FOLLOWIN'.



NOW JIMMY'S GUY IS PUTTIN' THE CASE ON THE ROPE FROM THE CHOPPER.



AN NOW THE CHOPPER'S COMIN' TO GET ME.



YOU! WHO INVITED YOU?

YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET THE MONEY GO SOMEPLACE WITHOUT ME?



THERE YOU SEE IT-- EXACTLY WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS COUNTRY! NO TRUST!

THERE'S THE CHOPPER-- RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.





WANNA  
COUNT IT?

INDEEDY  
I DO.

LOVELY, LOVELY.  
LIKE THE FELLA SAYS, MONEY  
CAN'T BUY FRIENDS, BUT IT  
GIVES YOU A BETTER CLASS  
OF ENEMIES.

BUT  
WHAT IS  
THIS?

A  
BUG? COULD  
IT BE--

A TINY  
TRANSMITTER  
DESIGNED TO LEAD  
TO MY CAPTURE  
AND EVENTUAL  
INCARCERATION?

HERE! FLY AWAY WITH  
IT. DUMP IT INTO THE GOTHAM  
RIVER. LET THE FUZZ  
ARREST THE FISH!

Hmpf!

IMAGINE--TRYING  
TO TRAP ME WITH SUCH  
A TRIFLE! I WOULD BE  
INSULTED IF I WASN'T  
SO BUSY BEING  
DISGUSTED





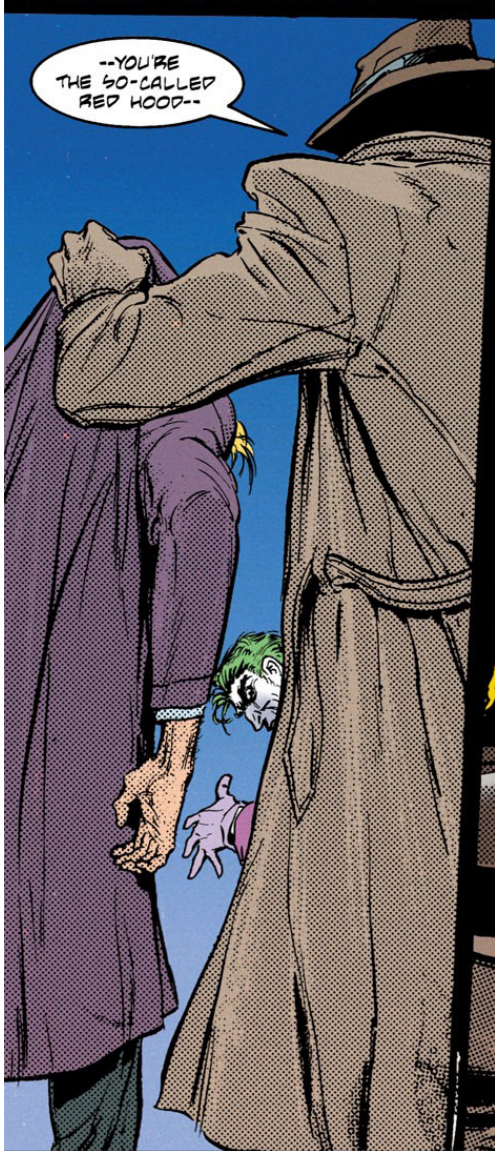
WELL, IF THE BUG PLANTER WAS THAT BATMAN--HE'S BEAT.

IF IT WAS THE LAW--

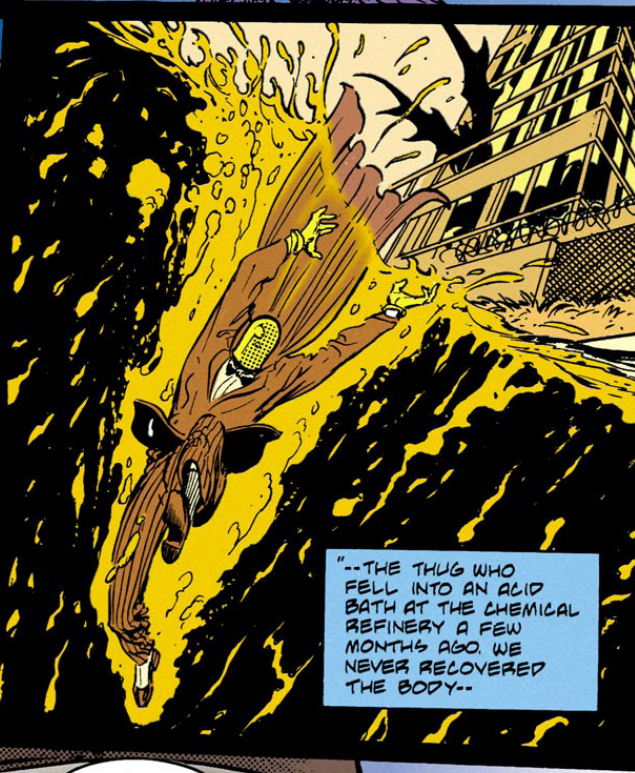


HAW  
HAW  
HAW

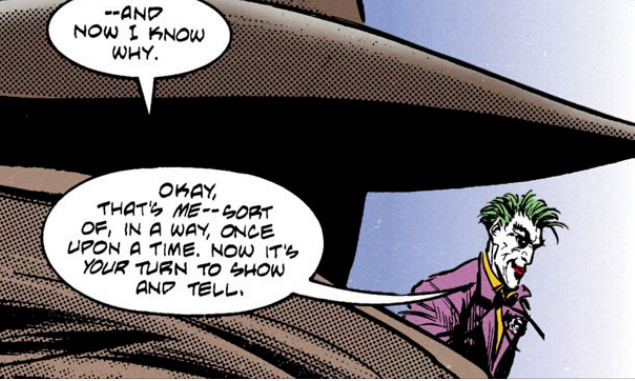
I RECOGNIZE YOUR VOICE NOW. IT'S DAMAGED, BUT I'M SURE--



--YOU'RE THE SO-CALLED RED HOOD--



--THE THUG WHO FELL INTO AN ACID BATH AT THE CHEMICAL REFINERY A FEW MONTHS AGO. WE NEVER RECOVERED THE BODY--



--AND NOW I KNOW WHY.

OKAY, THAT'S ME--SORT OF, IN A WAY, ONCE UPON A TIME. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO SHOW AND TELL.





WE  
CAN'T GO ON  
MEETING LIKE  
THIS.



YOU!

WHERE'S  
LOU?



LAST I  
SAW HIM, HE  
WAS IN GORDON'S  
OFFICE MAKING  
A DEAL WITH  
THE DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY.

HE SAID  
I COULD BORROW  
HIS FACE AND HE  
TOLD ME JUST WHERE  
TO GO WITH IT.



YOU REMEMBERED  
HIM FROM THE DINER,  
DIDN'T YOU?

AREN'T  
YOU THE SLY  
BOOTS?

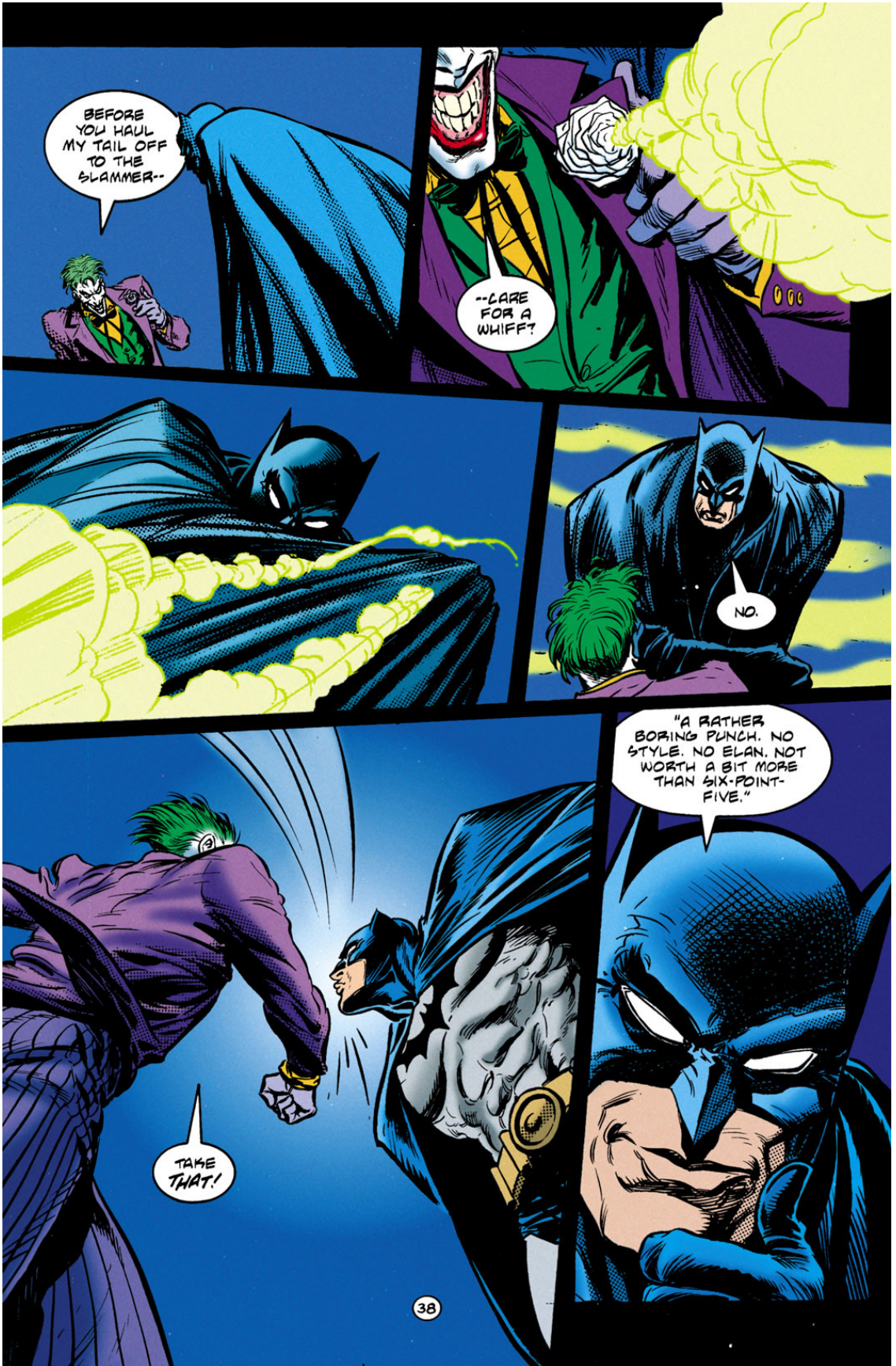
I  
DON'T WANT  
TO HURT  
YOU.



THEN  
WE DO HAVE  
SOMETHING IN  
COMMON.

OH,  
JOY.











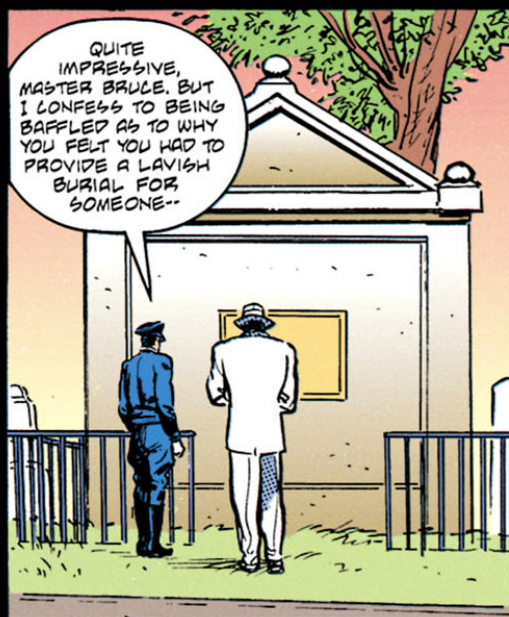


1975-12-07

GOtham CITY







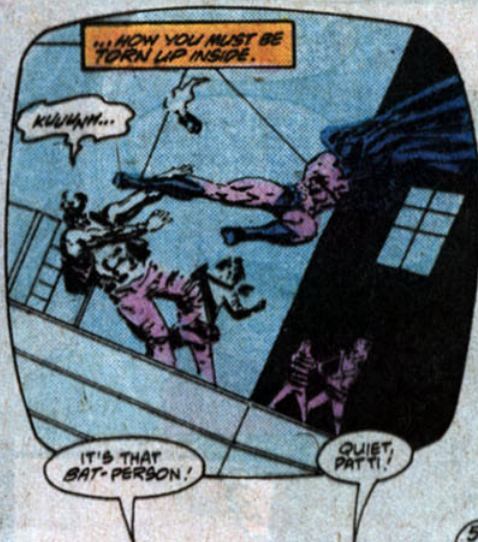




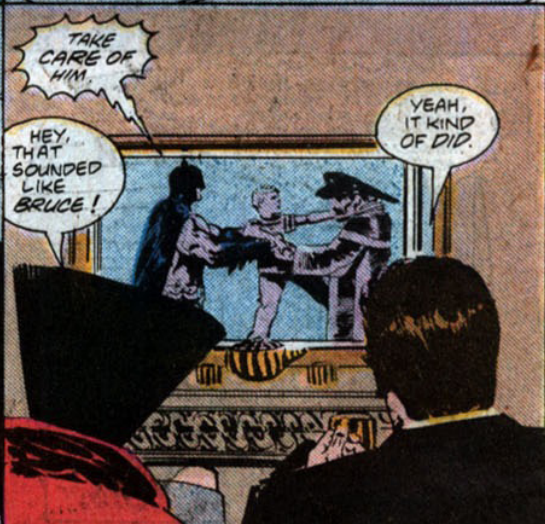
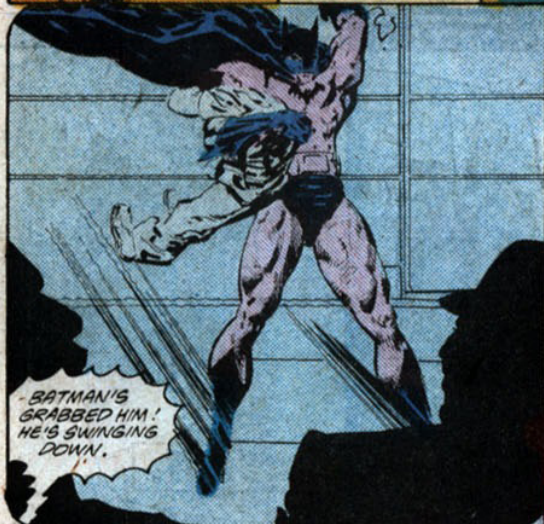
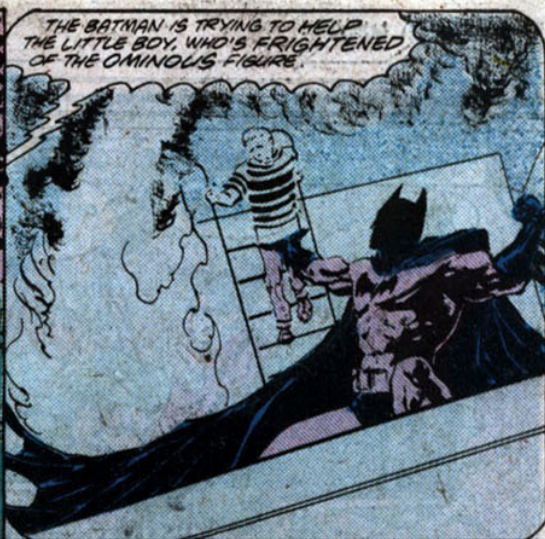
1975-12-08

GOtham CITY











**RING-BRRING**

ALFRED ?  
WHERE IS HE ?  
ALFRED ?

I'LL  
GET  
IT...

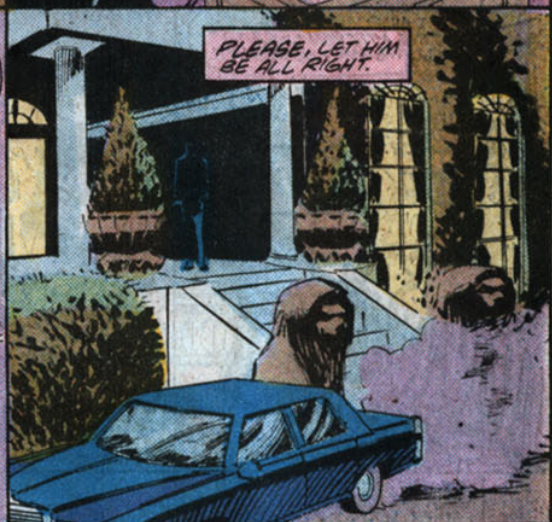


HELLO ? BRUCE ?  
WHERE ARE YOU ?  
YES. WE'RE WATCHING  
IT RIGHT NOW. TRAFFIC  
THAT BAD ? NO PROBLEM.  
SURE. SOME OTHER  
TIME.



OH, ALFRED. THAT  
WAS BRUCE ON THE  
PHONE. HE'S STUCK  
DOWNTOWN AND WON'T  
BE HOME FOR A WHILE.  
SO WE MIGHT AS WELL  
GO.

YES,  
SIR.

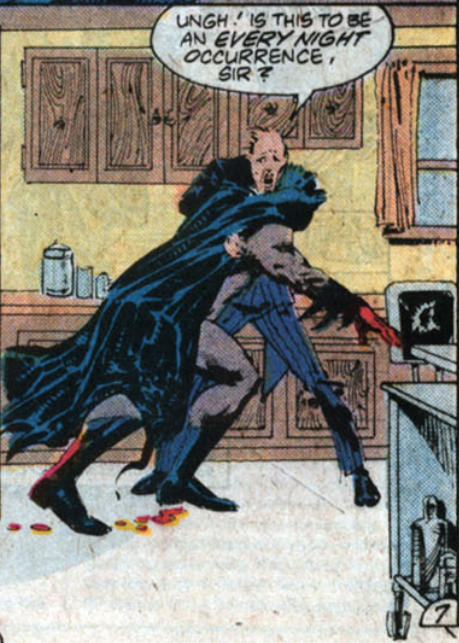


PLEASE, LET HIM  
BE ALL RIGHT.



PLEASE, DON'T LET THE GOOD  
HE'S DONE DESTROY HIM.

SIR... ?



UNGH ! IS THIS TO BE  
AN EVERY NIGHT  
OCCURRENCE,  
SIR ?

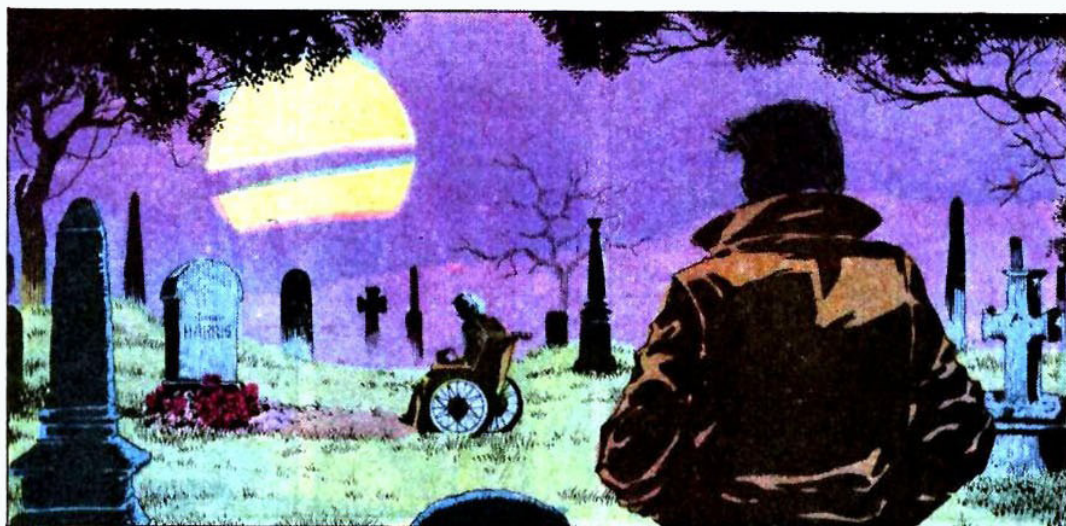
1975-12-09

GOtham CITY

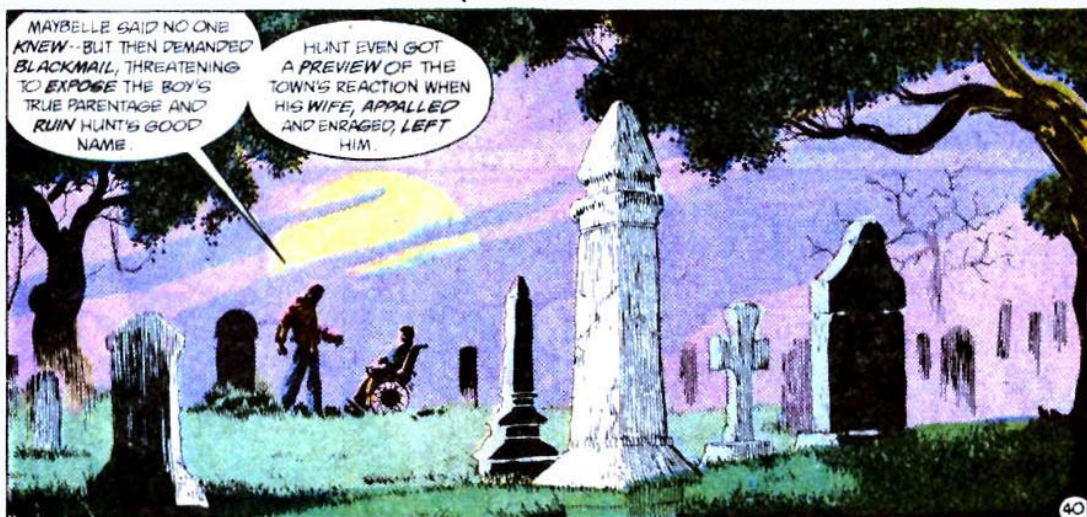








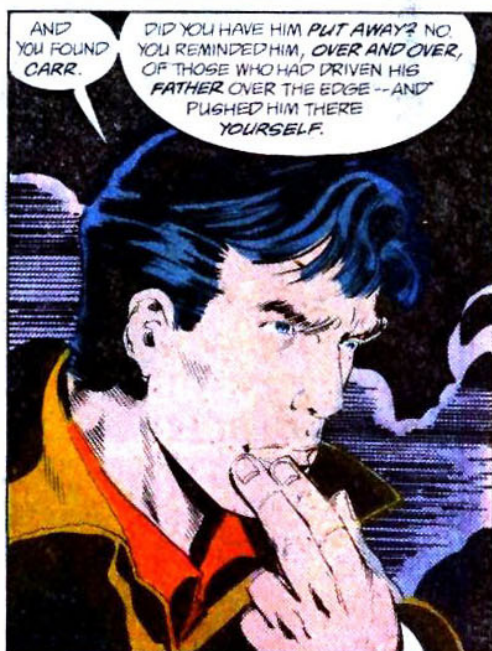








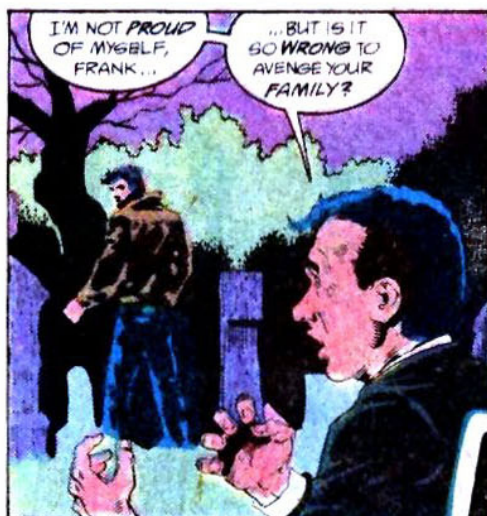




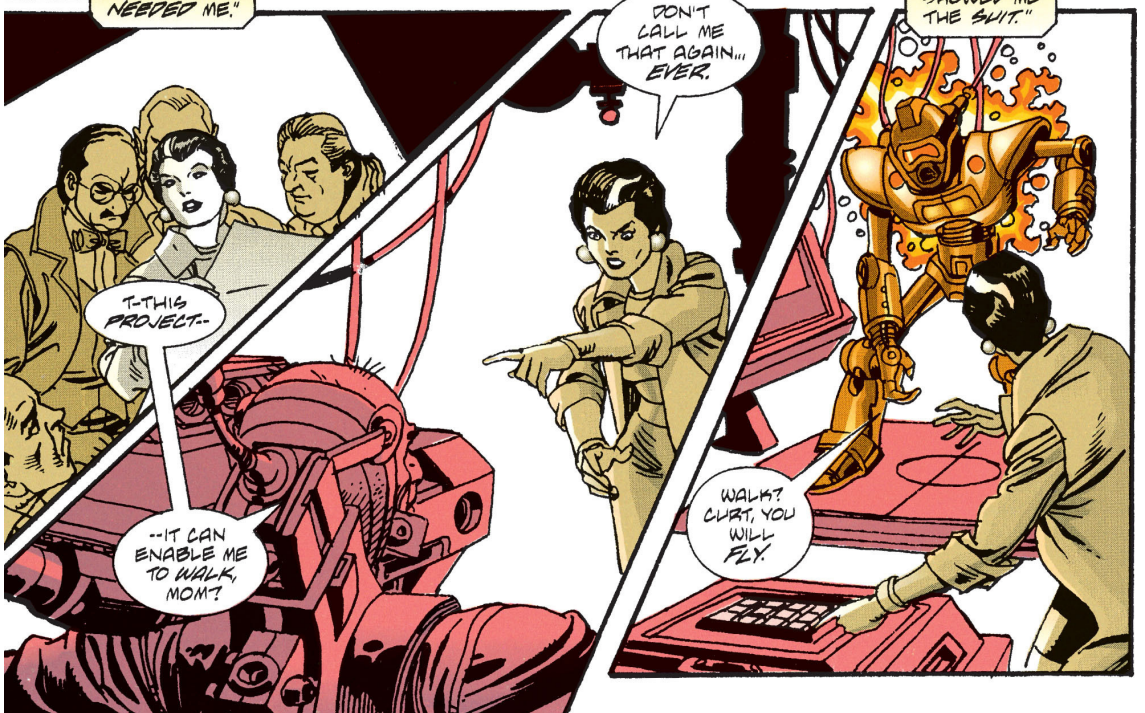
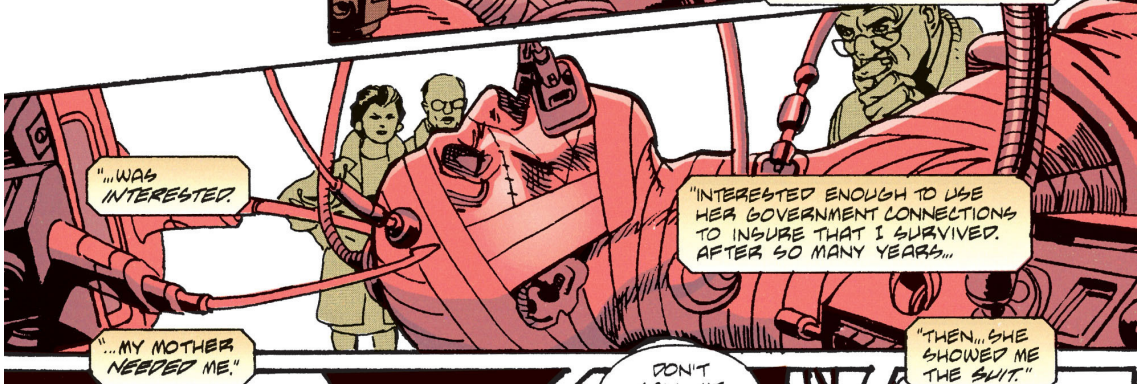
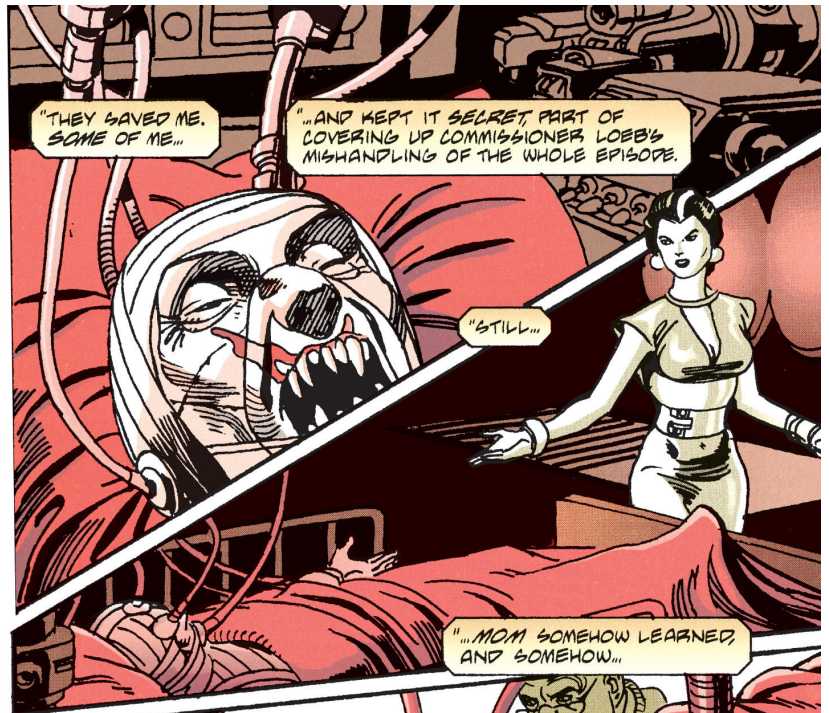
















1975-12-17

GOtham CITY



# BATMAN: LEGENDS OF THE DARK KNIGHT SHAMAN BOOK TWO

IT IS STIFLING IN HERE--  
HOT, HUMID, THE AIR  
THICK WITH SMOKE AND  
SCENTED WITH SOMETHING  
CLOYINGLY SWEET.

THE DRUMBEAT IS  
LOW AND STEADY.  
THE VOICES DRONE.

Dennis O'Neil: Writer  
Edward Hannigan: Penciller  
John Beatty: Inker  
John Costanza: Letterer  
Richmond Lewis: Colorist  
Kevin Dooley: Asst. Editor  
Andrew Helfer: Editor

BATMAN created by Bob Kane

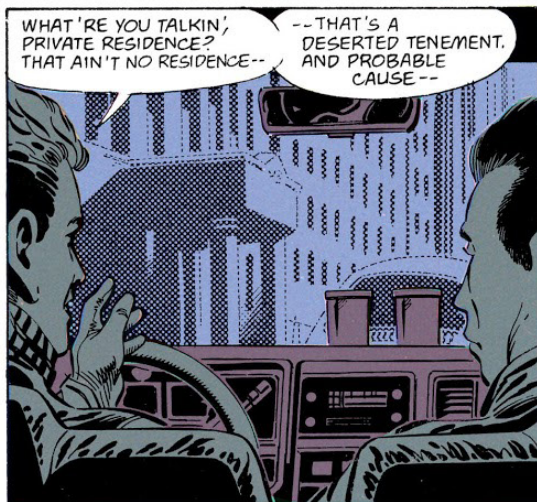


IN THE SHADOWS, THERE  
IS MOVEMENT, AND FOR AN  
INSTANT, THE DRONE  
FALTERS...

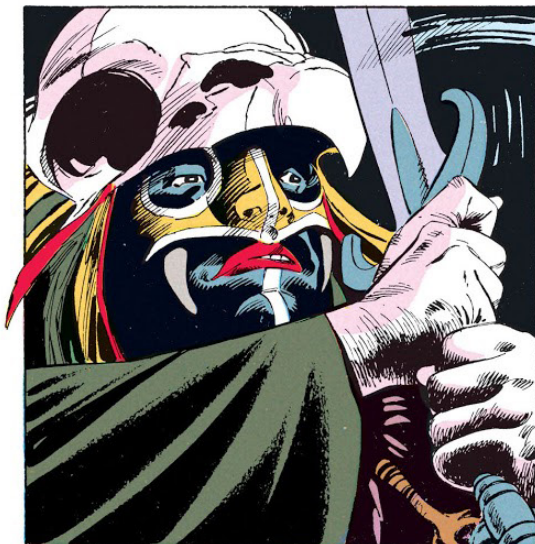
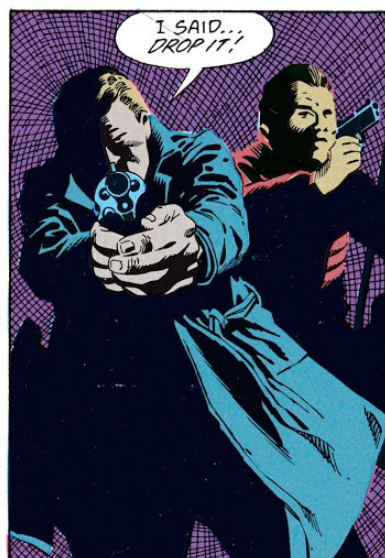












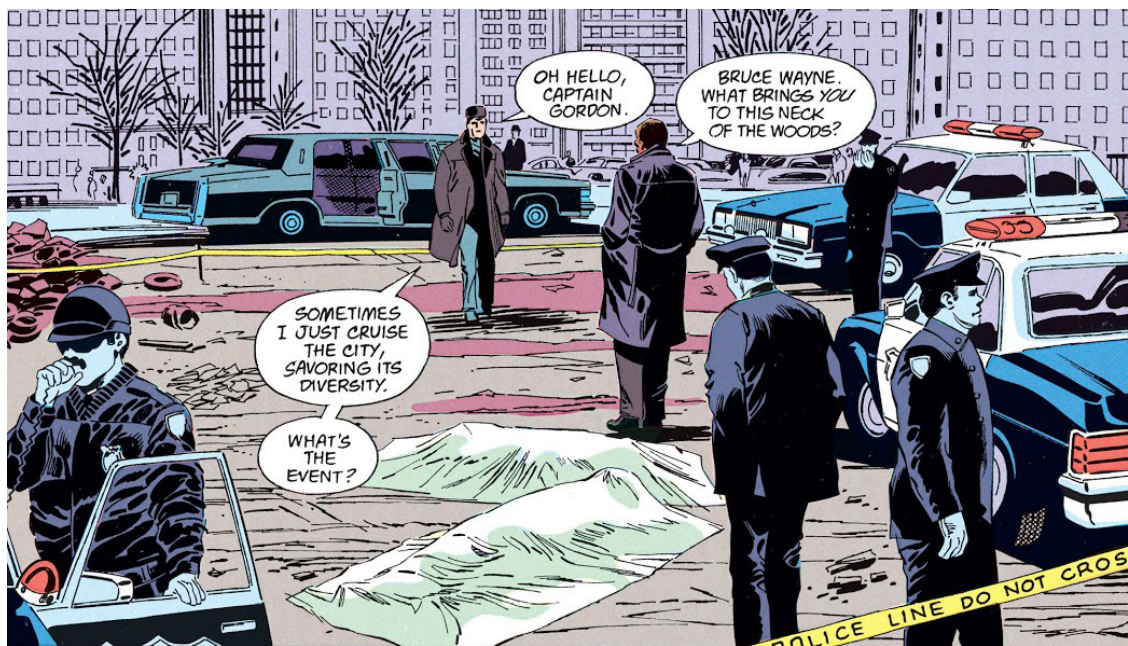




1975-12-18

GOtham CITY





OH HELLO, CAPTAIN GORDON.

BRUCE WAYNE. WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS NECK OF THE WOODS?

SOMETIMES I JUST CRUISE THE CITY, SAVORING ITS DIVERSITY.

WHAT'S THE EVENT?

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS



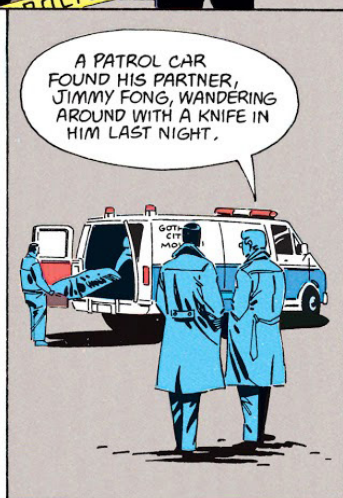
POLICE BUSINESS. COUPLE OF BODIES. BOTH BURNED --

--AND BOTH MUTILATED. HEARTS CUT OUT.

GHASTLY. ANY SUSPECTS?



NO, BUT WE HAVE A POSSIBLE ID ON ONE. A COP NAME OF AL KELLY.



A PATROL CAR FOUND HIS PARTNER, JIMMY FONG, WANDERING AROUND WITH A KNIFE IN HIM LAST NIGHT.



POOR GUY'S IN GOTHAM CENTRAL, IN BAD SHAPE. KEEPS MUTTERING SOMETHING ABOUT CHUBALA.



OH?

I HAVE A GUT FEELING THAT IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE DRUG PROBLEM.



ALMOST EVERYTHING DOES, THESE DAYS.

IF WE DON'T GET A HANDLE ON IT, GOTHAM WILL BE A WAR ZONE IN FIVE YEARS--





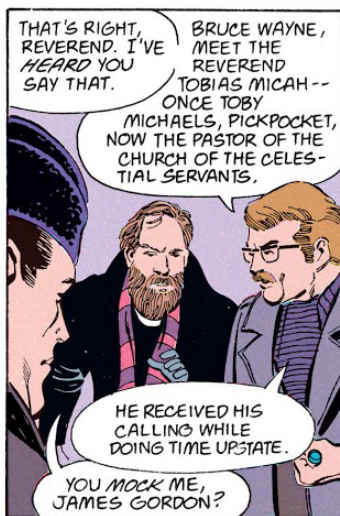
-- AS WILL EVERY OTHER MAJOR AMERICAN CITY.

I SAY YOU ARE WRONG, JAMES GORDON.



I SAY THERE IS AN EVIL SPIRIT ABROAD--

-- A DEMON, I SAY, DEGRADING OUR BODIES AND CORRUPTING OUR MINDS AND DAMNING OUR SOULS!

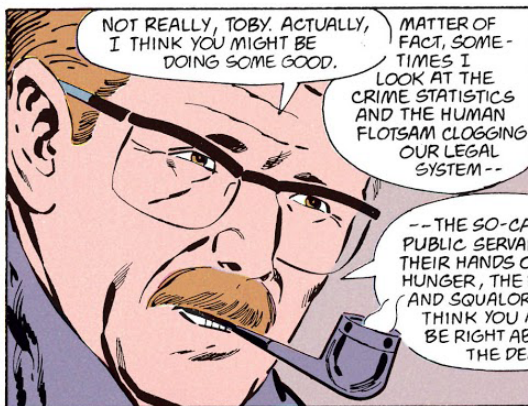


THAT'S RIGHT, REVEREND. I'VE HEARD YOU SAY THAT.

BRUCE WAYNE, MEET THE REVEREND TOBIAS MICAH-- ONCE TOBY MICHAELS, PICKPOCKET, NOW THE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE CELESTIAL SERVANTS.

HE RECEIVED HIS CALLING WHILE DOING TIME UPSTATE.

YOU MOCK ME, JAMES GORDON?



NOT REALLY, TOBY. ACTUALLY, I THINK YOU MIGHT BE DOING SOME GOOD.

MATTER OF FACT, SOMETIMES I LOOK AT THE CRIME STATISTICS AND THE HUMAN FLOTSAM CLOGGING OUR LEGAL SYSTEM--

-- THE SO-CALLED PUBLIC SERVANTS WITH THEIR HANDS OUT, THE HUNGER, THE POVERTY AND SQUALOR, AND I THINK YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT ABOUT THE DEMON.



THERE IS HOPE FOR YOU, JAMES GORDON.

BACK IN SUNDAY SCHOOL, I WAS TAUGHT THERE IS HOPE FOR EVERYONE.

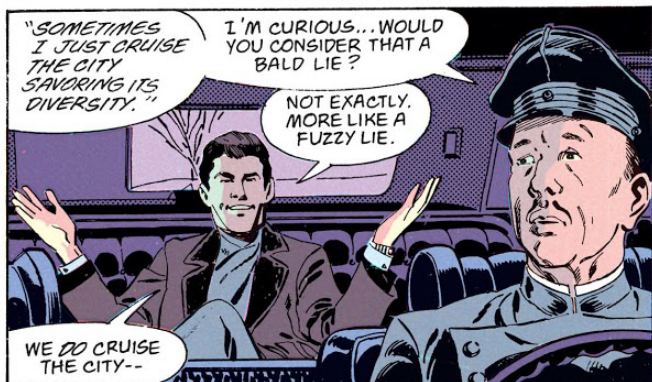


AMEN.

WELL, I WISH YOU BOTH THE BEST OF LUCK.

I'LL SEE YOU AT THE RECEPTION TONIGHT, CAPTAIN?

THE COMMISSIONER SAYS BE THERE SO I'LL BE THERE. MAYBE.

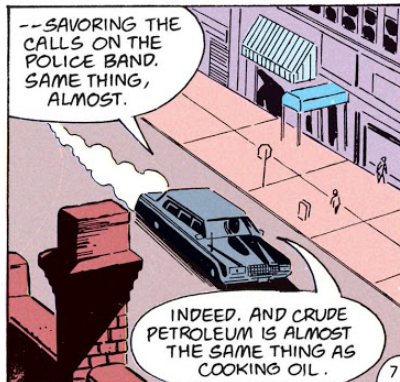


"SOMETIMES I JUST CRUISE THE CITY SAVORING ITS DIVERSITY."

I'M CURIOUS... WOULD YOU CONSIDER THAT A BALD LIE?

NOT EXACTLY. MORE LIKE A FUZZY LIE.

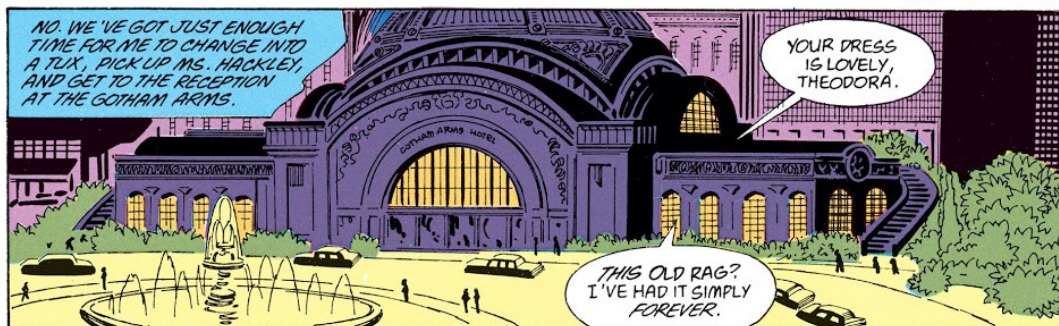
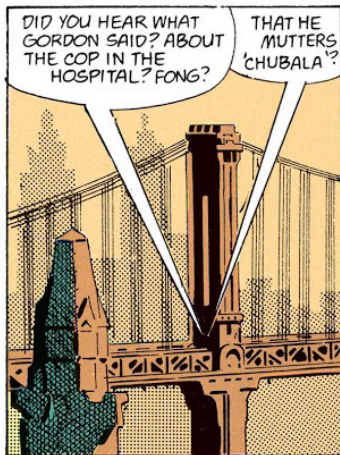
WE DO CRUISE THE CITY--



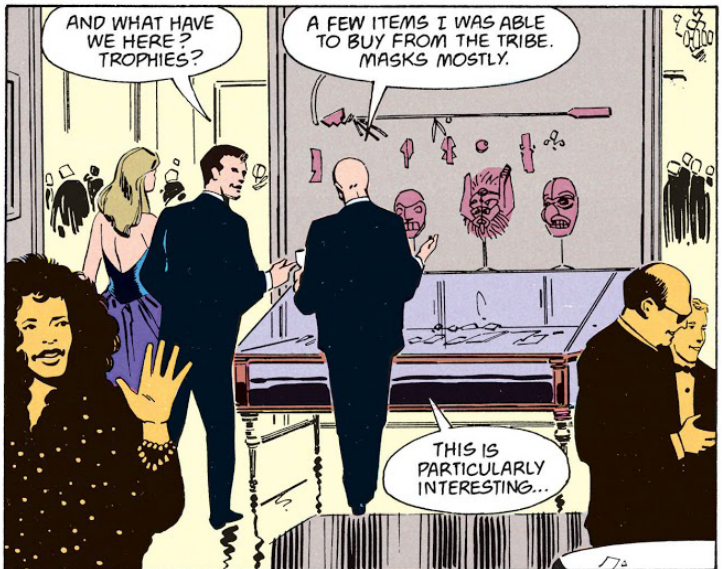
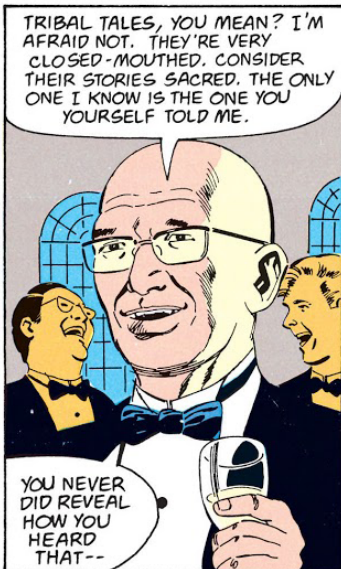
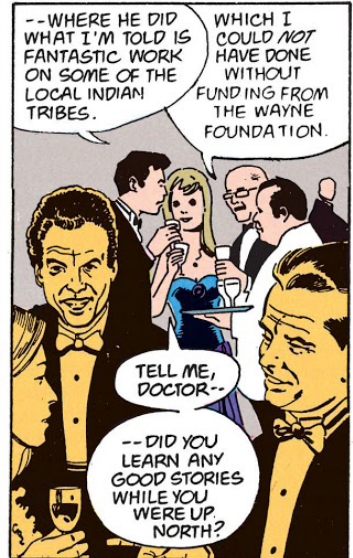
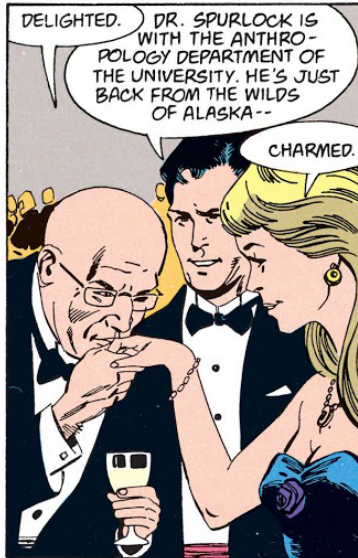
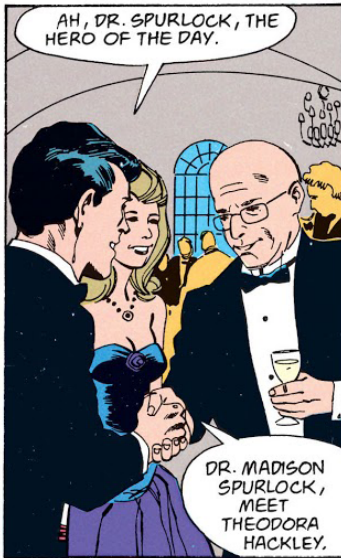
-- SAVORING THE CALLS ON THE POLICE BAND. SAME THING, ALMOST.

INDEED. AND CRUDE PETROLEUM IS ALMOST THE SAME THING AS COOKING OIL.

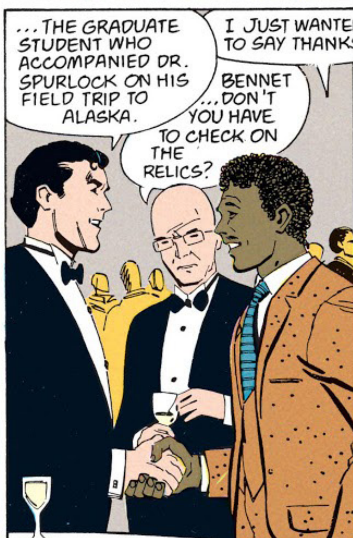




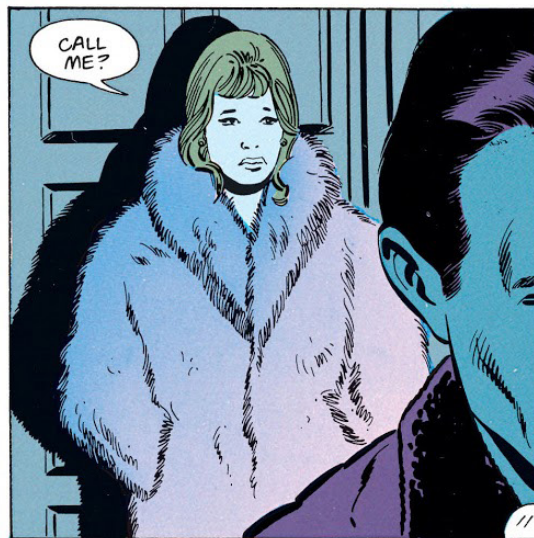
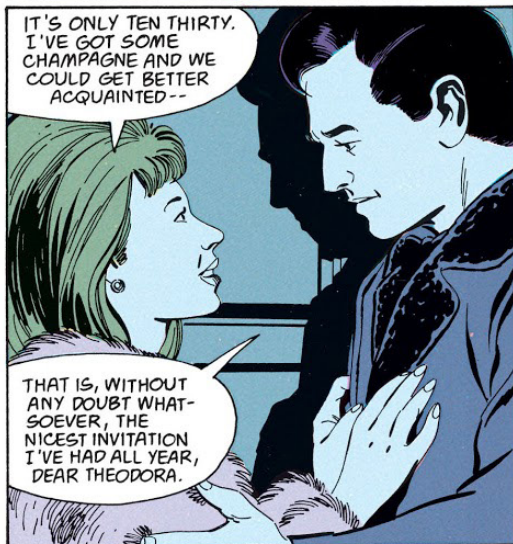
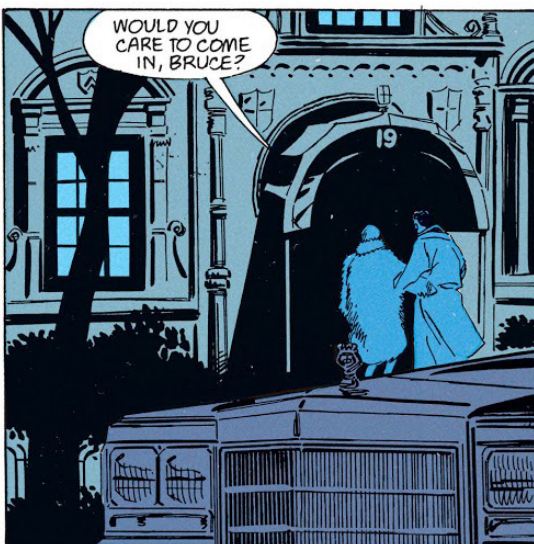
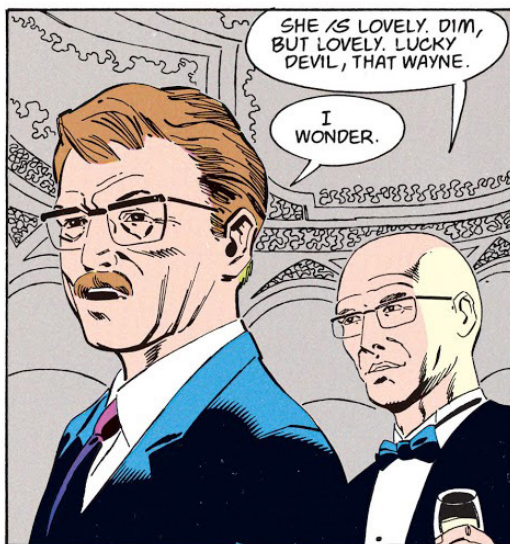




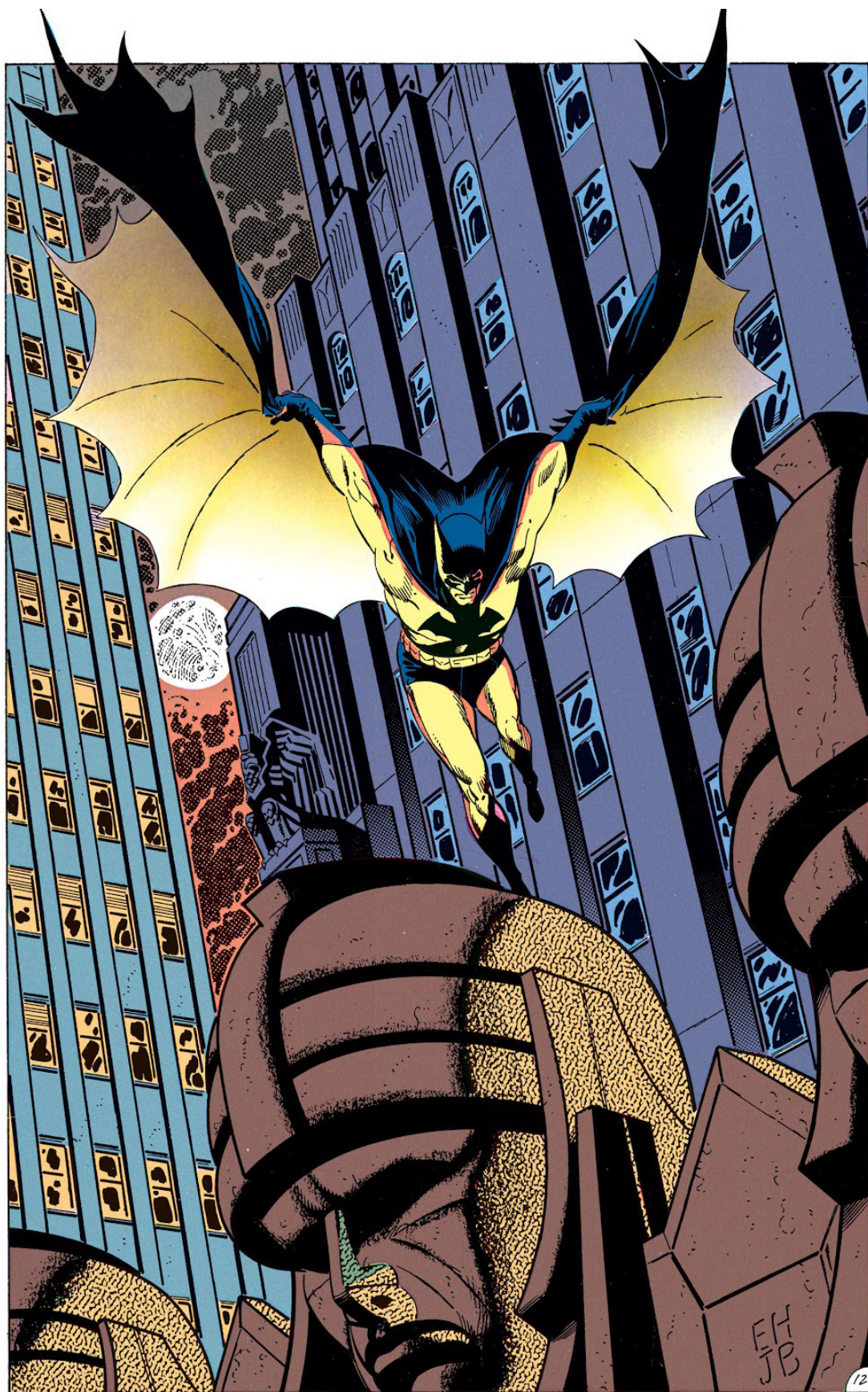












FH  
JB









1975-12-19

GOtham CITY

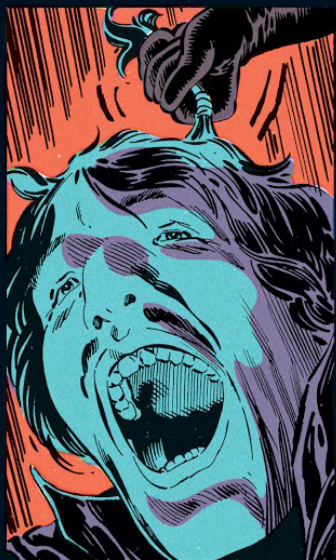












YOU WON'T DIE TONIGHT.

MAYBE TOMORROW.

PULL OVER. THERE, BY THE HOSPITAL--

I SEE.

OKAY, HOW DO YOU FIGURE THIS?

I DON'T FIGURE. I JUST CALL IN.

WAS OUR SOJOURN FRUITFUL, MASTER BRUCE?

QUITE FRUITFUL, ALFRED. I MET A TRIO OF LOWLIFES WHO PLANNED TO MURDER FONG.

I TRUST THEY WERE PROPERLY CHASTISED.

I GAVE THEM A SEVERE TALKING TO. AND I CHECKED THEIR POCKETS BEFORE DEPOSITING THEM--



I FOUND A TOTAL OF EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN LARGE BILLS, SEVERAL PACKETS OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE HEROIN, AND AN IDENTIFICATION CARD.

THE FIRST ITEMS MIGHT TIE THIS HUMAN SACRIFICE BUSINESS TO THE CITY'S DRUG PROBLEM, BUT THE LAST INTERESTS ME MOST.

THE NAME ON IT IS LUKAS WILSON. RECOGNIZE IT, ALFRED?

WILSON... WASN'T THAT THE NAME OF THE GIRL WHO KILLED HERSELF? TINA WILSON?

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME.

I'LL BE IN THE LAB.

IT'S HEROIN, ALL RIGHT.

IF I MAY SAY SO, MASTER BRUCE, I DOUBT YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER INTENDED THIS ROOM FOR THE USE TO WHICH YOU ARE PUTTING IT WHEN HE BUILT THE MANOR.

I DO BELIEVE YOU'VE SPLASHED SULFURIC ACID ON THE CHIPPENDALE TABLE.

PERSONALLY, I PREFER TO USE LEMON PLEDGE.

AH, WELL, WHAT'S A PRICELESS ANTIQUE IN THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE?

MY FEELINGS EXACTLY. BUT WE WILL HAVE TO SET UP SOMEWHERE LESS CONSPICUOUS.

ARE WE GOING TO WATCH TELEVISION? "JACK LA LAMME," PERHAPS?

NO... MADISON SPURLOCK IS ON THE EDUCATIONAL CHANNEL.

YOU MAY BE THE ONLY MAN IN GOTHAM WHOSE TELEVISION IS IN THE WORK ROOM.

WHERE ELSE?

-- STORY TOLD TO ME BY ONE OF THE ELDER TRIBESMEN, ELIZABETH.



IT'S ABOUT HOW THE BAT GOT HIS WINGS... HAPPENED WHEN HE WAS FANNING FEVER AWAY FROM THE RAVEN...



NO INDIAN TOLD HIM THAT.

I DID. AND I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE I'M THE ONLY WHITE MAN WHO'S EVER HEARD IT FROM THE SOURCE.

IS THAT SIGNIFICANT?



MAYBE NOT. PROBABLY NOT.

BUT IT TELLS US THAT THE GOOD DR. SPURLOCK DOES NOT COUNT SCRUPULOUS HONESTY AMONG HIS VIRTUES.

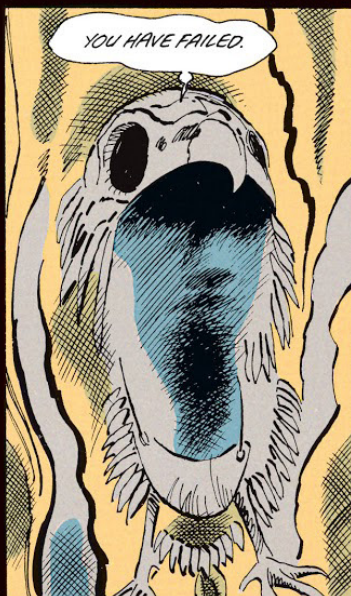


WE'LL CALL ON HIM TOMORROW.



... THANK YOU FOR BAILIN' US OUT.

YEAH... THAT JAIL, MAN, WAS BUMMER CITY.



YOU HAVE FAILED.



HEY, WE TOLD YOU-- THE BAT MAN...



WHERE'D HE GO--?





HE...  
STRANGLER  
'IM?

YEH.

HE DIED QUICKLY.  
IF YOU FAIL AGAIN,  
YOU WILL NOT.



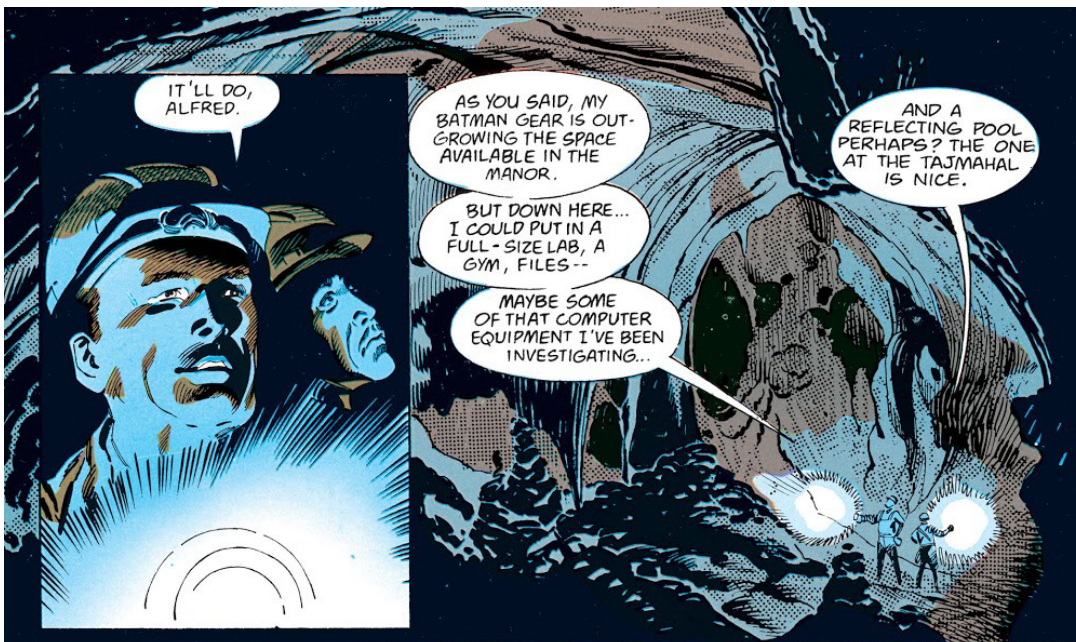




1975-12-20

GOtham CITY





IT'LL DO, ALFRED.

AS YOU SAID, MY BATMAN GEAR IS OUT-GROWING THE SPACE AVAILABLE IN THE MANOR.

BUT DOWN HERE... I COULD PUT IN A FULL-SIZE LAB, A GYM, FILES--

MAYBE SOME OF THAT COMPUTER EQUIPMENT I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING...

AND A REFLECTING POOL PERHAPS? THE ONE AT THE TAJMAHAL IS NICE.



I SUPPOSE THIS IS THE SOURCE OF THE BAT THAT SMASHED THROUGH THE WINDOW THE NIGHT YOU DECIDED ON YOUR NEW IDENTITY.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN ABOUT THIS CAVERN?

SINCE I WAS FOUR.

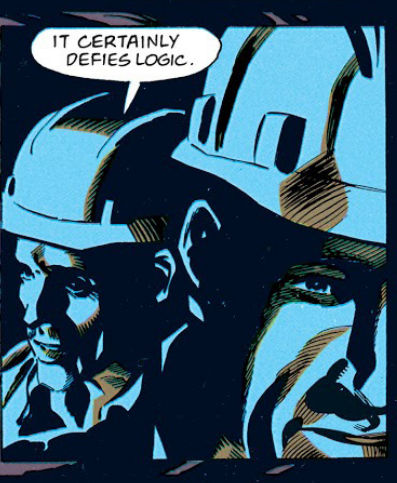


I FELL THROUGH A HOLE IN THE YARD. LANDED HERE. SCARED ME STUPID. I WAS A BASKET CASE BY THE TIME DAD FOUND ME.

FUNNY HOW THINGS COME TOGETHER.



BATS, FEAR, DARKNESS, MY FATHER... ALMOST AS IF THE ELEMENTS BEYOND MY CONTROL WERE CONSPIRING TO MAKE ME WHAT I AM.

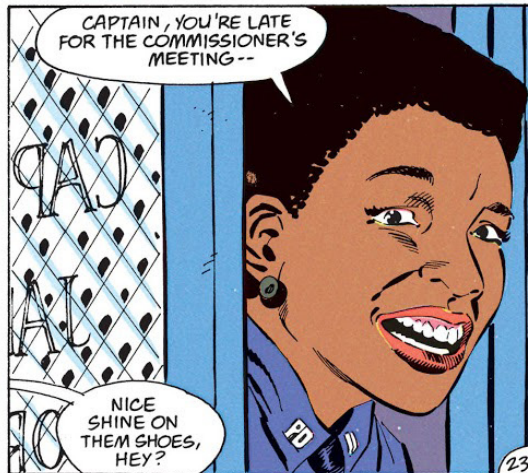
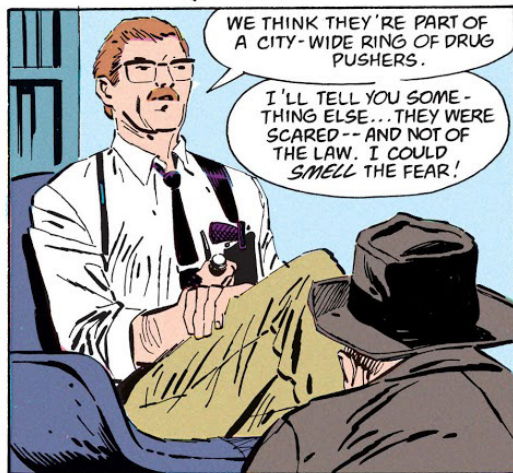
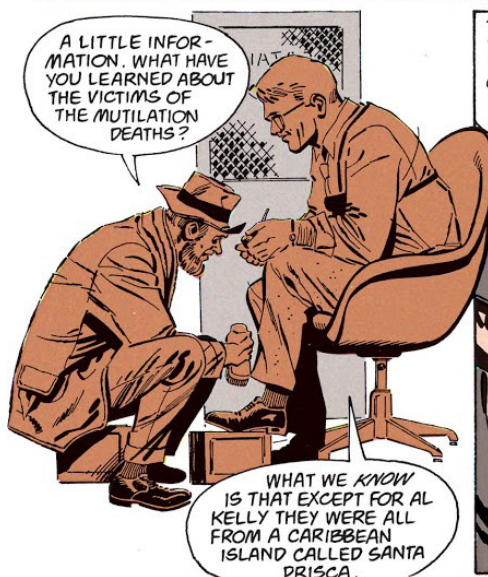


IT CERTAINLY DEFIES LOGIC.

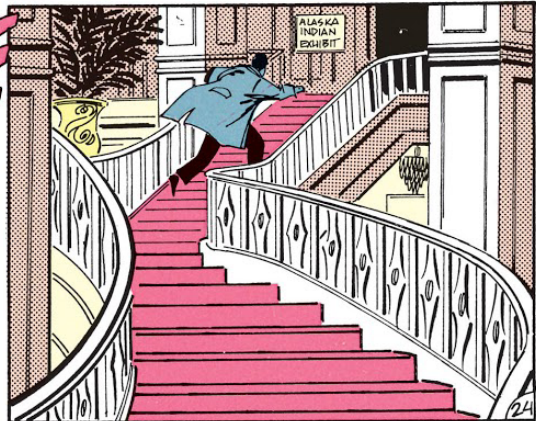
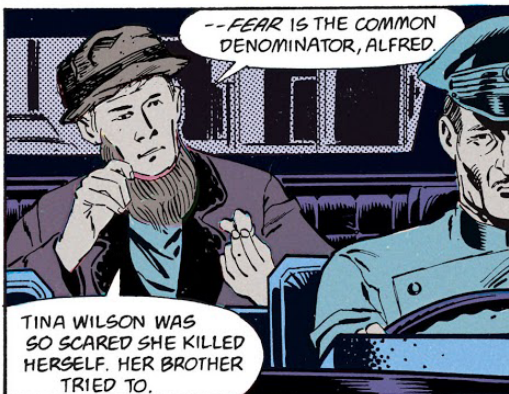




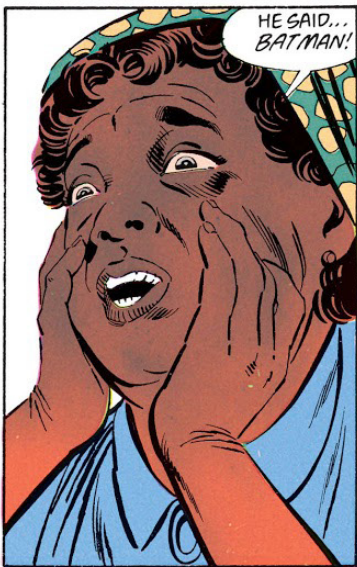
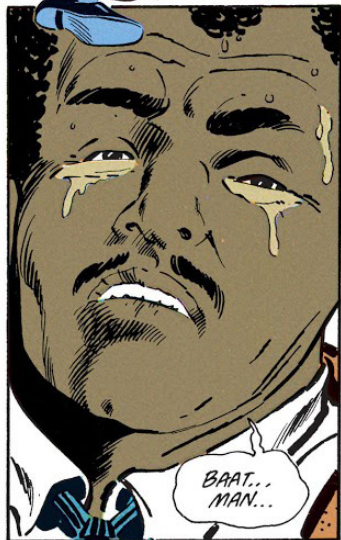














**BATMAN:**  
LEGENDS OF THE  
**DARK KNIGHT**  
**SHAMAN**  
BOOK THREE

Dennis O'Neil: Writer  
Edward Hannigan: Penciller  
John Beatty: Inker  
John Costanza: Letterer  
Richmond Lewis: Colorist  
Kevin Dooley: Asst. Editor  
Andrew Helfer: Editor  
BATMAN created by Bob Kane

A FEW SECONDS AGO,  
HE WATCHED A MAN DIE.

IT IS SOMETHING HE HAS  
SEEN BEFORE. HE WILL  
NEVER GET USED TO IT.

WAIT HERE. YOUR FRIEND  
SHOULD BE ALONG WITH  
THE POLICE-- AND THE  
DOCTOR.

FOR ALL THE GOOD  
THEY'LL DO.

I'M GOING TO  
CHECK IN THE  
BALLROOM. MAYBE  
THE KILLER IS  
STILL AROUND.

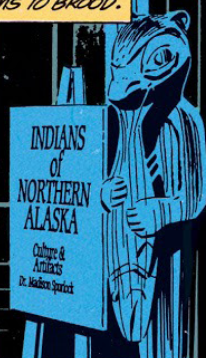




JUST 53 HOURS AGO,  
THIS PLACE WAS FILLED  
WITH GLITTERING, LAUGHING  
MEN AND WOMEN CELEBRAT-  
ING DR. MADISON  
SPURLOCK'S TRIUMPH--

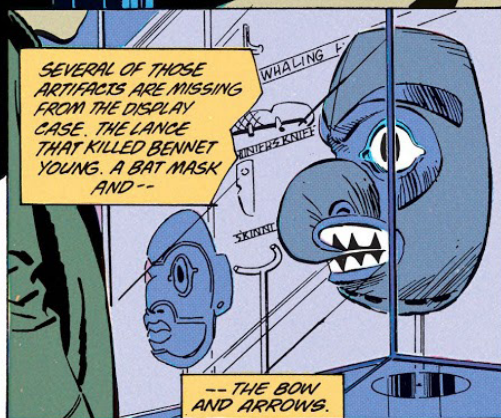
--THE RETURN FROM THE  
WILDS OF ALASKA WITH  
TRIBAL ARTIFACTS NEVER  
BEFORE SEEN BY WHITE  
MEN.

NOW, IT IS EMPTY, AND  
FILLED WITH A QUIET  
THAT SEEMS TO BROOD.



SEVERAL OF THOSE  
ARTIFACTS ARE MISSING  
FROM THE DISPLAY  
CASE. THE LANCE  
THAT KILLED BENNET  
YOUNG. A BAT MASK  
AND--

--THE BOW  
AND ARROWS.



SOMETHING BEHIND  
AND ABOVE HIM.

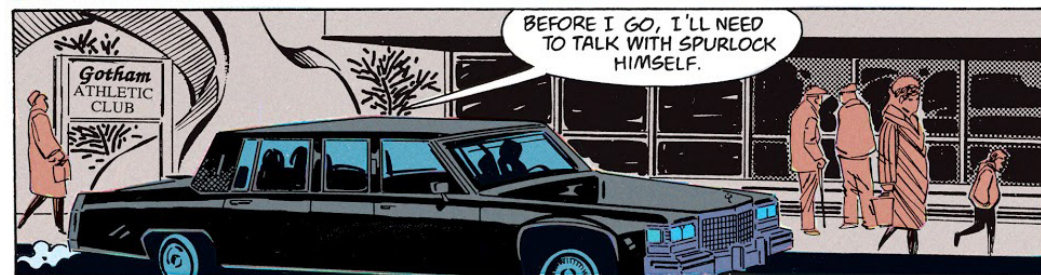
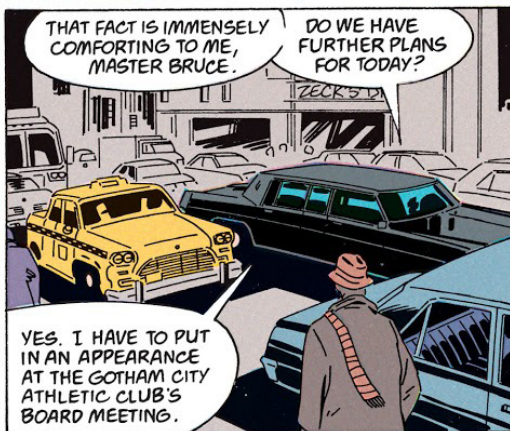


FREEZE!

YOU MAKE A  
MOVE AND I'LL  
BLOW YOU TO  
KINGDOM COME.











AH, ALFRED? SHOULDN'T YOU BE MAKING NOTES ON MY INSTRUCTIONS?

WHY? HAVE WE ACQUIRED STOCK IN A PAPER COMPANY?



WAYNE. GOOD TO SEE YOU, MAN!



I'M SORRY... I'M TERRIBLE WITH NAMES. YOU'RE--

FISK. CARL FISK.

OF COURSE. THE BANKER. HOW ARE YOU, FISK?



NEVER BETTER.

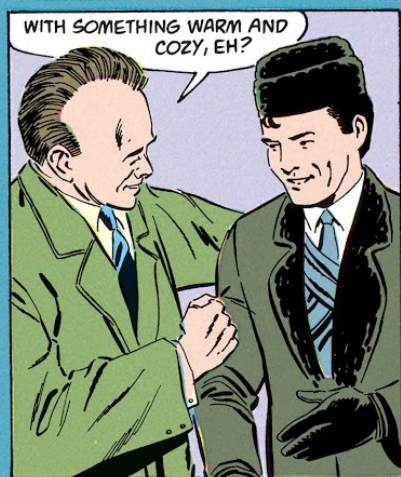
LISTEN, I'VE EXPANDED INTO REAL ESTATE AND I'M IN A POSITION TO BUY SOME PROPERTY OF YOURS.

I'M HAVING A LITTLE GET TOGETHER TONIGHT.

WHY DON'T YOU DROP BY AND WE'LL DISCUSS--



SORRY. I... AH-- I ALREADY HAVE AN APPOINTMENT.



WITH SOMETHING WARM AND COZY, EH?



DARK.

DARK AND VAST.

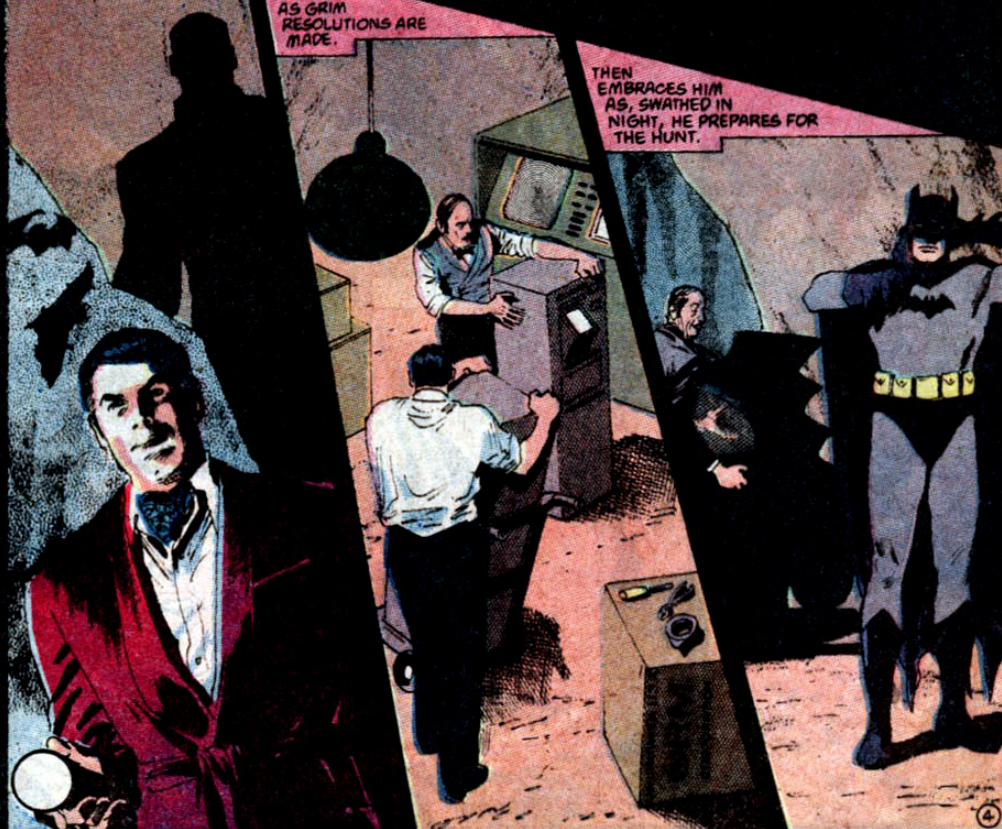
THE BLACK GULF WAITS PATIENTLY.

WAITS AS, ON A CITY STREET ABOVE, THE CHILD SCREAMS ONCE MORE, REBORN IN DEATH.

WAITS AS THE CHILD BECOMES A MAN.

WAITS AS GRIM RESOLUTIONS ARE MADE.

THEN EMBRACES HIM AS, SWATHED IN NIGHT, HE PREPARES FOR THE HUNT.







IT'S COLD. COLDEST  
NIGHT OF THE YEAR.  
TEMPERATURE TWO  
BELOW AND DROPPING.

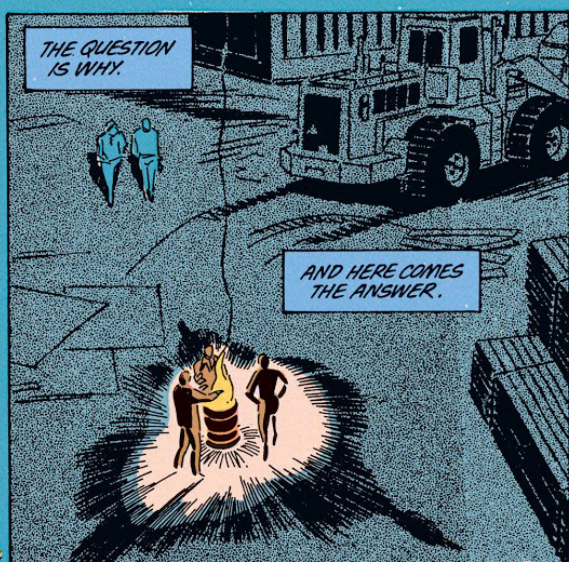
THE CAPE AND THERMAL  
CLOTHING HELP, BUT  
STILL, HIS MOLARS  
ACHE FROM THE CHILL.





HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING  
GRANDY JIMENEZ  
SINCE NINE.

AT MIDNIGHT, GRANDY  
MET WITH SOME ASSOCIATES  
HERE AT A HALF-COMPLETED  
OFFICE BUILDING.



THE QUESTION  
IS WHY.

AND HERE COMES  
THE ANSWER.



YOU GOT THE MONEY?

YEH. YOU GOT  
THE GOODS?



A DOPE DEAL.  
NO SURPRISE.

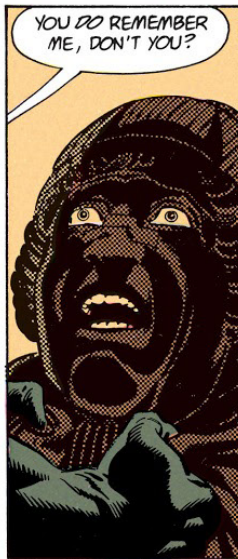
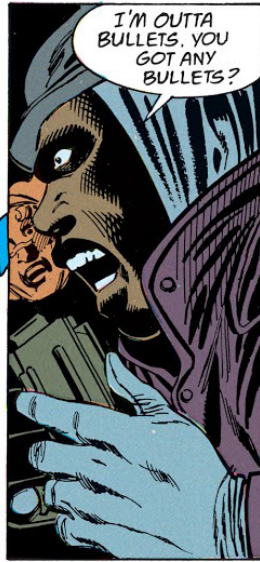
THERE ARE FIVE  
OF THEM.



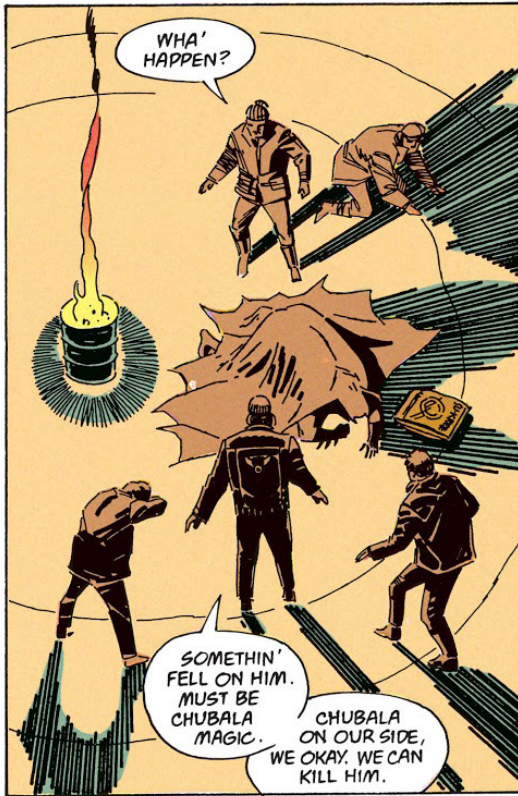




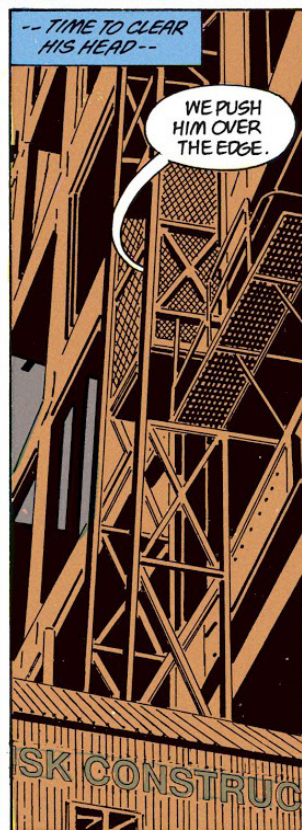
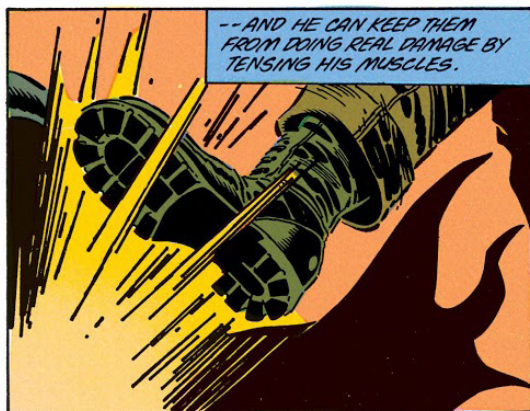
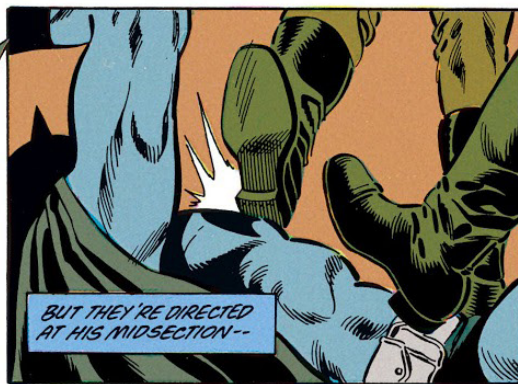




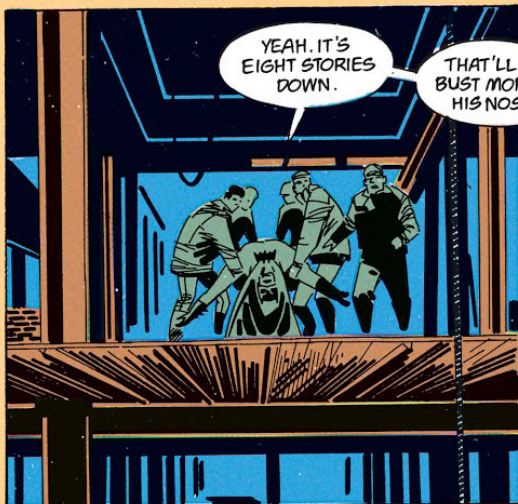








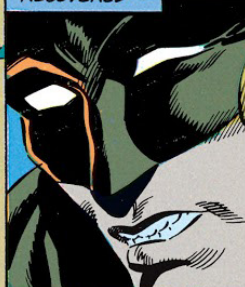




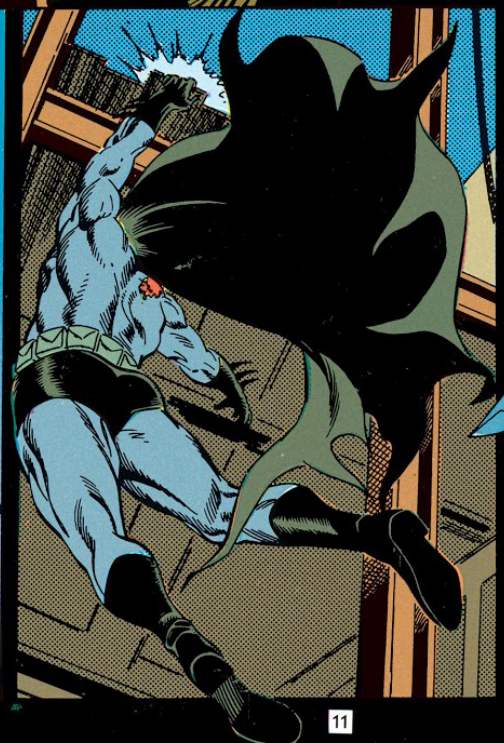
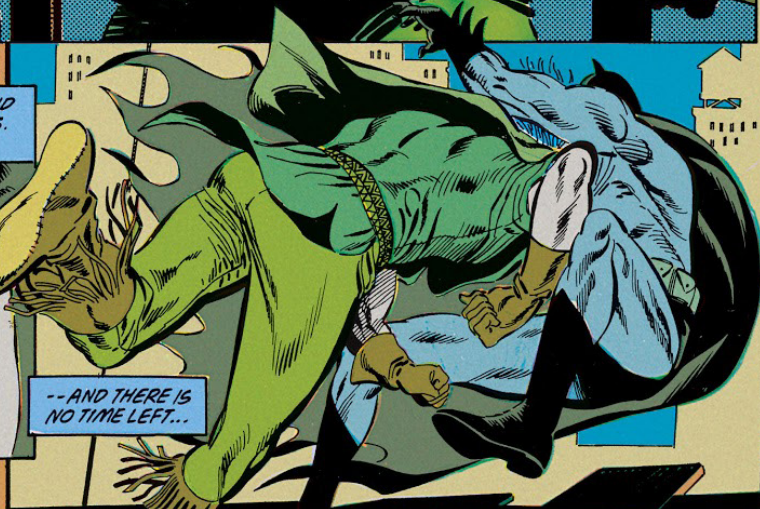




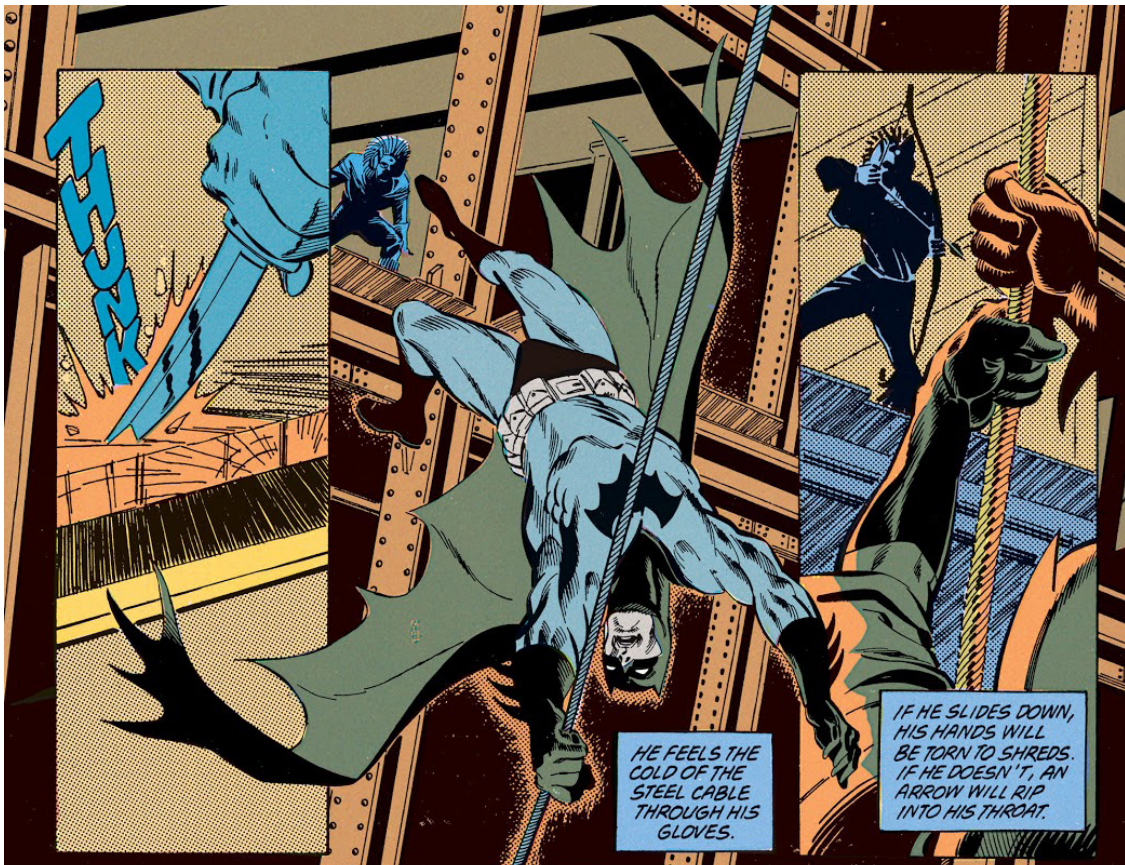
HIS LIMBS TREMBLE, AND HIS EYES WILL NOT FOCUS. HE HAS NOT YET FULLY RECOVERED--



--AND THERE IS NO TIME LEFT...

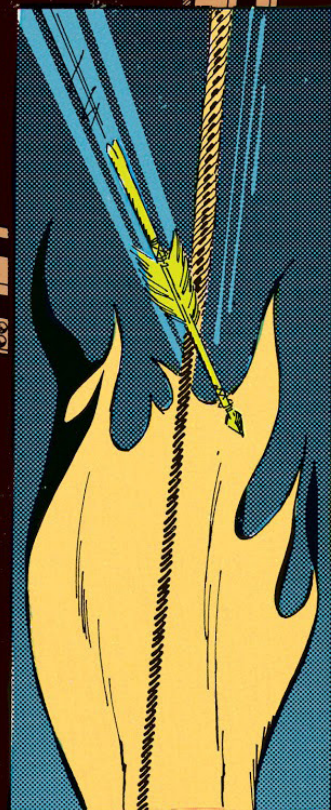






HE FEELS THE COLD OF THE STEEL CABLE THROUGH HIS GLOVES.

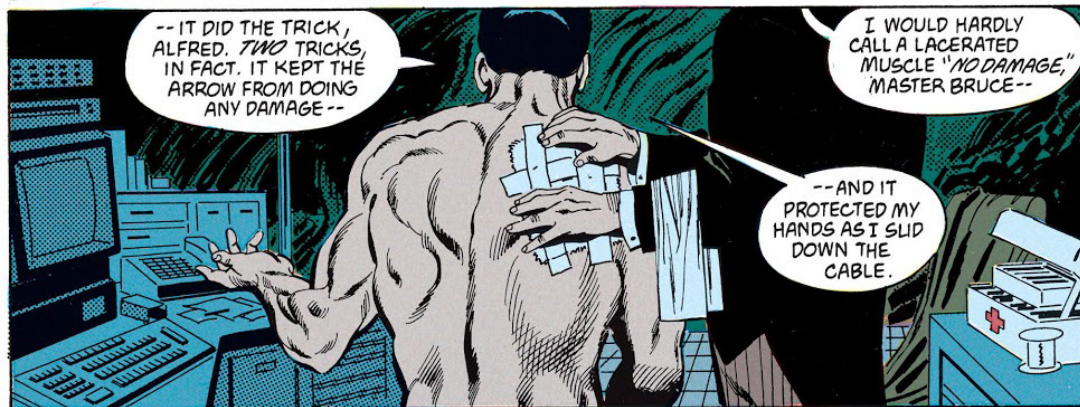
IF HE SLIDES DOWN, HIS HANDS WILL BE TORN TO SHREDS. IF HE DOESN'T, AN ARROW WILL RIP INTO HIS THROAT.







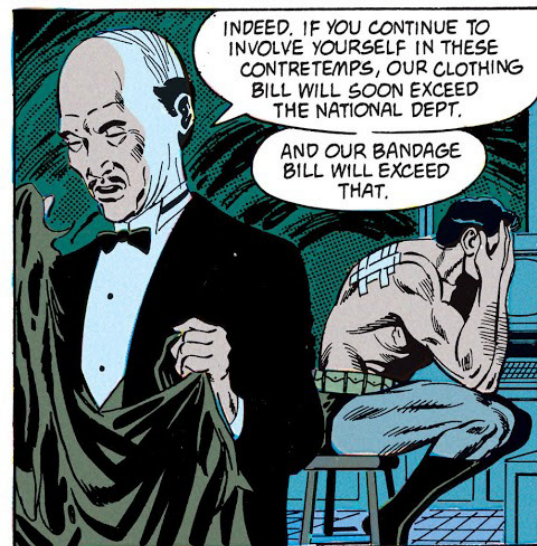
THE CAPE  
IS RUINED.  
BUT--



-- IT DID THE TRICK,  
ALFRED. *TWO* TRICKS,  
IN FACT. IT KEPT THE  
ARROW FROM DOING  
ANY DAMAGE --

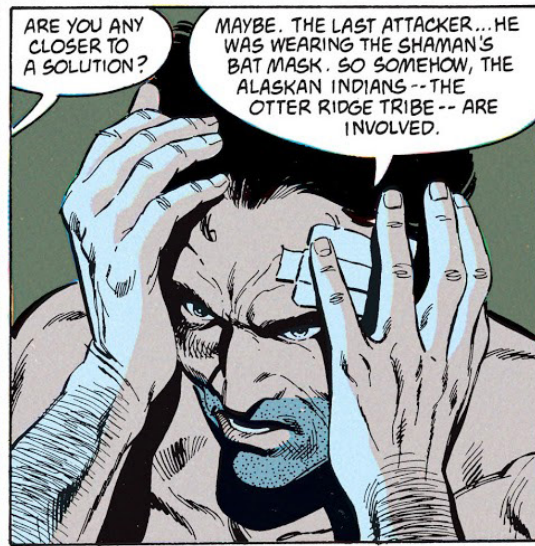
I WOULD HARDLY  
CALL A LACERATED  
MUSCLE "*NO DAMAGE*,"  
MASTER BRUCE--

-- AND IT  
PROTECTED MY  
HANDS AS I SLID  
DOWN THE  
CABLE.



INDEED. IF YOU CONTINUE TO  
INVOLVE YOURSELF IN THESE  
CONTRETEMPS, OUR CLOTHING  
BILL WILL SOON EXCEED  
THE NATIONAL DEPT.

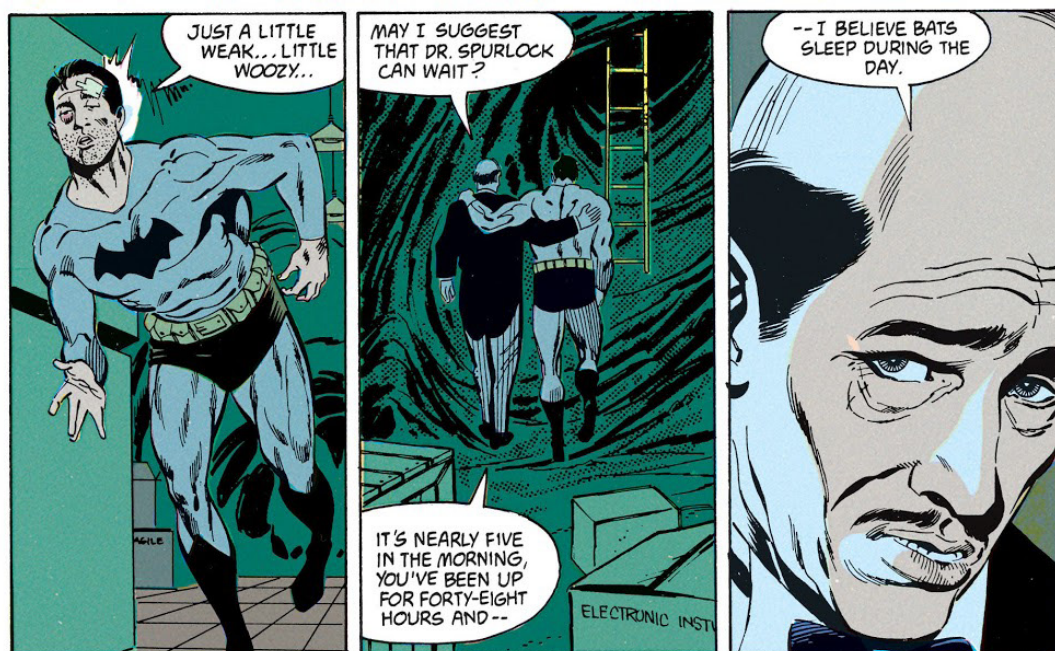
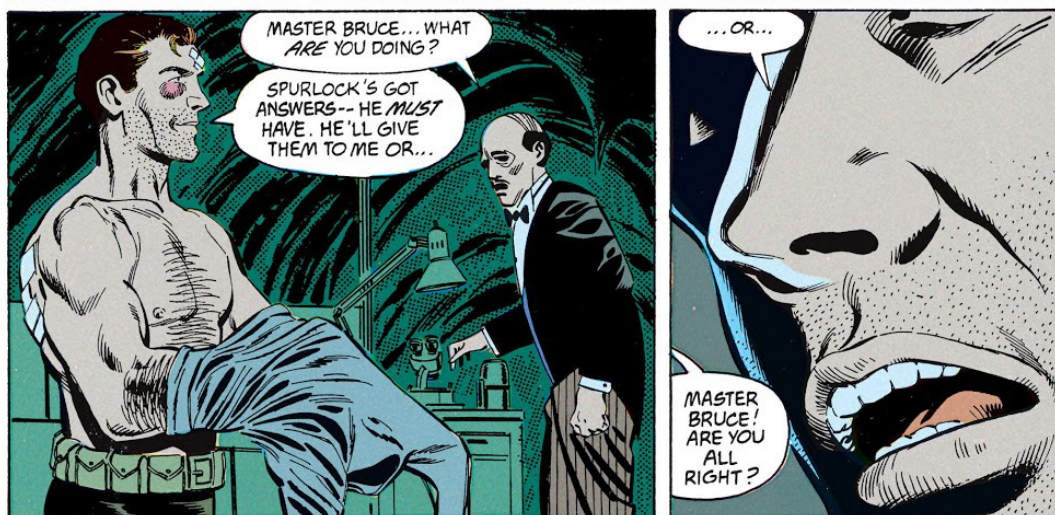
AND OUR BANDAGE  
BILL WILL EXCEED  
THAT.



ARE YOU ANY  
CLOSER TO  
A SOLUTION?

MAYBE. THE LAST ATTACKER... HE  
WAS WEARING THE SHAMAN'S  
BAT MASK. SO SOMEHOW, THE  
ALASKAN INDIANS -- THE  
OTTER RIDGE TRIBE -- ARE  
INVOLVED.





1975-12-21

GOtham CITY





WAYNE!  
WHAT ON EARTH  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU?



ABSOLUTELY  
FEROCIOUS GAME  
OF TENNIS AT  
THE CLUB  
YESTERDAY.

I LUNGED  
PAST THE BASELINE  
AND FELL--



-- AND THEN, A PASSING WAITER  
STUMBLED OVER ME AND DROPPED  
A TRAY OF DRINKS ON MY HEAD.

A MAN  
SIMPLY  
ISN'T  
SAFE  
ANY-  
WHERE  
THESE  
DAYS.



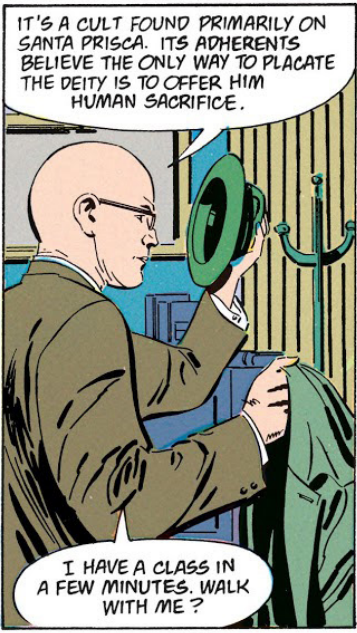
MY  
SYMPATHIES.

WHAT CAN  
I DO FOR  
YOU?



ACTUALLY, I HAVE A FAVOR TO  
ASK ON BEHALF OF MY BUTLER'S  
NIECE. SHE'S DOING A TERM  
PAPER ON PRIMITIVE RELIGIONS  
AND SHE CAN'T FIND ANYTHING  
ON "CHUBALA," WHATEVER  
THAT IS.

CHUBALA..  
AH YES.  
NAMED FOR  
A REALLY  
SAVAGE GOD.  
A VULTURE  
GOD.



IT'S A CULT FOUND PRIMARILY ON  
SANTA PRISCA. ITS ADHERENTS  
BELIEVE THE ONLY WAY TO PLACATE  
THE DEITY IS TO OFFER HIM  
HUMAN SACRIFICE.

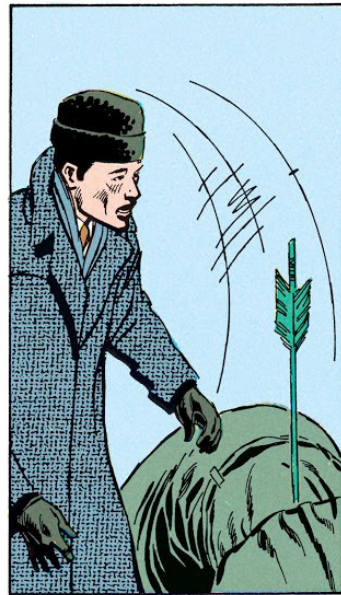
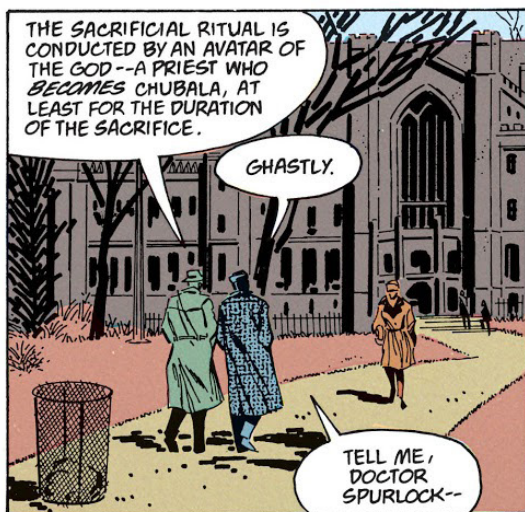
I HAVE A CLASS IN  
A FEW MINUTES. WALK  
WITH ME?



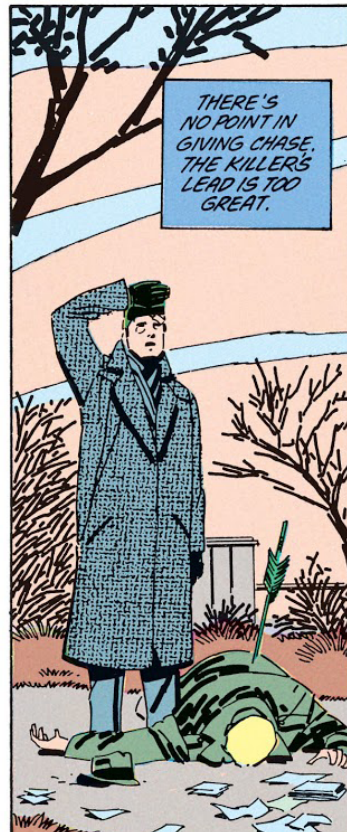
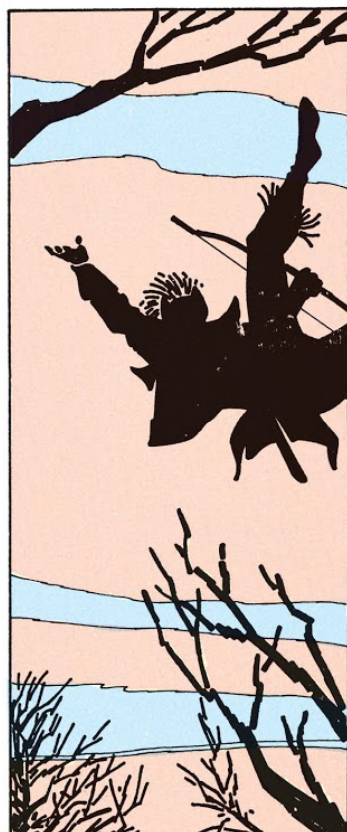
ABOUT  
CHUBALA--

THERE IS NO  
HEAVEN IN CHUBALA,  
ONLY A HELL. IF  
YOU DISPLEASE THE  
GOD, YOU SPEND  
ETERNITY WITH RATS IN  
YOUR STOMACH. THEY  
DEVOUR YOU--

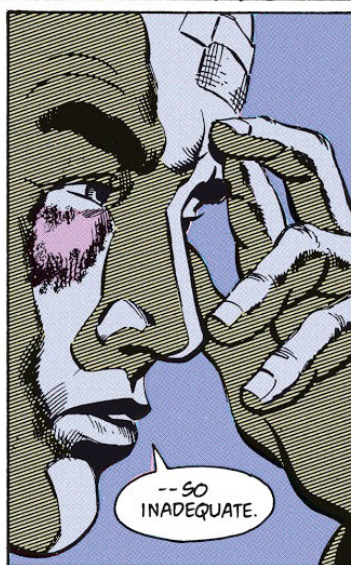
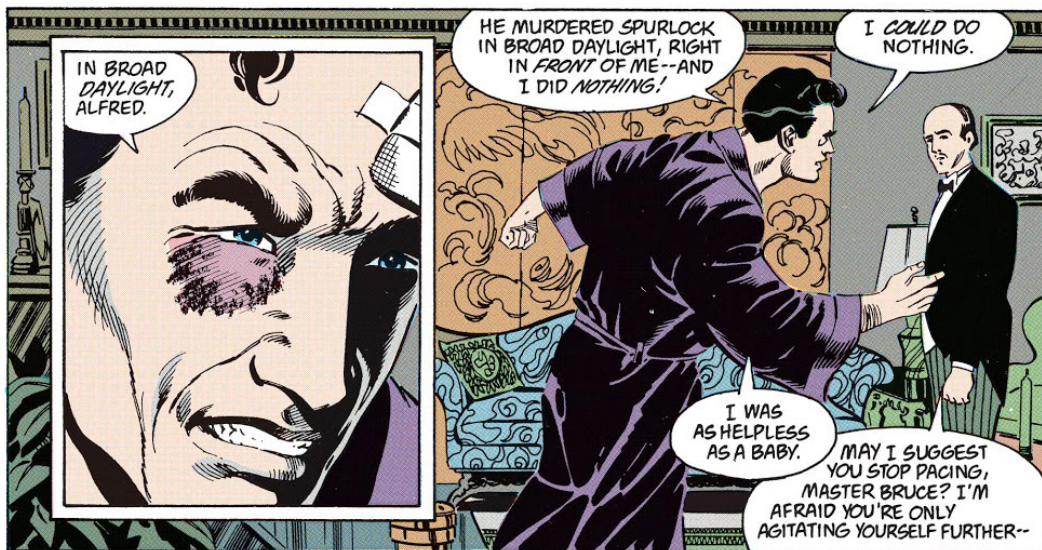
















1975-12-22

OTTER RIDGE





...FASTEN  
SEAT BELTS, FOLKS.  
WE'LL BE  
LANDING--



LAST TIME I WAS HERE, I  
CAME BY PARACHUTE, DOG  
SLED AND BOOT LEATHER.

OH, YEAH, THE  
AREA'S GETTIN' REAL  
BUILT UP, FOR SURE.  
LOCAL INDIANS ARE  
MAKING A  
KILLING.



SAVAGES  
ARE GETTIN'  
RICH.

HEY, CHECK  
OUT *THAT*  
ACTION--



THERE'S  
ONE'A  
THEM NOW...  
SOME  
KINDA  
MEDICINE  
MAN...



BRUCE HAS SEEN  
THE MAN BEFORE--

-- AND HE'S SEEN  
THE DANCE BEFORE--



HE'S THE SHAMAN...  
THE ONE THAT THEY  
SAY CURED BRUCE.



HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

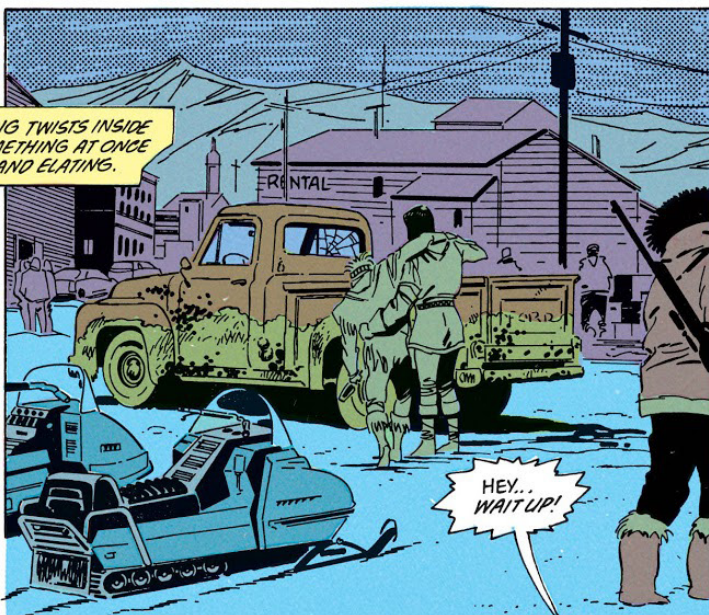
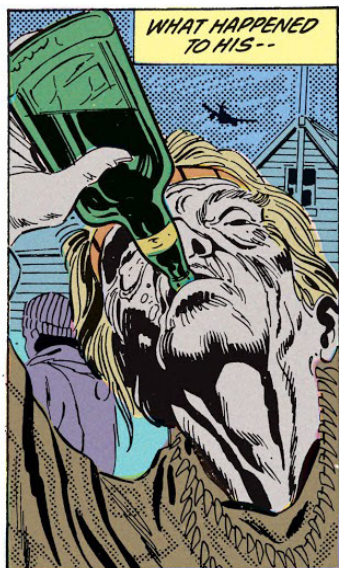
HEY, MAN, I  
GOTTA TELL YA YA'D  
FLOP ON AMERICAN  
BANDSTAND.



HERE'S A  
DIME. DON'T SPEND  
IT ALL IN ONE  
PLACE.

BUT WHAT HAPPENED  
TO HIM?

















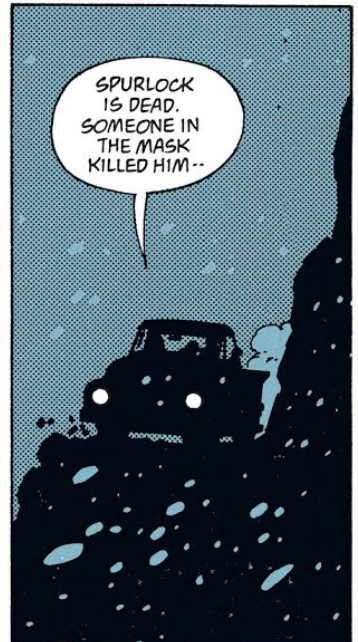
DID... DID SPURLOCK  
TAKE ANYTHING BACK  
WITH HIM?



ON HIS LAST NIGHT HERE... HE  
STOLE GRANDFATHER'S  
MEDICINE OBJECTS.

INCLUDING  
THE BAT  
MASK?

THAT  
WAS WORST  
OF ALL.



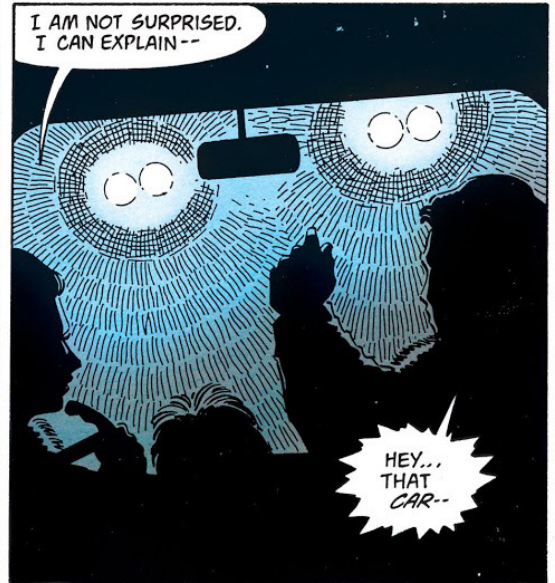
SPURLOCK  
IS DEAD.  
SOMEONE IN  
THE MASK  
KILLED HIM--



-- HIM, AND  
AT LEAST ONE  
OTHER.

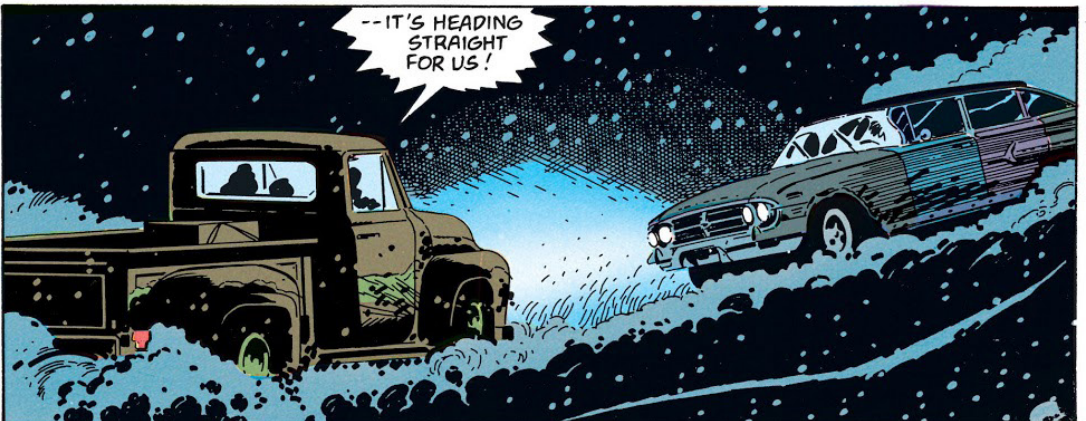
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT  
SPURLOCK'S YOUNG  
ASSISTANT?

YES,



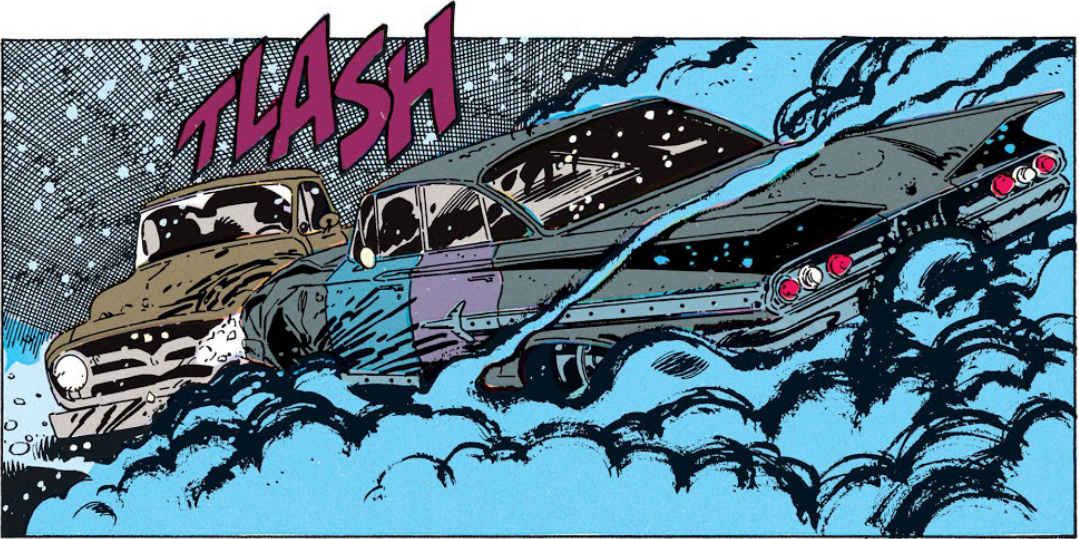
I AM NOT SURPRISED.  
I CAN EXPLAIN--

HEY...  
THAT  
CAR--



-- IT'S HEADING  
STRAIGHT  
FOR US!





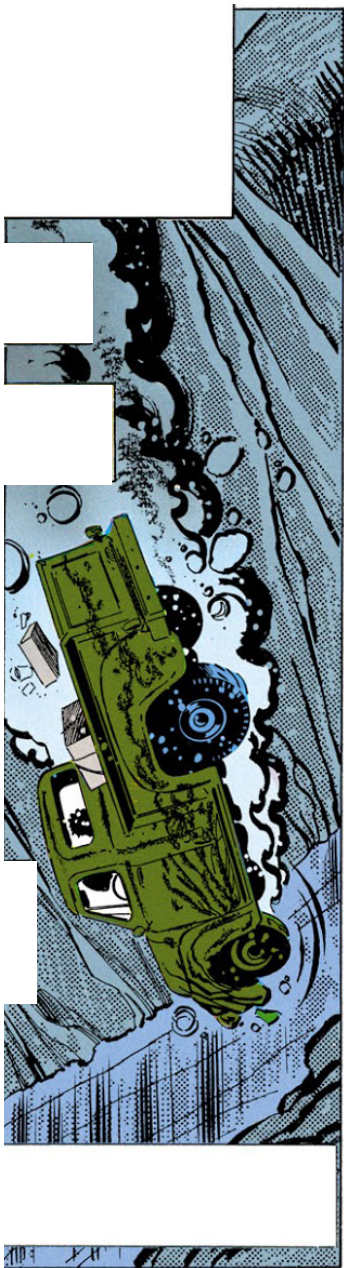




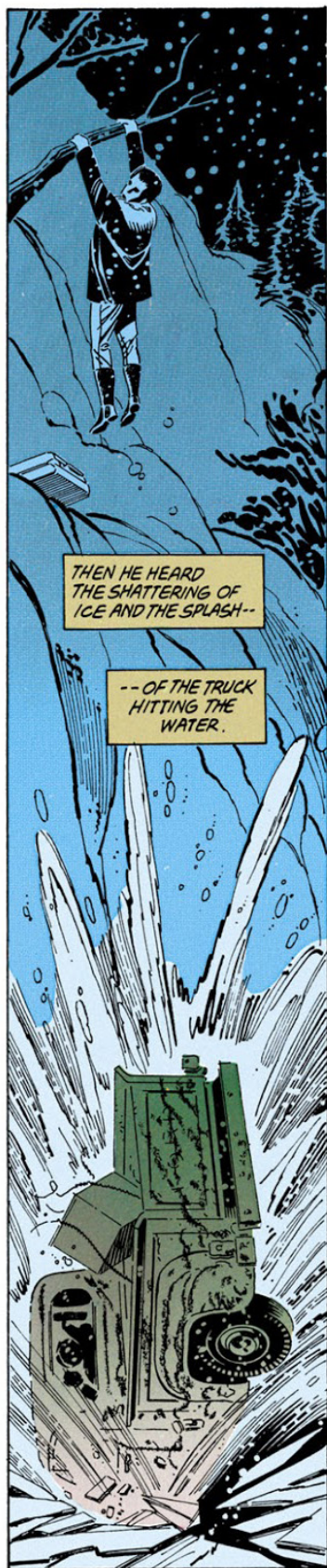
ONLY A MOMENT AGO,  
HE WAS IN THE TRUCK  
AS IT CAREENED DOWN-  
WARD--

--JOLTING AND BUMPING  
TOWARD THE DARK STRIP  
OF THE RIVER. HE SAW  
THE DOOR POP OPEN--

--FELT THE  
STING OF THE  
WIND AS HE  
TUMBLLED OUT  
INTO THE ICY  
NIGHT.











THE GIRL AND THE OLD MAN...  
THEY MUST STILL BE INSIDE.



FOR A MOMENT, THE  
CHILL IS PAINFUL--



--BUT ALMOST  
INSTANTLY, THE  
PAIN IS GONE.

HE FLAILS UNTIL  
HIS FINGERS  
TOUCH METAL--

THE  
TRUCK--



-- AND HE SLIDES AROUND THE  
STEEL SURFACE GROPING FOR--

CLOTH.  
FLESH--



--AND HE  
REACHES  
FOR THE GLOW  
OF THE MOON.





A DARK GLEAM OF BLOOD ON HER SKIN.

SHE MAY ALREADY BE DEAD.



BUT HE HAS NO TIME TO EXAMINE HER--

THE OLD MAN IS STILL IN THE RIVER.



NOW, SUDDENLY, HE FEELS THE WIND AGAIN AND THE PAIN RETURNS.

IT'S COLD. COLD IS THE ENEMY.



THEIR CLOTHING IS SOAKED. THEY'RE FREEZING. I'VE GOT TO WARM THEM.

BUT HOW?



COLD BLOTS THE STRENGTH--

--NUMBS THE WILL TO SURVIVE. BUT:



MY SUITCASE...









BUT YOU'LL FREEZE --

NO. I CAN WARM FROM THE INSIDE.

AND IT SEEMS TO BE TRUE.



THE OLD MAN IS NO LONGER SHIVERING.

BUT THE GIRL IS.

SHE'S IN SHOCK... GOING INTO HYPOTHERMIA ... SHE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD... AND HER PULSE IS ERRATIC AND FAINT...

WE'VE GOT TO GET HER TO A DOCTOR.

A DOCTOR? HERE? ON A LONELY STRETCH OF RIVER AFTER MIDNIGHT? WITH THE TEMPERATURE WELL BELOW ZERO?



LOOK, YOU ONCE SAVED MY LIFE... TWO YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS SUFFERING FROM EXPOSURE... I HAD PNEUMONIA...



YES.



WHATEVER YOU DID FOR ME... DO IT FOR HER.

NO. I CAN NO LONGER HEAL. I GAVE AWAY MY HEALING POWER WHEN I DISGRACED MYSELF--

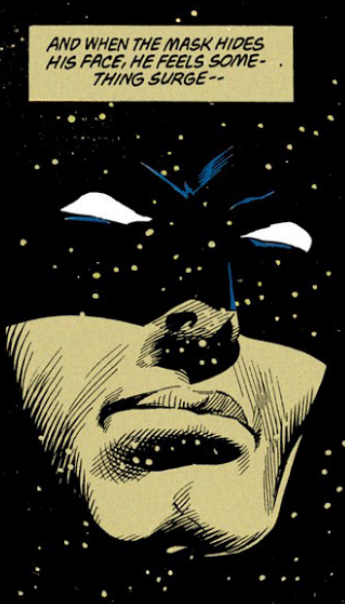


BUT YOU KNOW THE HEALING STORY. YOU CAN TELL IT.

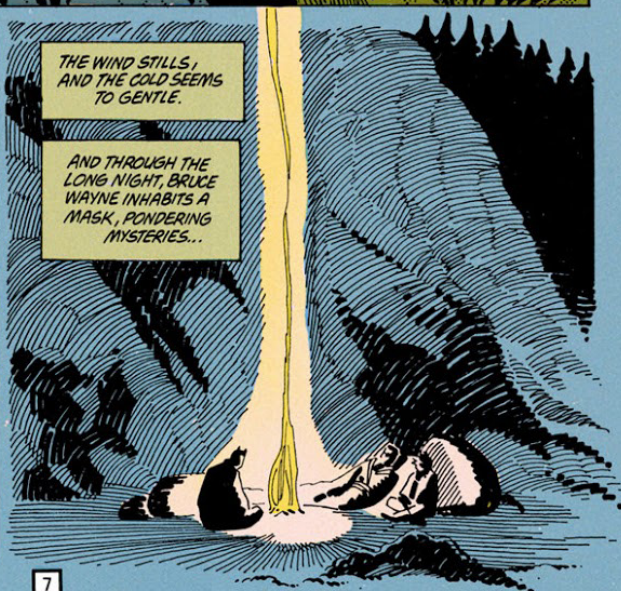


ME? I'M NOT A SHAMAN. I DON'T HAVE THE MASK OR--









1975-12-23

OTTER RIDGE





HE WILL NEVER SPEAK OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE HOURS BEFORE DAWN--



--NOR WILL HE EVER QUITE UNDERSTAND IT...



... BUT I'VE FIGURED OUT A LOT OF WHAT'S GOING ON BACK IN GOTHAM -- MAYBE BECAUSE I FINALLY STOPPED TO THINK.

MAYBE FOR ANOTHER REASON.



I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU SOMETHING--

I WILL BETRAY NO CONFIDENCES--



I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO. I JUST NEED CONFIRMATION OF SOMETHING I ALREADY KNOW.

TWO YEARS AGO, JUST BEFORE WE PARTED, YOU SPOKE OF YOUR GRAND-FATHER'S CURING ME...



WHEN YOU LAY ILL, HE TOLD YOU A STORY. YOU AND THE OTHER MAN.



"THE OTHER MAN." THAT WAS THE FUGITIVE WHO KILLED WILLY DOGGETT... WHO TRIED TO KILL ME. THAT WAS TOM WOODLEY.

HE SOMEHOW SURVIVED FALLING OFF THE LEDGE, DIDN'T HE?



IT WAS WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A MILLION-TO-ONE CHANCE... HE STRUCK A LOWER LEDGE AND THEN FELL INTO A VERY DEEP SNOW DRIFT.





OKAY, NOW I GUESS. MADISON SPURLOCK GOT WOODLEY TO HELP WITH SPURLOCK'S DIRTY WORK. THEY HAD A FALLING OUT. SPURLOCK RETURNED TO GOTHAM AND WOODLEY FOLLOWED.



REVENGE, RIGHT? WOODLEY KILLED SPURLOCK'S ASSISTANT--

--AND THEN SPURLOCK HIMSELF.

IS THIS ONLY A GUESS?



NOT ENTIRELY. THERE WAS THE MATTER OF USING NATIVE WEAPONS INSTEAD OF A GUN.

WHY? MAYBE BECAUSE THE KILLER COULDN'T SMUGGLE A GUN INTO THE CITY AND WASN'T SURE HOW TO GET ONE ONCE HE ARRIVED --



--AND SO HE USED THE LANCE AND BOW HE STOLE FROM SPURLOCK'S EXHIBIT.

YOU ARE CLEVER.

I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE MASK, THOUGH--



THOMAS WOODLEY IS INSANE, BUT HE HAS HIS OWN KIND OF FAITH.

HE WAS WILLING TO HELP YOUR SPURLOCK, BUT HE BELIEVES THE MASK IS SACRED. HE VOWED TO RETURN IT.



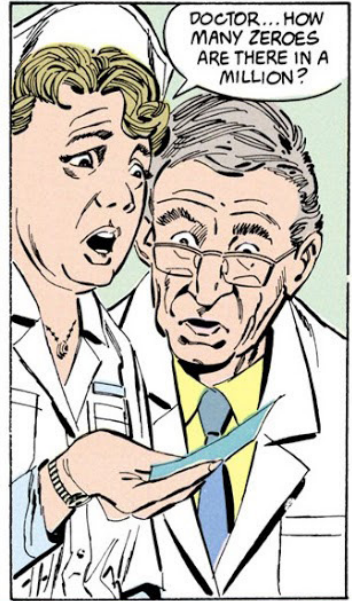
LET ME GET THAT FOR YOU.

HE'S FINISHED HIS TASK, SO I GUESS HE'LL BE COMING BACK TO OTTER RIDGE--



NO. HE HAS *NOT* FINISHED HIS TASK.





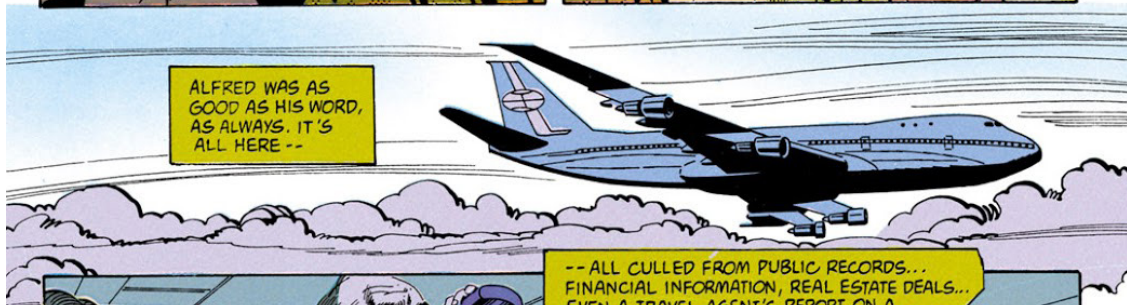












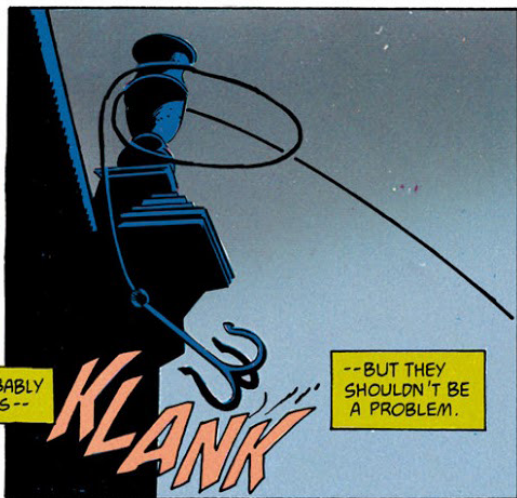
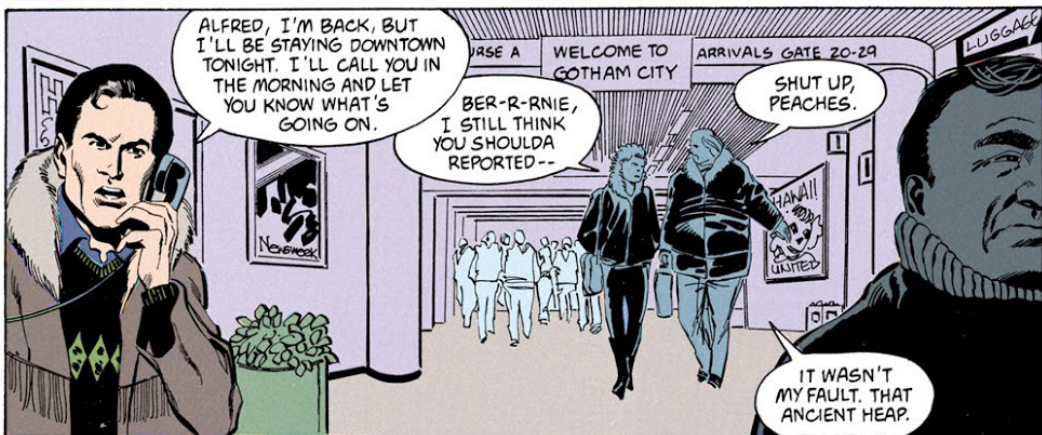
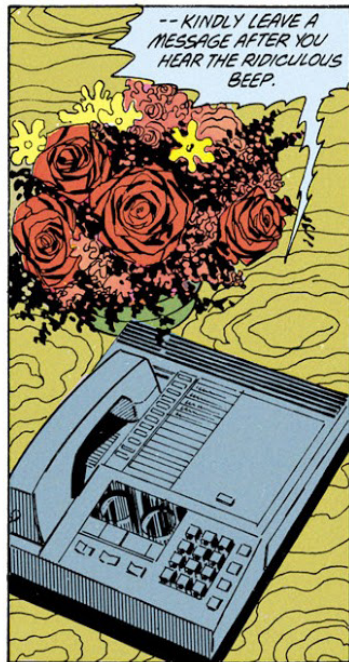




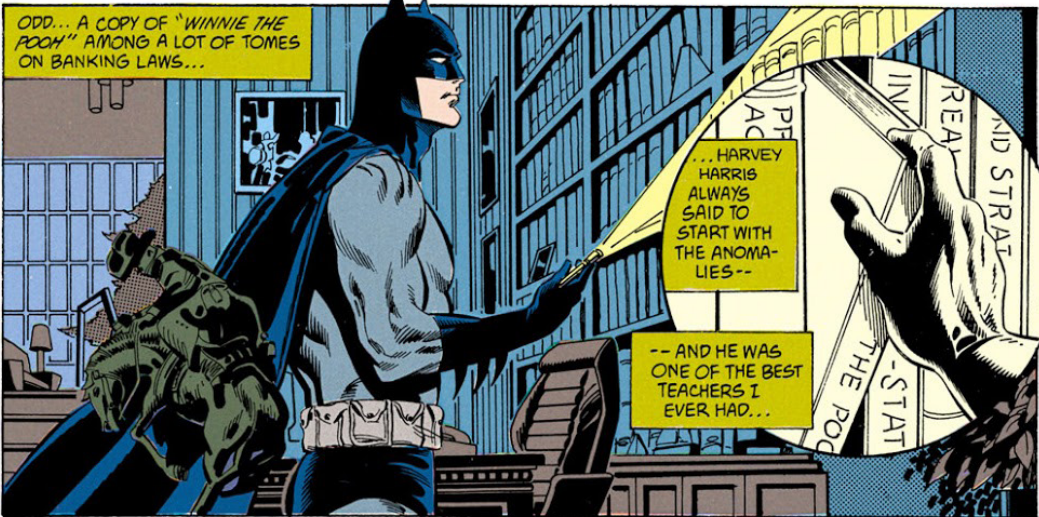
1975-12-23

GOtham CITY











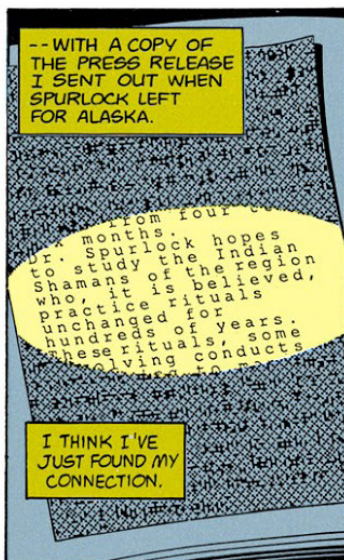


AND HERE'S  
THE PAYOFF...  
A CEREMON-  
IAL COSTUME--

--ALMOST  
CERTAINLY  
THE COSTUME  
OF A CHUBALA  
SHAMAN.



WHAT ELSE?  
...A SCRAP-  
BOOK--



--WITH A COPY OF  
THE PRESS RELEASE  
I SENT OUT WHEN  
SPURLOCK LEFT  
FOR ALASKA.

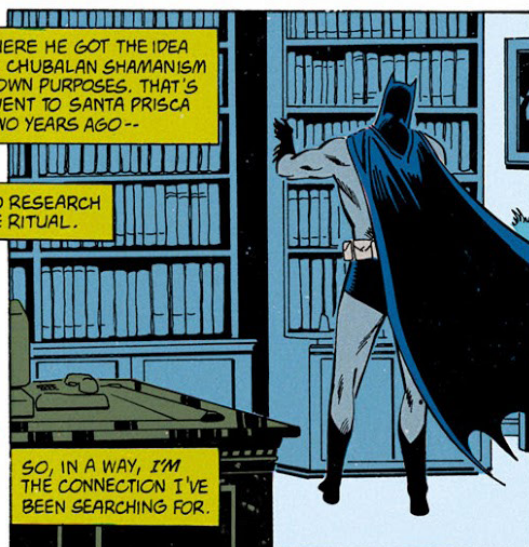
I THINK I'VE  
JUST FOUND MY  
CONNECTION.



THIS IS WHERE HE GOT THE IDEA  
OF USING CHUBALAN SHAMANISM  
FOR HIS OWN PURPOSES. THAT'S  
WHY HE WENT TO SANTA PRISCA  
TWO YEARS AGO--

--TO RESEARCH  
THE RITUAL.

SO, IN A WAY, I'M  
THE CONNECTION I'VE  
BEEN SEARCHING FOR.



I'M TELLIN' YEZ,  
THE METS AIN'T GOT  
A CHANCE.

BALONEY!

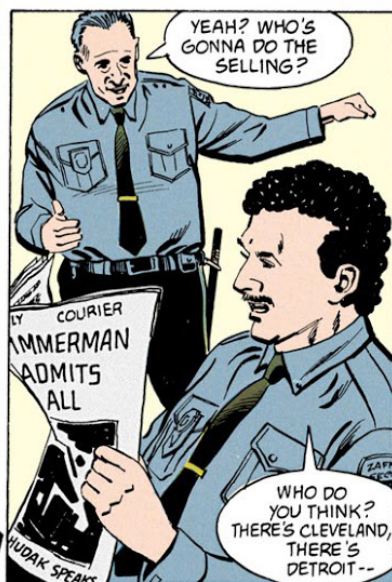
VOICES. GUARDS, PROBABLY.



THE CARDINALS'RE  
GONNA OWN THE  
NATIONAL LEAGUE  
NEXT YEAR.

ROOSTER'S  
EYEBALL,  
THEY ARE!











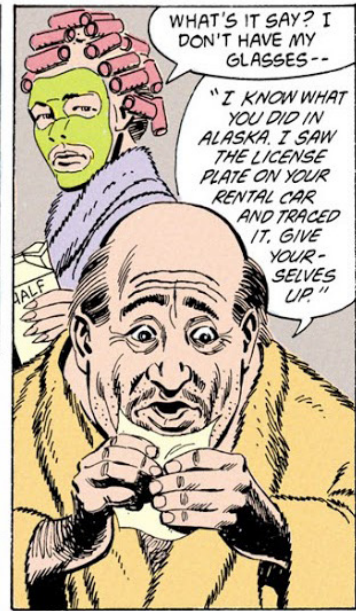




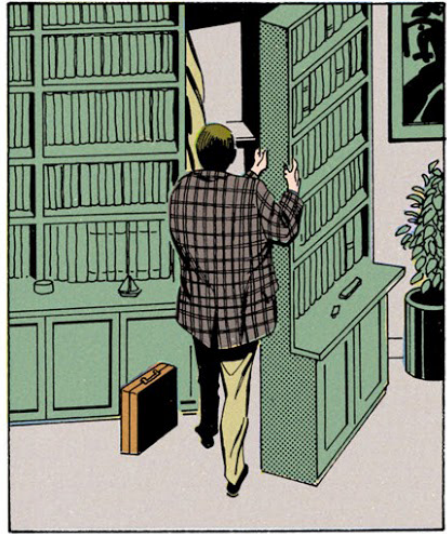
1975-12-24

GOtham CITY









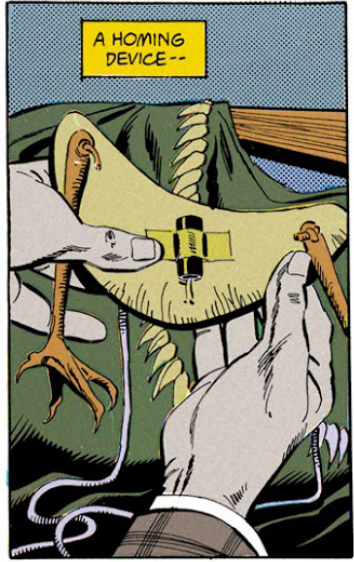




NEXT, REPLACE THOSE NASTY BULLETS WITH SOME NICE, HARMLESS BLANKS.



NOW, THE BIGGIE--THE COSTUME.



A HOMING DEVICE--



-- AND A FEW RADIO CONTROLLED EXPLOSIVES. NOT POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DO REAL DAMAGE-- BUT THEY WILL HURT.



THAT SHOULD DO IT. NOW, I WAIT UNTIL HE MAKES A MOVE.



OKAY, I'M GONNA RECOMMEND A RADAR SCAN, PRESSURE ALARMS ON THE ROOF, A MOTION DETECTOR AND A COUPLE OF INFRARED TEEVEE CAMERAS.

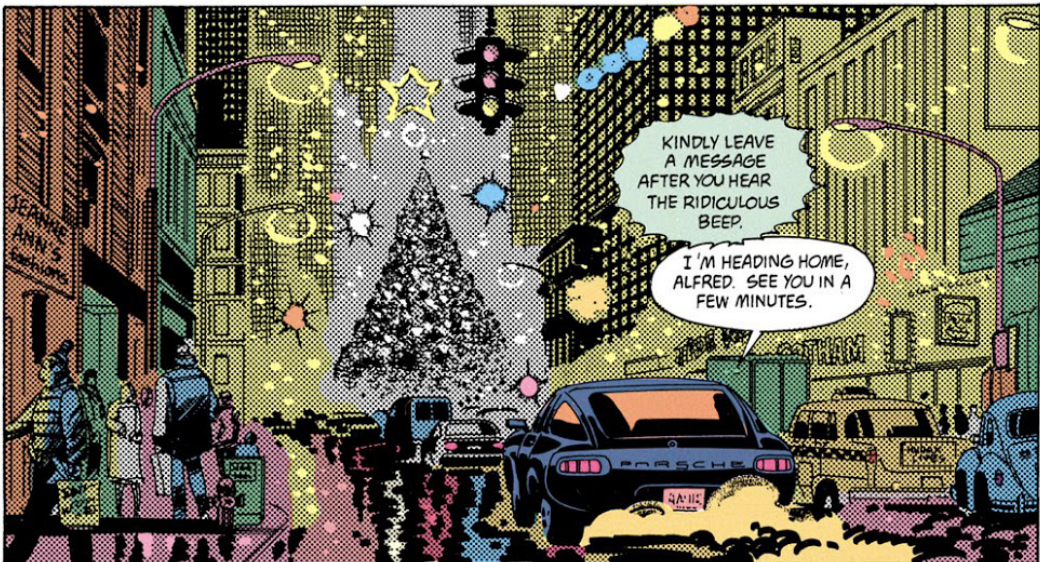
OH, AND YOU GUYS...MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRADE IN YOUR GUNS FOR SOME ANTI-GIANT BAT SPRAY, HUH?



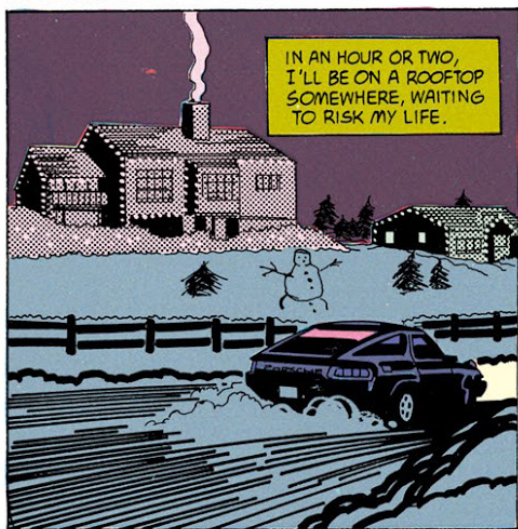
WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF? THAT SPRAY?

WE'LL GIVE K-MART A TRY.

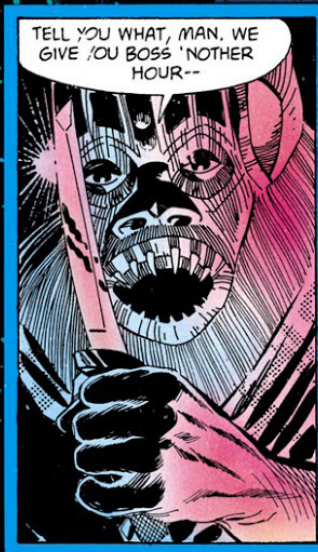












TELL YOU WHAT, MAN. WE  
GIVE 'OU BOSS 'NOTHER  
HOUR--

--THEN I CUT OFF  
YOUR PIECES. GIVE ME  
SOMETHING TO DO  
WHILE I'M  
WAITING.

I'M TIRED 'A WAITING,  
MAN. I BEEN WATCHING  
THIS PLACE FOR A MONTH...  
FOLLOWING HIM. SEEING  
HIM PUT ON THAT  
SUIT.



'COURSE, HE NEVER SEEN ME. THAT'S CAUSE I'M THE  
*BEST*. ONLY TIME I EVER BEEN BEAT, IT WAS HIM IN  
THE MOUNTAINS  
'CAUSE I DIDN'T  
FIGURE A CITY BOY  
FOR SMART.



I ALMOST HAD  
HIM ON THAT  
BUILDING, BUT  
HE GOT AWAY  
DOWN THE  
CABLE.

I TOLD YOU  
ALL THIS BEFORE,  
DIDN'T I ?



YOU HEAR IT  
AGAIN. YOU AIN'T  
GOING NOPLACE,  
MAN. NEVER.

SEE, I COME FOR THIS.  
THAT SPURLOCK, HE SHOULDN'T 'A  
STOLE *THIS*. BUT I FIND OUT  
THIS WAYNE SENT HIM, I  
SAY, *GODD*.



I BEEN WANTING  
TO GET BACK AT THIS  
WAYNE. I GET MY  
WISH. I KILL THE  
KID, I KILL  
SPURLOCK--







-- TONIGHT I KILL WAYNE. KILL YOU, TOO.



MAYBE YOU FIRST, HE DON'T GET HERE SOON.



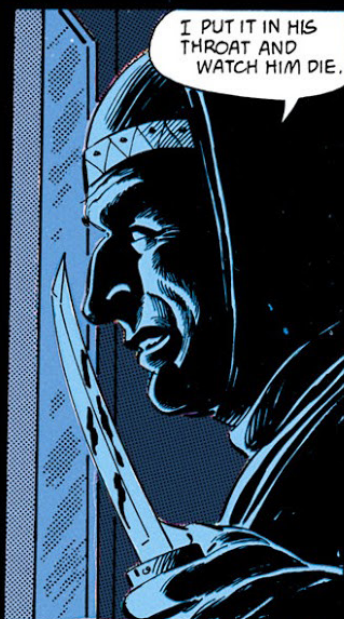
YOU HEAR THAT? CAR STOPPING IN FRONT.



IT'S HIM, WAYNE.



HE COMES THROUGH THIS DOOR, I PUT MY KNIFE IN HIM.



I PUT IT IN HIS THROAT AND WATCH HIM DIE.

TO BE CONCLUDED ...





**BATMAN™**  
**LEGENDS OF THE**  
**DARK KNIGHT.**  
**SHAMAN.**  
**BOOK FIVE**

-- UNAWARE THAT  
THE RENEGADE  
INDIAN TOM  
WOODLEY WAITS...

Dennis O'Neil: Writer  
Edward Hannigan: Penciller  
John Beatty: Inker  
John Costanza: Letterer  
Richmond Lewis: Colorist  
Kevin Dooley: Asst. Editor  
Andrew Helfer: Editor

BATMAN created by Bob Kane

Special thanks to DICK GIORDANO

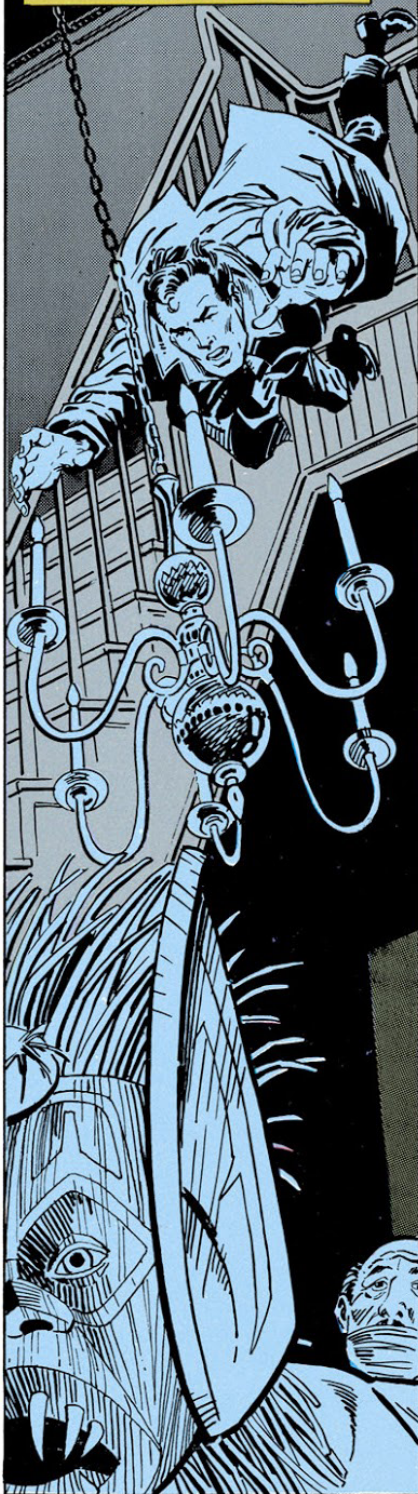






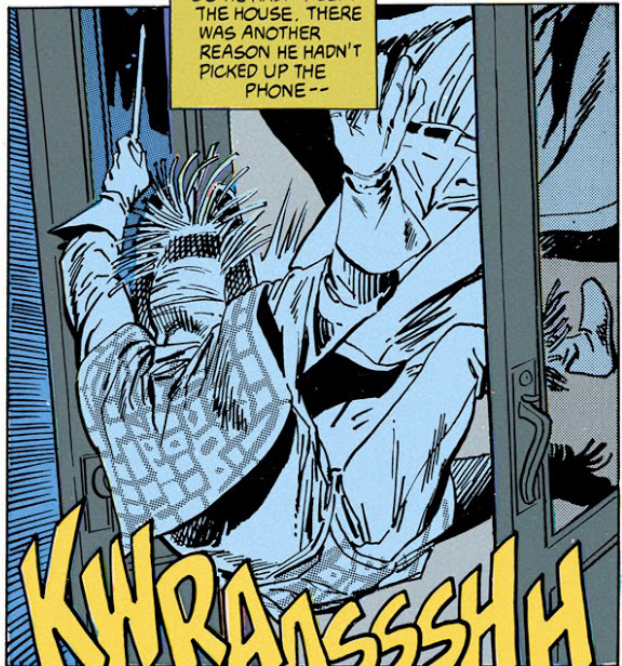


IT WAS THE SNOW. THERE WERE NO FOOTPRINTS. SINCE ALFRED HADN'T ANSWERED MY CALLS, I ASSUMED HE'D GONE OUT.



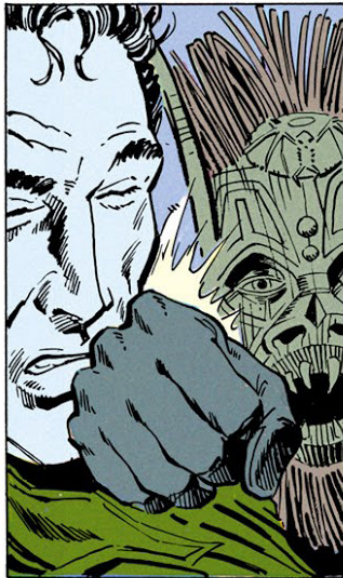
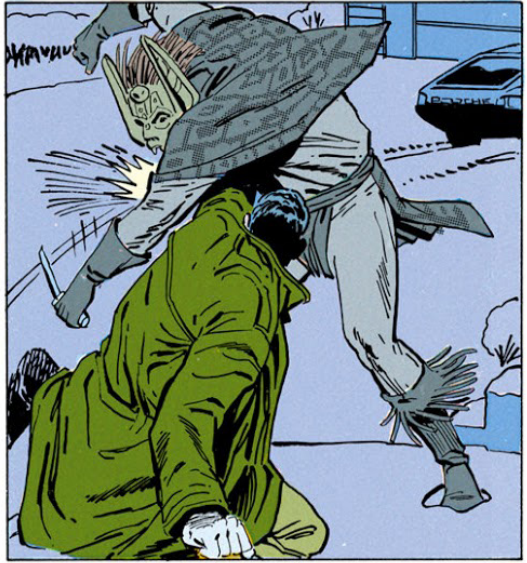
AND HE WOULD HAVE CERTAINLY TAKEN THE CAR. BUT THERE WERE NO FOOTPRINTS LEADING TO THE GARAGE AND THE LAST SNOW-FALL WAS FIFTEEN HOURS AGO.

SO HE HADN'T LEFT THE HOUSE. THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON HE HADN'T PICKED UP THE PHONE --



**KWRAASSSHH**





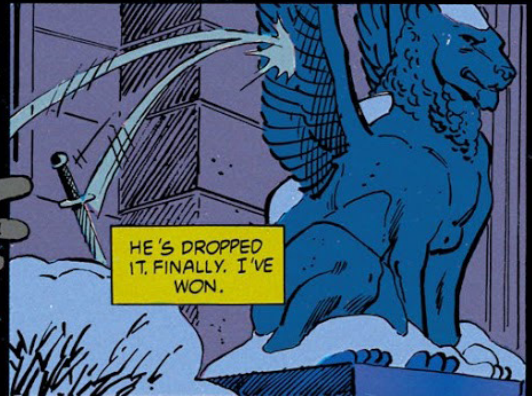








SAVED BY THE  
PADDING-- AGAIN.



HE'S DROPPED  
IT, FINALLY. I'VE  
WON.



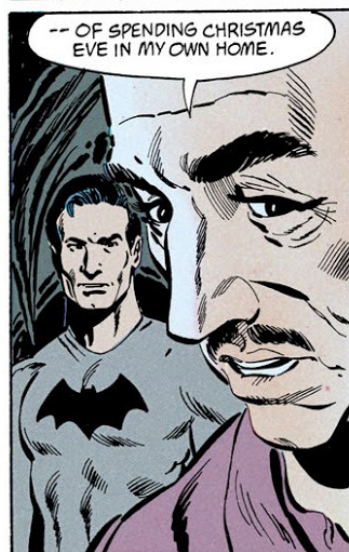
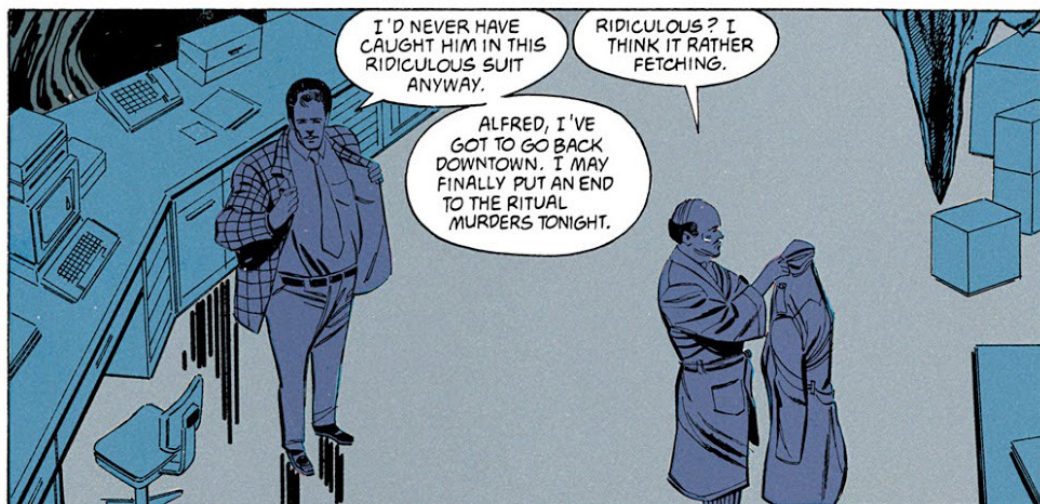
HE'S OUTFOXED ME AGAIN.



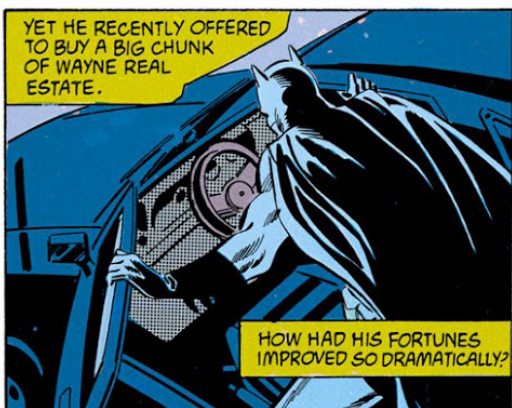
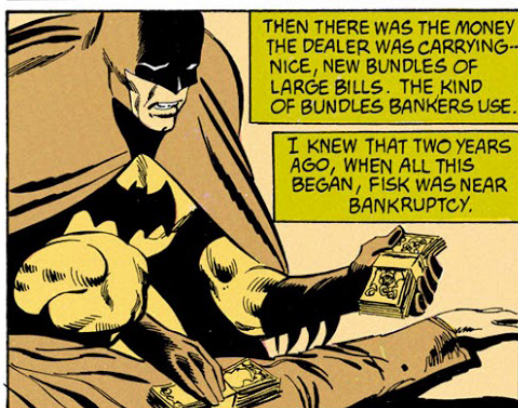
AND HE'S FAST AS A DEER. AND SINCE  
HE'S PROBABLY BEEN WATCHING THE  
HOUSE FOR A MONTH, HE KNOWS THE  
WOODS IN THE AREA FAR BETTER THAN  
I DO, AND --













ALFRED LEARNED THAT HE'D NOT ACQUIRED ANY LEGITIMATE SOURCES OF FINANCING, AND THAT HE'D VISITED SANTA PRISCA, WHERE THE DRUG TRADE ORIGINATED.

CONCLUSION? FISK HAD TAKEN CONTROL OF THE SANTA PRISCAN NARCOTICS OPERATION AND WAS USING HIS BANK TO LAUNDER THE PROFITS.



BUT HE NEEDED A WAY TO CONTROL HIS DEALERS AND RUNNERS--



-- SO HE ADOPTED THE GUISE OF WHAT THOSE DEALERS AND RUNNERS FEAR MOST, A CHUBALAN SHAMAN --



-- AND BROUGHT THE HIDEOUS RITUAL OF HUMAN SACRIFICE TO GOTHAM CITY.



WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?

ON THE STREET.

AN ORDINARY CITIZEN. GOOD. EXCELLENT. IT IS PROPER THAT TONIGHT, WHEN THE NONBELIEVERS CELEBRATE INNOCENCE, WE OFFER SUCH A MAN TO THE GOD.



YOU HAVE DONE WELL.

ASSEMBLE THE BROTHERHOOD.

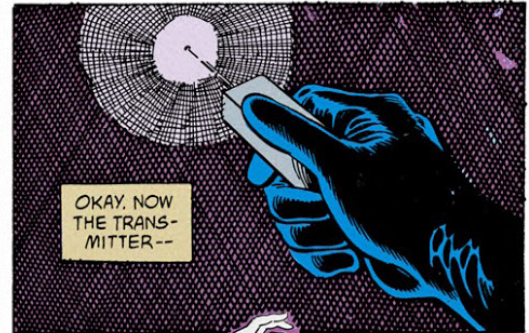


AT MIDNIGHT, THE GIFT IS GIVEN.









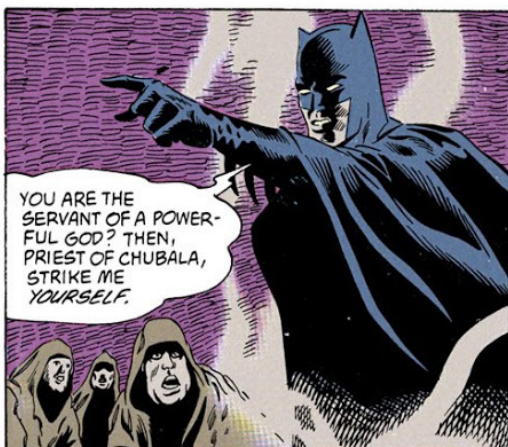








G-GET HIM...



YOU ARE THE SERVANT OF A POWERFUL GOD? THEN, PRIEST OF CHUBALA, STRIKE ME YOURSELF.



UINGH



I DARE YOU, PRIEST OF CHUBALA--



-- STRIKE ME--

-- OR BE KNOWN FOR THE PATHETIC, COWARDLY THING YOU ARE !

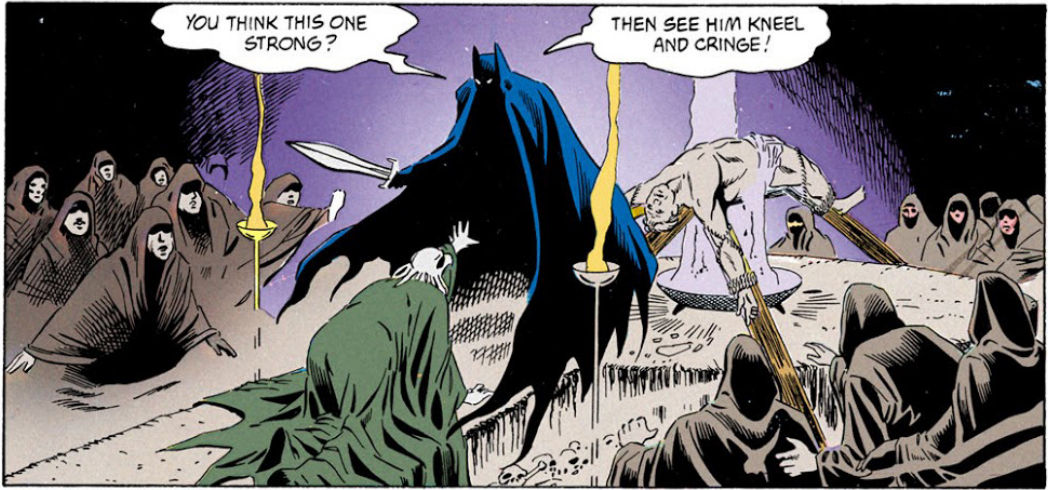


IT IS THE ONE WE HAVE HEARD ABOUT.

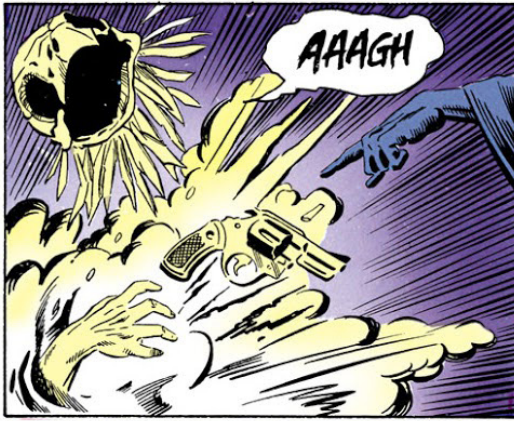


YES. THE BAT-MAN.











YOU'LL RECORD A CONFESSION. IT WON'T STAND UP IN COURT, BUT IT WILL GIVE THE COPS ENOUGH INFORMATION TO MAKE A CASE THAT WILL. THEN YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN YOUR MERCHANDISE-- EVERYWHERE IT'S HIDDEN



I HAD TO DO IT, YOU SEE...HAD TO...

I WOULD HAVE LOST *EVERY*THING. EVERYTHING I WORKED FOR. IT WASN'T FAIR. TO LOSE IT ALL. I HAD TO HAVE THE MONEY, YOU SEE.

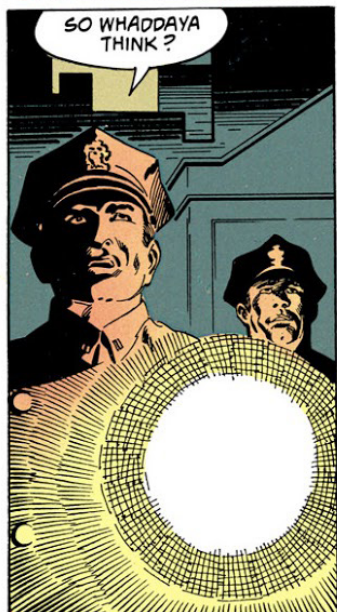


OR I WOULD HAVE BEEN *POOR*.

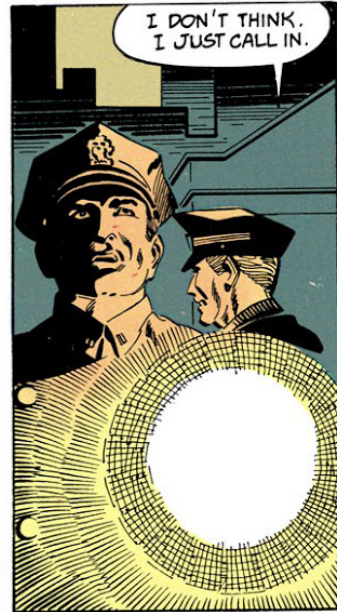
I TAKE NO JOY IN WHAT I'VE DONE TO YOU. DON'T CHANGE MY MIND.



SO WHADDAYA THINK?



I DON'T THINK. I JUST CALL IN.

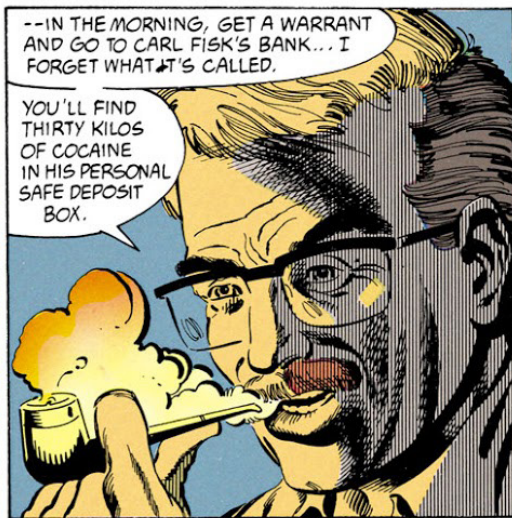


1975-12-25

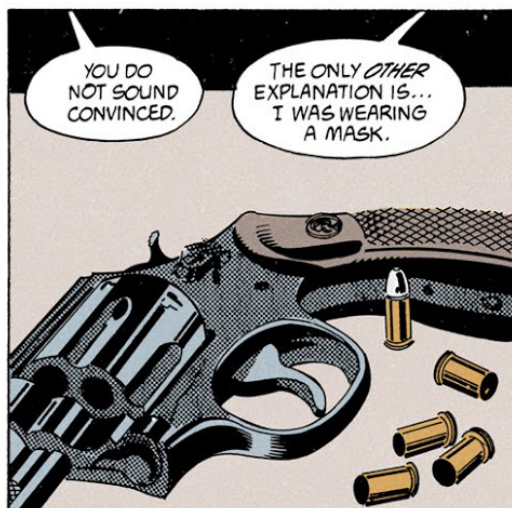
GOtham CITY















THEY LEAD FROM THE GROUNDS OF THE ESTATE INTO THE SURROUNDING WOODS.

AFTER AN HOUR, HE STOPS AND, FOR A MOMENT, LISTENS TO THE CRACKLE OF FROST AND THE HISS OF WIND.

THEN HE CALLS--

WOODLEY!  
TOM  
WOODLEY!

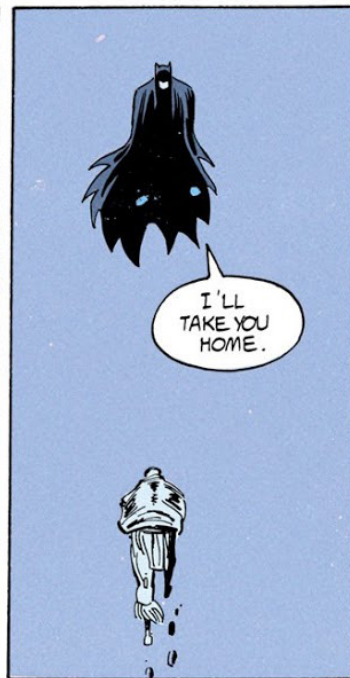
COLD IS YOUR ENEMY, TOM. IF YOU STAY OUT HERE, THE COLD WILL KILL YOU.

YOU'RE INJURED, EXHAUSTED, STARVING.



I WON'T HURT YOU. I WON'T GIVE YOU TO THE WHITE MAN'S LAW, EITHER.

I'LL TAKE YOU TO WHERE YOU WILL BE TRIED AND PUNISHED PROPERLY.

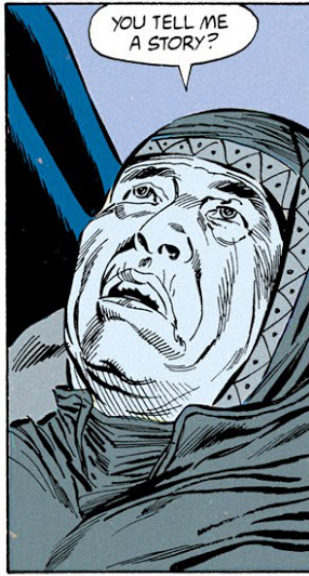


I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.













1975-12-26

GOtham CITY





SURE.



1975-12-26

OTTER RIDGE









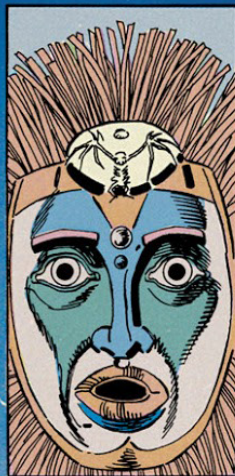
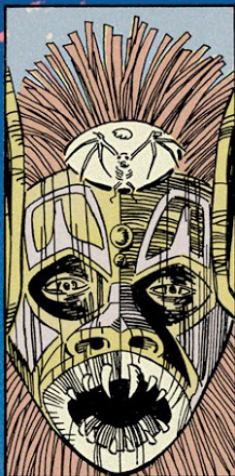




1975-12-27

GOtham CITY





AFTER  
BAT BLEW  
THE SICKNESS  
AWAY FROM  
RAVEN, HE  
COLLECTED  
IT--



-- AND TOOK IT TO  
THE NEST OF  
VULTURE...

THE END

1975-12-28

GOtham CITY





POOR CRANE! HE LOOKS LIKE A SCARECROW IN THOSE CLOTHES! HE CERTAINLY IS A QUEER FELLOW!

HE SPENDS EVERY CENT HE EARNES TO BUY BOOKS!



THE FOOLS! THEY JUDGE HUMAN VALUES BY MONEY. IF I HAD CASH, THEY'D RESPECT ME...AND I COULD BUY MORE BOOKS!

AND THERE IS A WAY--



I LOOK LIKE A SCARECROW-- SO THAT WILL BE MY SYMBOL! A SYMBOL OF POVERTY AND FEAR COMBINED--

THE SCARECROW!

1975-12-29

GOtham CITY



"I HIRED MYSELF TO A BUSINESS-MAN NAMED KENDRICK--"

PAUL HEROLD! YOU WERE TOLD TO WITHDRAW YOUR LAWSUIT AGAINST YOUR EX-PARTNER KENDRICK!

I WON'T BE INTIMIDATED! KENDRICK CHEATED ME, AND I SHALL GET SATISFACTION IN COURT!

"I COULD SMELL THE FEAR ON HIM LIKE A TANGIBLE THING. FOR AN INSTANT I SAVORED IT, TASTED IT THE WAY ANOTHER MAN MIGHT SAMPLE MARMALADE--"

FOOL! YOU'RE TERRIFIED! OBEY ME--OR DIE!

I MAY BE AFRAID--BUT I HAVE PRINCIPLES!

"--THEN REPAID HIS STUPIDITY IN LEAD!"

THE SCARECROW WARNS ONLY ONCE!

"I'D NEVER HURT ANYONE BEFORE, LET ALONE KILLED A MAN. IT WAS LIKE FRIGHTENING BIRDS..."

"...ONLY A MILLION TIMES BETTER!"

DADDY...? I HEARD A NOISE.

D-DADDY...?

1975-12-30

GOtham CITY



9:28 P.M.

City looks like I feel.

Rain hits the buildings hard, like it was something personal.

Storm's not the only stranger in town.

A VIP has come to see the glories of Gotham City.

Foreign diplomat. Nice guy. His government has a list of human rights abuses as long as a cold winter's night.

Popular, too. No end of people dying to take a shot at him.

Somewhere, some day, one of them's going to succeed.

But not in my city.

Never in my city.

# STORM

**Andrew Donkin & Graham Brand**  
writers  
**John Higgins**  
artist  
**Willie Schubert**  
letterer  
**Digital Chameleon**  
colorist  
**Goodwin & Spivey**  
editors

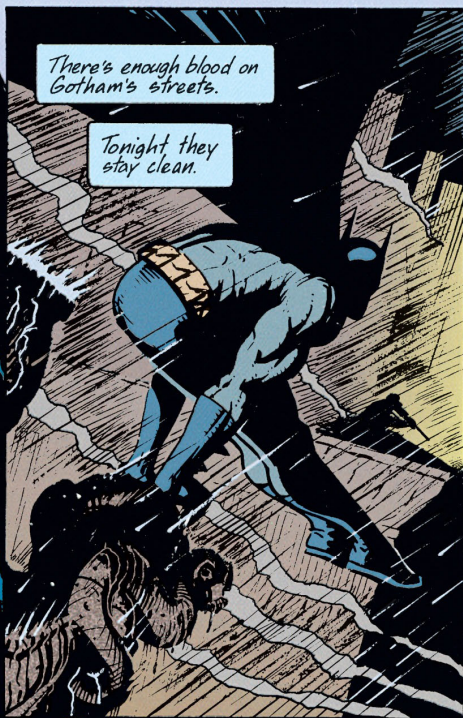


BATMAN created by BOB KANE



There's enough blood on  
Gotham's streets.

Tonight they  
stay clean.



He doesn't hear me land  
behind him. And by the time  
he does sense something...



He shelters in the darkness,  
sights on his prey. One twitch  
of a finger and it's all over.

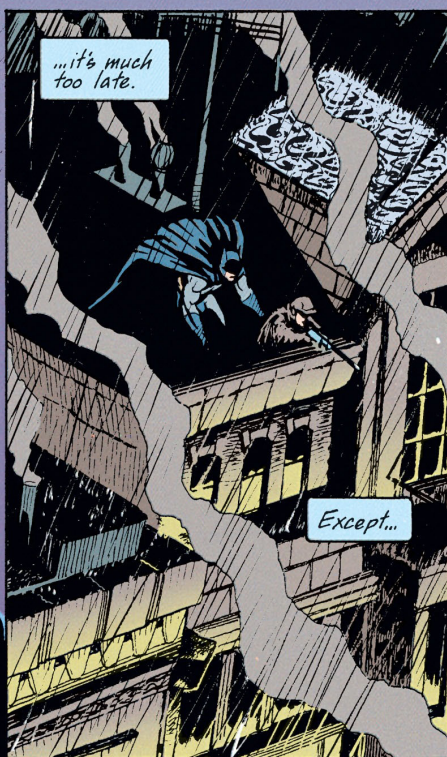
He thinks.

He's wrong.

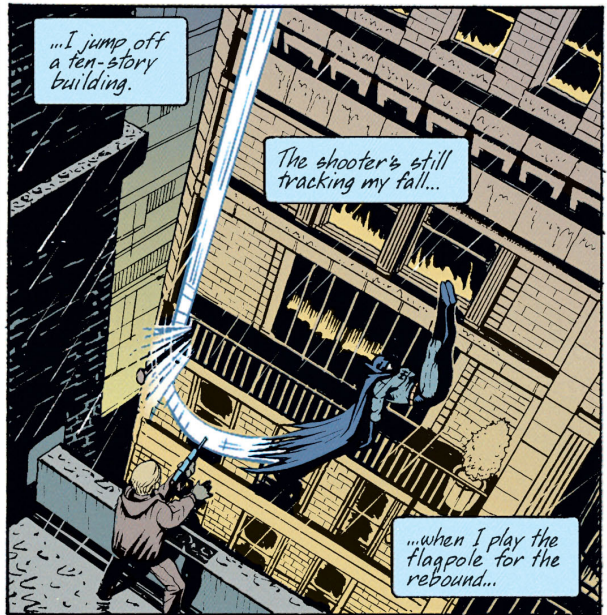
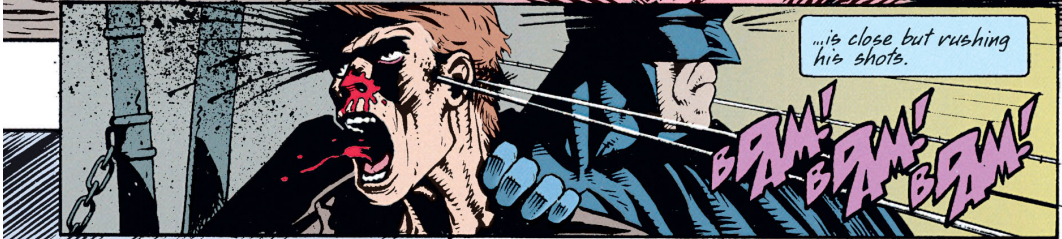
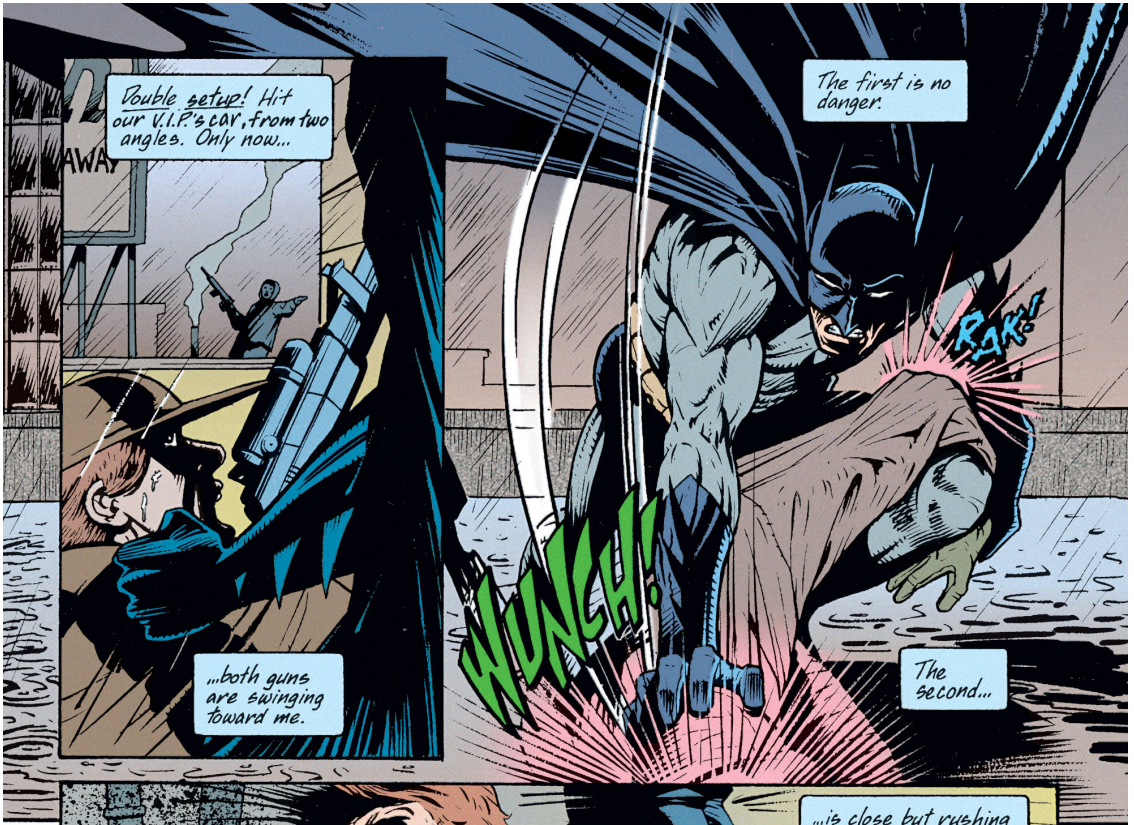


...it's much  
too late.

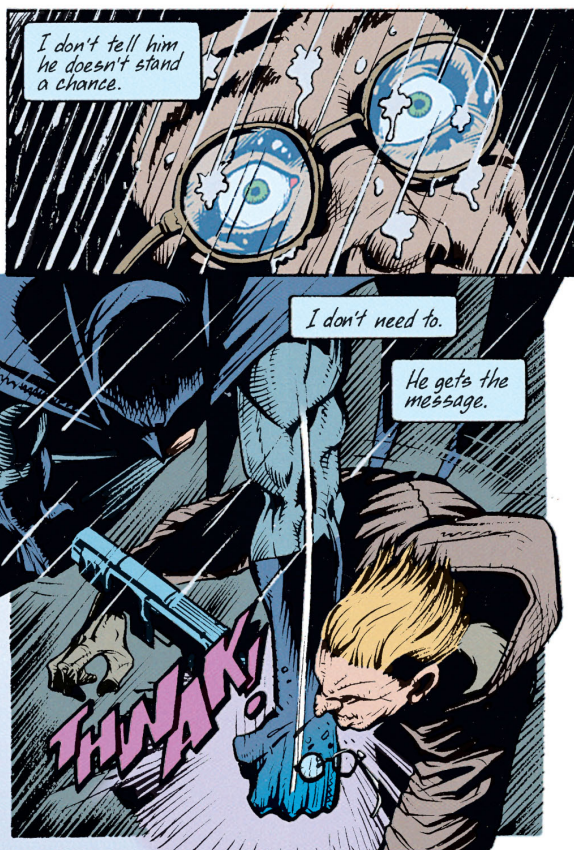
Except...



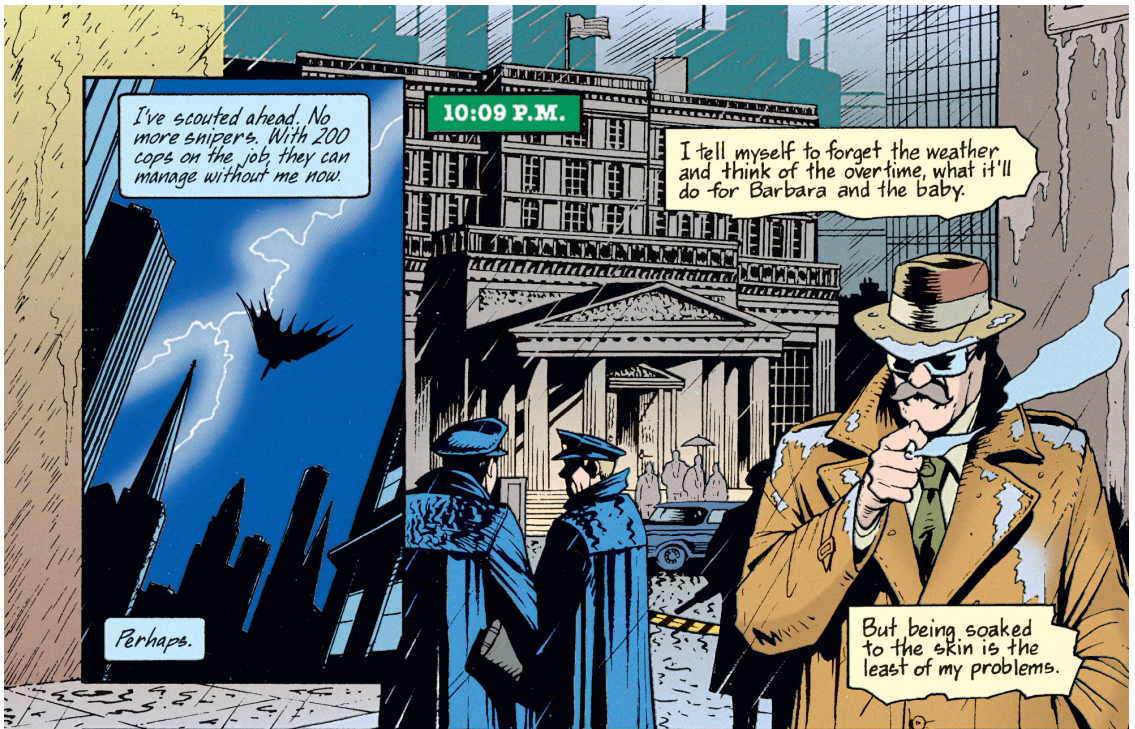












I've scouted ahead. No more snipers. With 200 cops on the job, they can manage without me now.

10:09 P.M.

I tell myself to forget the weather and think of the overtime, what it'll do for Barbara and the baby.

Perhaps.

But being soaked to the skin is the least of my problems.



There's the C.I.A. sweetheart in charge of this show.

GORDON!  
MISTER DAVIS WANTS YOU. NOW.

If he treated me like dirt, it'd be a promotion.



VIGILANTE INTERFERENCE? CALL THAT DOING YOUR JOB, CAPTAIN?

IF YOU DIDN'T INSIST ON PARADING YOUR MAN ALL OVER THE PLACE, MY JOB WOULD BE A HELL OF A LOT EASIER.



YOU WANT AN EASY LIFE, GORDON, BECOME A STORE DETECTIVE. IN THE MEANTIME, KEEP THAT BAT-CREEP AWAY.

THIS IS MY OPERATION.



10:21 P.M.

They're out. The storm doesn't keep the vultures from hunting.

HOLD IT!

OH JEEZ!

IT'S BEEN CRAWLING WITH GOVERNMENT MUSCLE ALL WEEK. Y'KNOW, SPOOKS, C.I.A. TYPES.

One runs into a wall, the other hits a trashcan.

If I had a sense of humor about these things, I'd be smiling.

The reek of cheap perfume hits me from beyond the alley.

WANNA DATE, HANDSOME?

SALLY.

BAD WEATHER FOR A WORKING GIRL.

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

MY MASCARA COULDN'T RUN ANY FASTER IF IT WAS IN THE OLYMPIC HUNDRED METERS.

I THOUGHT YOU WORKED THE BLACKMIRE HOTEL ON FRIDAYS.

THEY SCARE OFF MY REGULARS, AND THEY'RE LOUSHY TIPPERERS.



10:25 P.M.

Davis's V.I.P.s finished touring City Hall. No further incidents, but tension's still running high.

ANYTHING GOES WRONG TONIGHT, GORDON, IT'S YOUR NECK ON THE LINE.

FUNNY. I THOUGHT THIS WAS YOUR OPERATION.

DEFINITELY, CAPTAIN. AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE SPOILED BY SOME CITY COP WITH AN ATTITUDE AND NO UNDERSTANDING OF HOW THE BIG LEAGUES WORK.

I bite my tongue...and think of the overtime.

10:32 P.M.

Besides C.I.A., Sally's encountered Barrett, a small-time, gun-dealer who's just made a big-time sale.

BUT THEN YOU PROBABLY KNEW THAT ALREADY, BIG GUY.

I didn't.

But I do now.

ANYWAY... THANKS.

FOR WHAT?

LAST TIME YOU WALKED ME HOME, MY PIMP DIDN'T TOUCH ME FOR A WHOLE WEEK.



10:40 P.M.

Gotham General Hospital. Last stop for Mister V.I.P. before he gets safely tucked away for the night.

THIS WAY, SIR.

ORDERLY, WHY HASN'T THIS PATIENT BEEN MOVED TO SURGICAL PREP, YET?

SORRY, DOCTOR HINES--

--EVERYTHING'S ON HOLD 'TIL THE VISITING PARTY LEAVES THE WING. SECURITY STUFF.

REMIND THEM THIS IS A MEDICAL FACILITY, NOT AN EXHIBITION.

OUR MAN SHOULDN'T BE MUCH LONGER. ONCE YOU'VE ESCORTED HIM TO THE HOTEL, YOU CAN GO HOME, CUDDLE WITH YOUR WIFE.

LEAVE THE REST TO THE PROFESSIONALS.

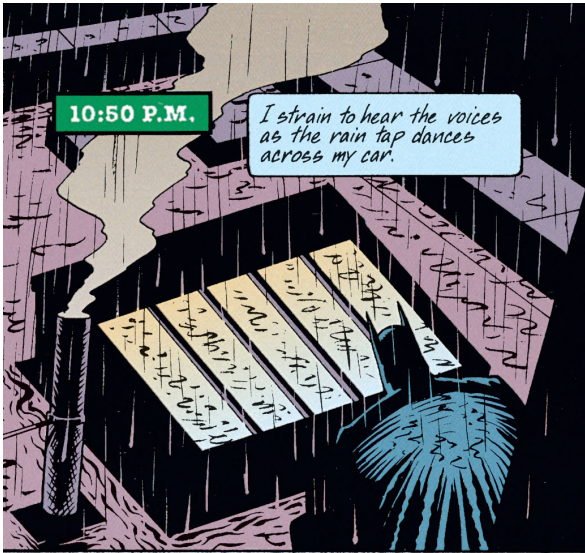
Davis whirls to whisper into his radio... like I'm not fit to hear.

UNIT THREE? HOTEL SQUARED AWAY? EXCELLENT.

HEY, CHECK THE MEDICAL 'COPTER...LOOKS LIKE BAD NEWS.

I'LL ALERT THE HOSPITAL, CLEAR THE WAY FOR EMERGENCY LANDING.







10:56 P.M.

Gotham General Hospital roof.

IT'S ON FIRE!

GET THE PATIENTS OFF!

YOU DEALT WITH THE TERRORISTS, BARRETT?

I...I DON'T ASK FOR REFERENCES, Y'KNOW? IT WAS CASH. GOOD CASH. SIDES, THEY ONLY NEEDED AMMO. THEY ALREADY HAD GUNS. I MEAN, HEY, THEY'RE PROFESSIONALS, RIGHT?

ANYWAY, WHAT ARE YOU GETTIN' SO BENT ABOUT? IT'S NOT LIKE THOSE AGENCY GUYS DON'T KNOW THIS STUFF.

WHAT?

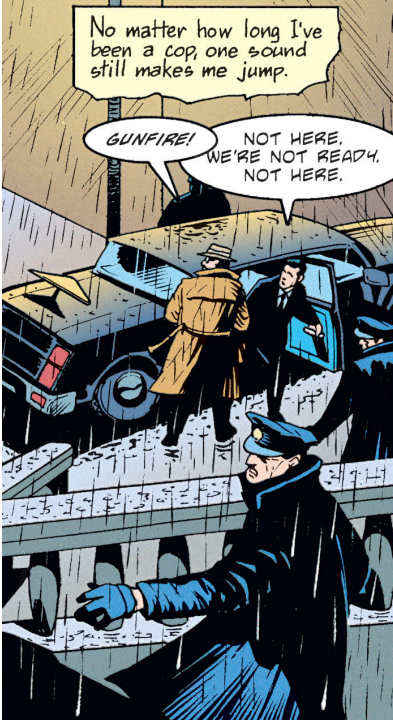
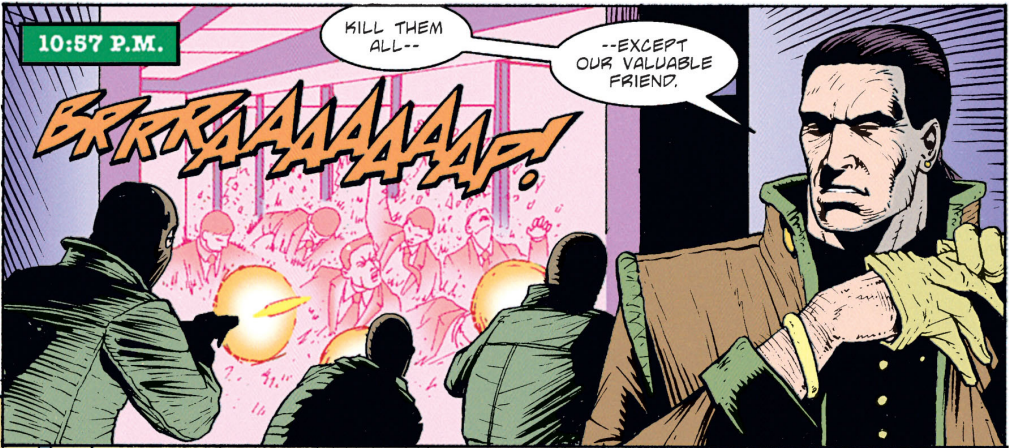
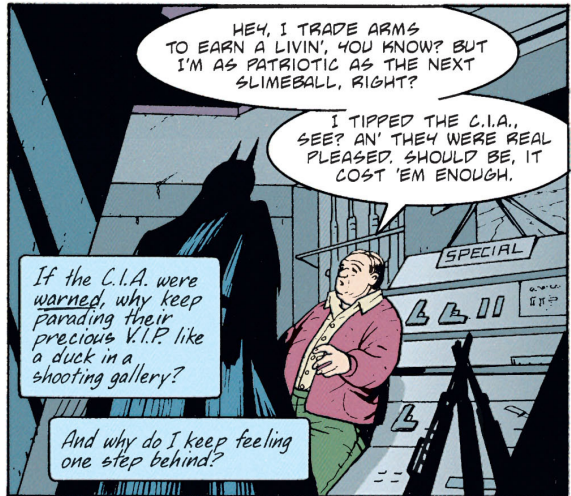
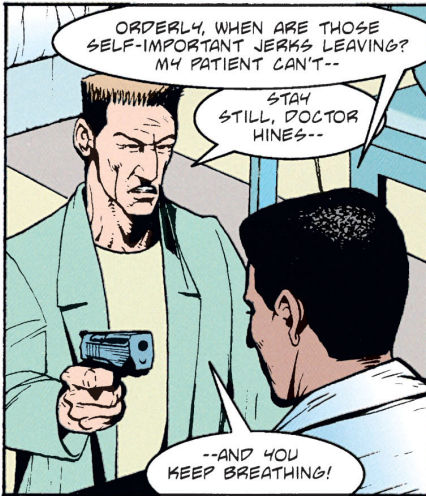
GET THEM UNSTRAPPED AND...

AAGH!

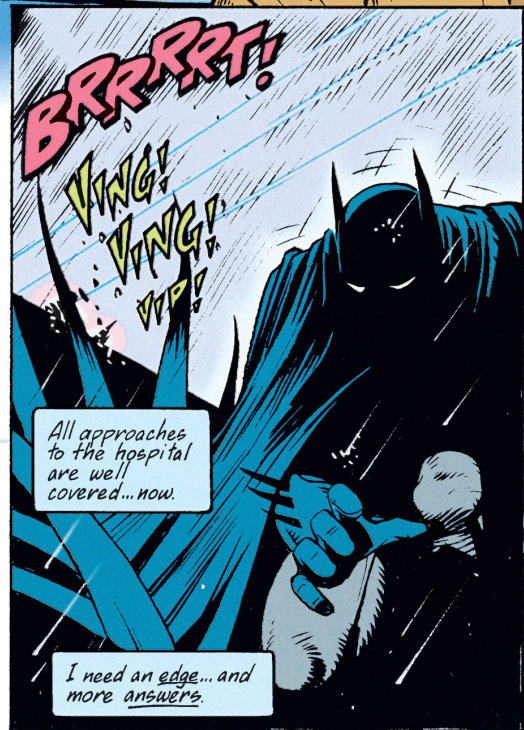
BRRT!

RIGHT ON TIME. TURN OFF THE SMOKE. WE'RE GOING IN!











11:12 P.M.

Davis isn't allowing anyone else talk to the terrorists and he doesn't seem interested in negotiating terms.

Almost like there's a private grudge match going on.

They want access to the roof and their copter, or the hostages die at midnight. With Davis's approach, it's a strong possibility.

I call Barbara. She'll be keeping both sides of the bed warm tonight.

11:15 P.M.

The Blackmire Hotel.

Events at the hospital keep most of the C.I.A. crew here diverted. Saves me from being clever...

...just patient. I need one old enough to know...

...young enough to still have some imagination.

This is a tough, qualified agent.

Local creeps scare fast. They know who I am. He doesn't. I have to teach him.

Five seconds is a long time when you wait for the sound of your falling gun to hit bottom.

He's a fast learner.



11:21 P.M.

The terrorists keep repeating their midnight deadline. Davis says wait. Whatever he's up to, I don't think the hostages figure heavily in the equation.

No matter how hard I try, I can't get the word "bloodbath" out of my mind.

CAPTAIN GORDON, WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AND DO NOTHING.

THE COMMISSIONER BACKS DAVIS. ORDERS ARE ORDERS.

WE WAIT.

KEEP THOSE HOSTAGES QUIET! I NEED TO CONCENTRATE ON--

BUT IF YOU LET ME GET MY EQUIPMENT, I CAN SAVE THIS MAN AND--

I SAID QUIET!

VERRRAAT

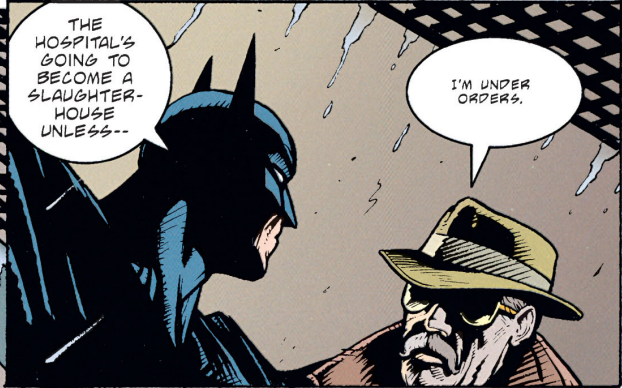
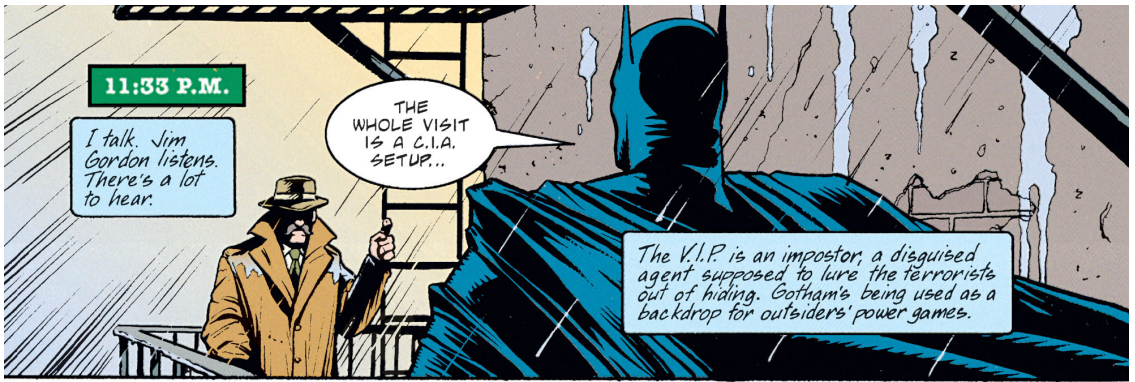
11:28 P.M.

I get a phone call.

It isn't Barbara. Or the commissioner.

TOSS THE BODY OUT THE WINDOW. THAT SHOULD SPEED NEGOTIATIONS.







11:42 P.M.

THAT'LL  
STOP THE  
BLEEDING.  
TRY TO  
RELAX.

TRY  
TO SHUT  
UP.

THESE  
PEOPLE ARE  
IN NEED  
AND I--

ONE MORE  
WORD, DOCTOR KILDARE,  
AND I BLOW YOUR MOUTH  
OFF. GOT IT?

CAPTAIN?  
UNIT 14 REPORTS  
ALL QUIET AT THE NEW  
POST...JUST LIKE THE  
OLD ONE.

TELL  
THEM TO APPRECIATE  
IT, MERKEL...

"...OTHERS MAY BE  
GOING THROUGH  
A LOT MORE."

Dirt.

Dirt and  
human  
filth.

The storm has  
churned it up...

...now it's time to  
deal with it.



11:50 P.M.

WE'RE  
WASTING TIME,  
OUR DEADLINE'S  
CLOSE AND--

I'M  
TELLING YOU,  
I HEARD A  
NOISE.

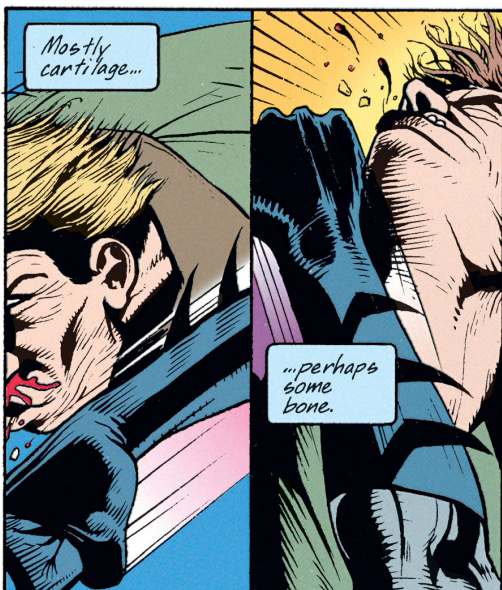
*This is a place for healing,  
for people dedicated to  
helping others... people  
like my father.*

*Not for killers. Not even  
when they wrap it in a  
cause.*

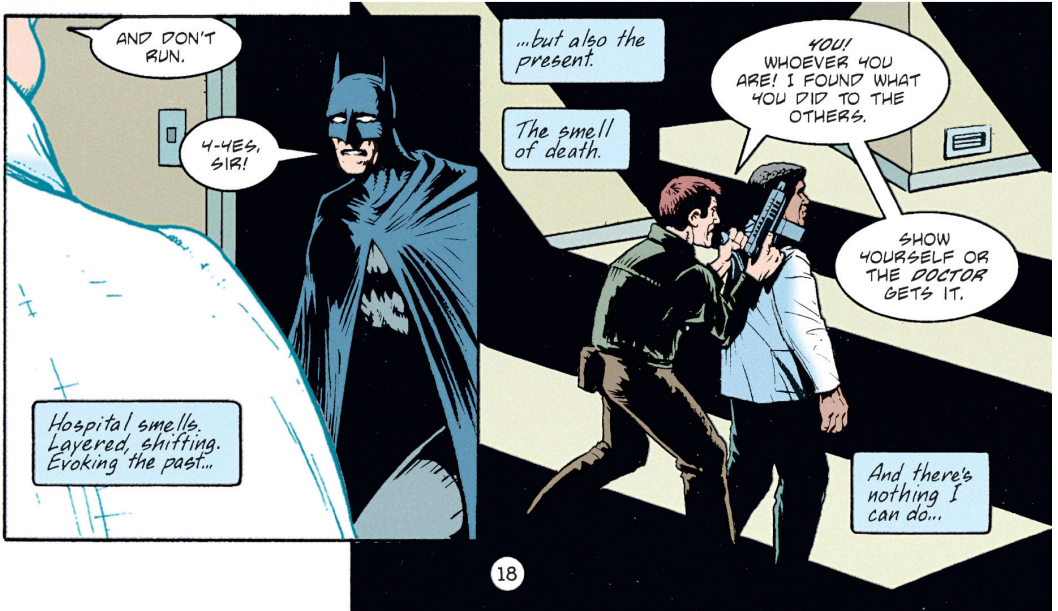
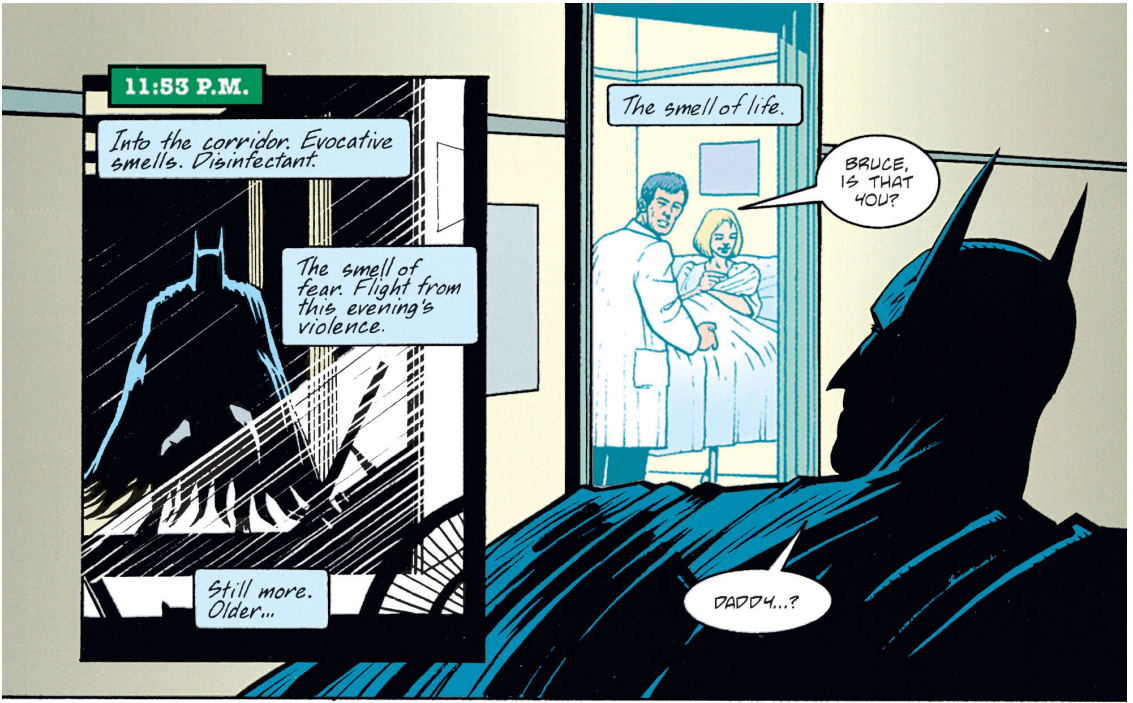
THERE!  
WHAT--

*They violate this  
place and its  
purpose...*

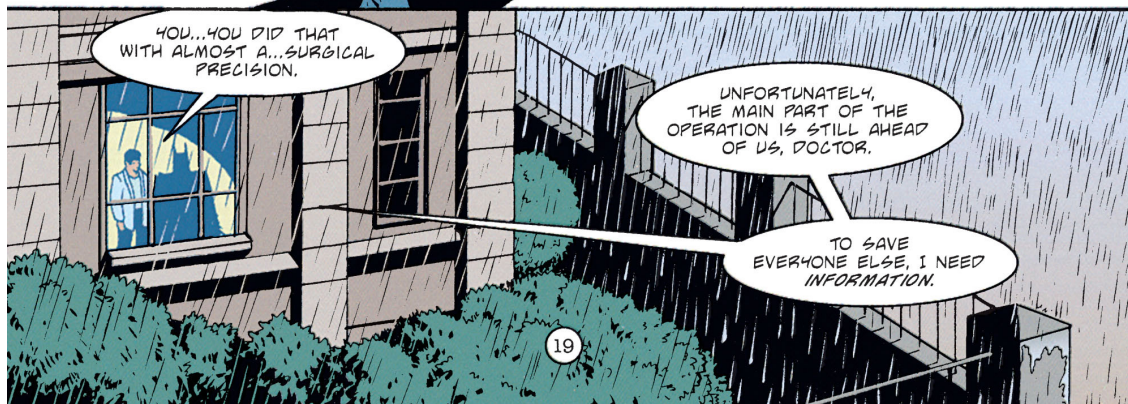
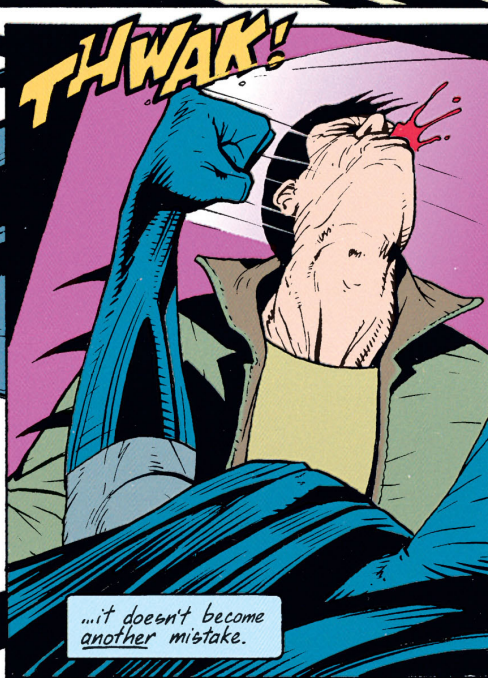
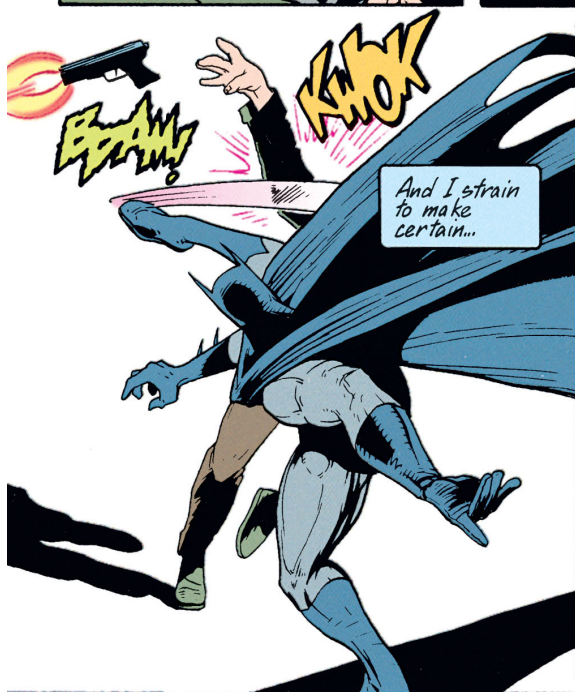
*...and they  
appear shocked  
that they may  
have to pay.*













11:57 P.M.

THREE MINUTES TO THE DEADLINE.

I KNOW.

He doesn't know anything.

THREE MEN MISSING, PLUS THE DOCTOR.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THIS ROOM HAS ONE ENTRANCE. LINE THE HOSTAGES IN FRONT OF IT.

YOU MEN READY?

YES, SIR. IS MISTER DAVIS WITH US, CAPTAIN GORDON?

I DIDN'T ASK.

One door. Three armed and ready terrorists. Hit it that way, you're dead meat.

But there's the window...

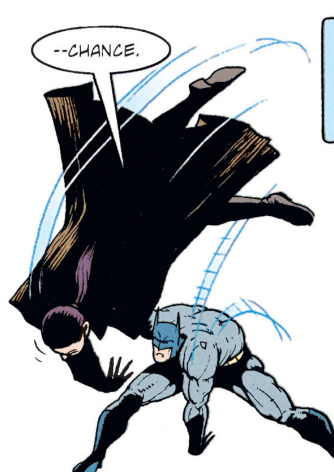
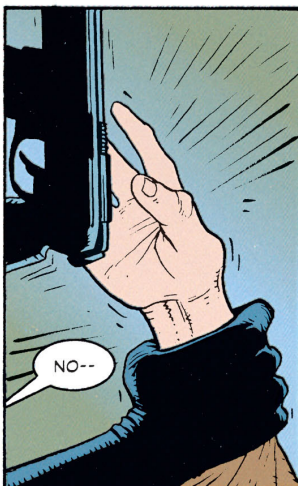
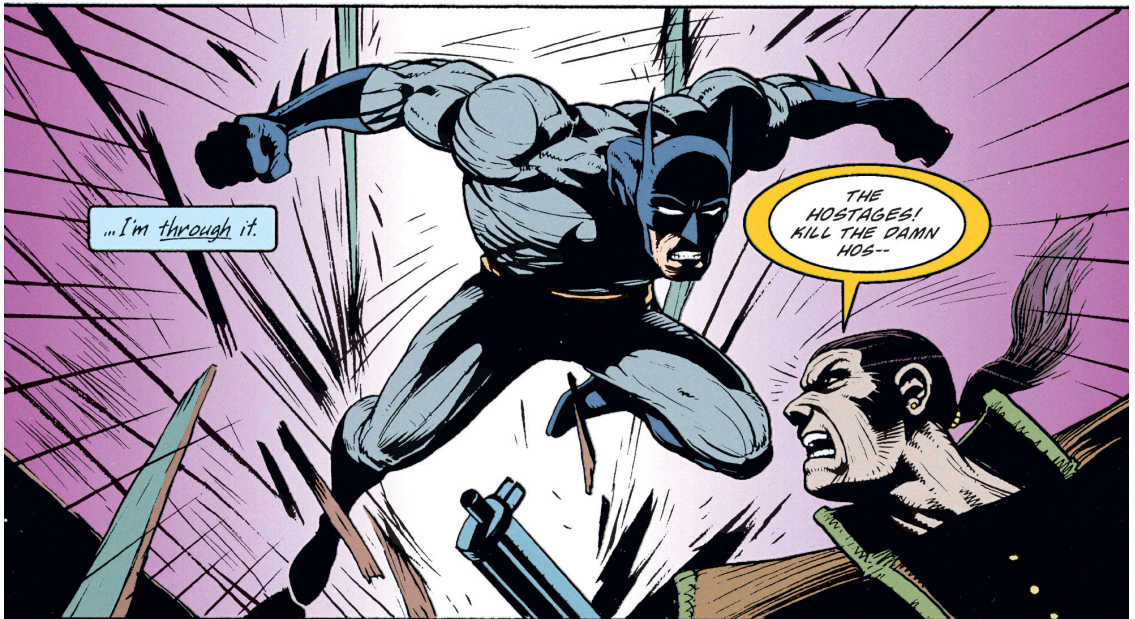
KRAASH!!

...still a risk. Still could go wrong and...

VRAT-AT-AT!

Dead meat.





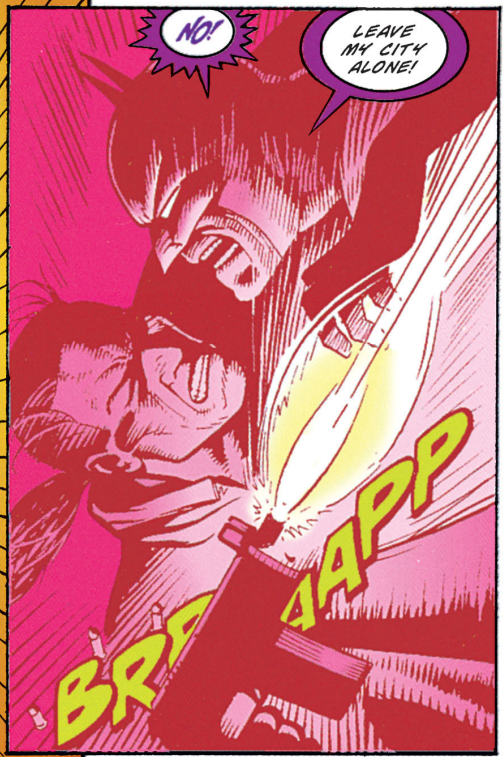
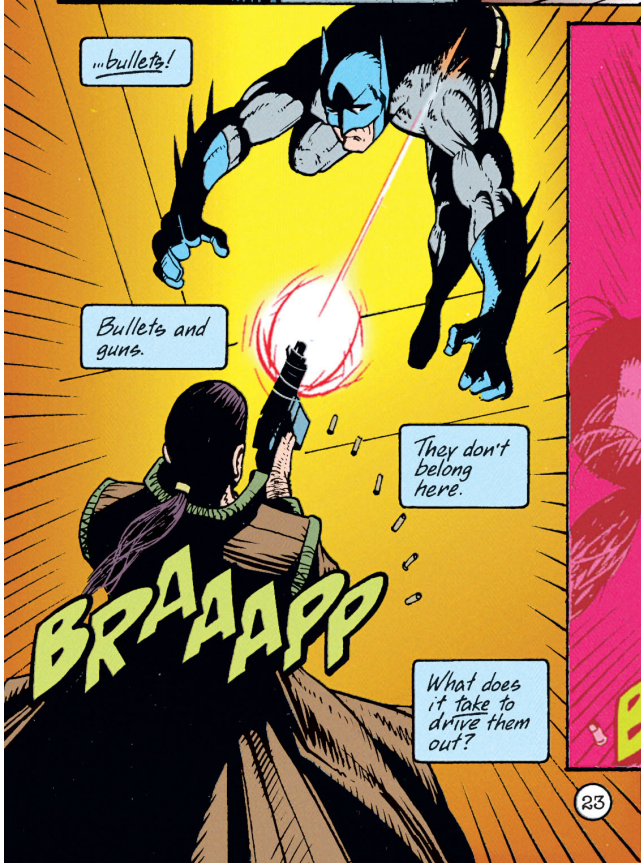
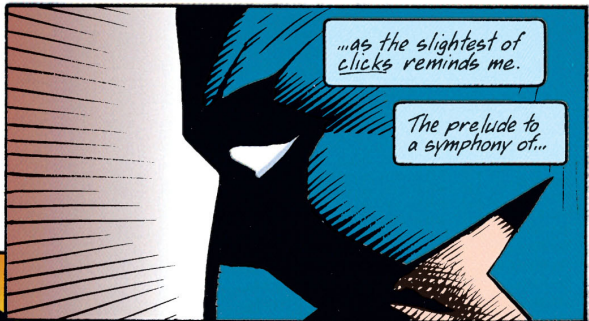




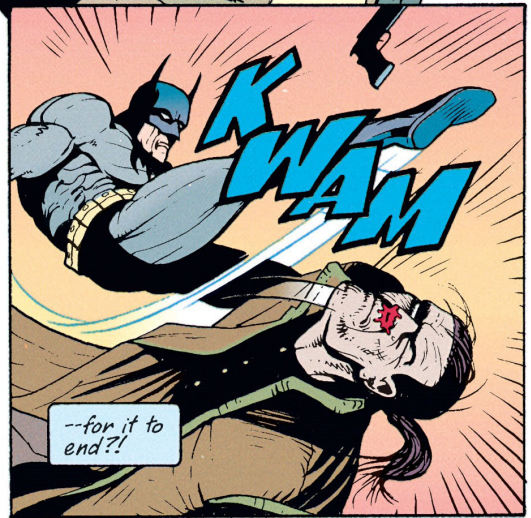




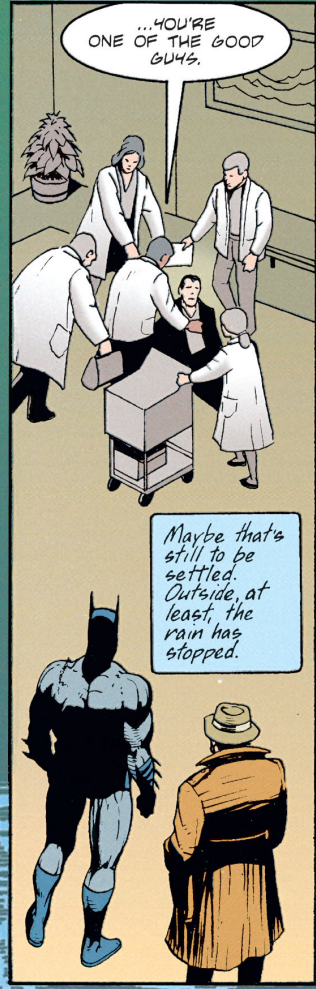
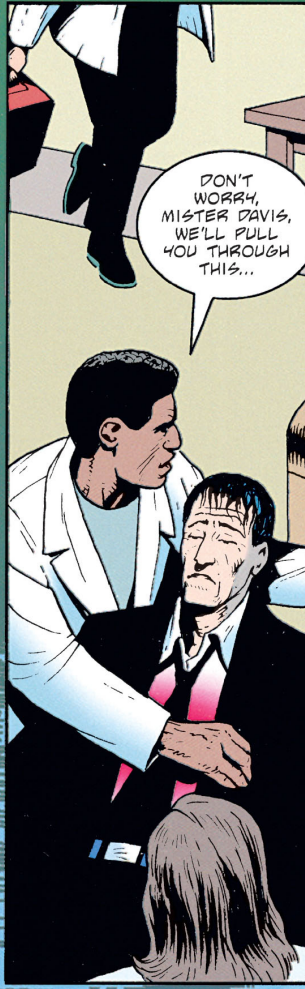
Doctor Hines's sedative wasn't strong enough.







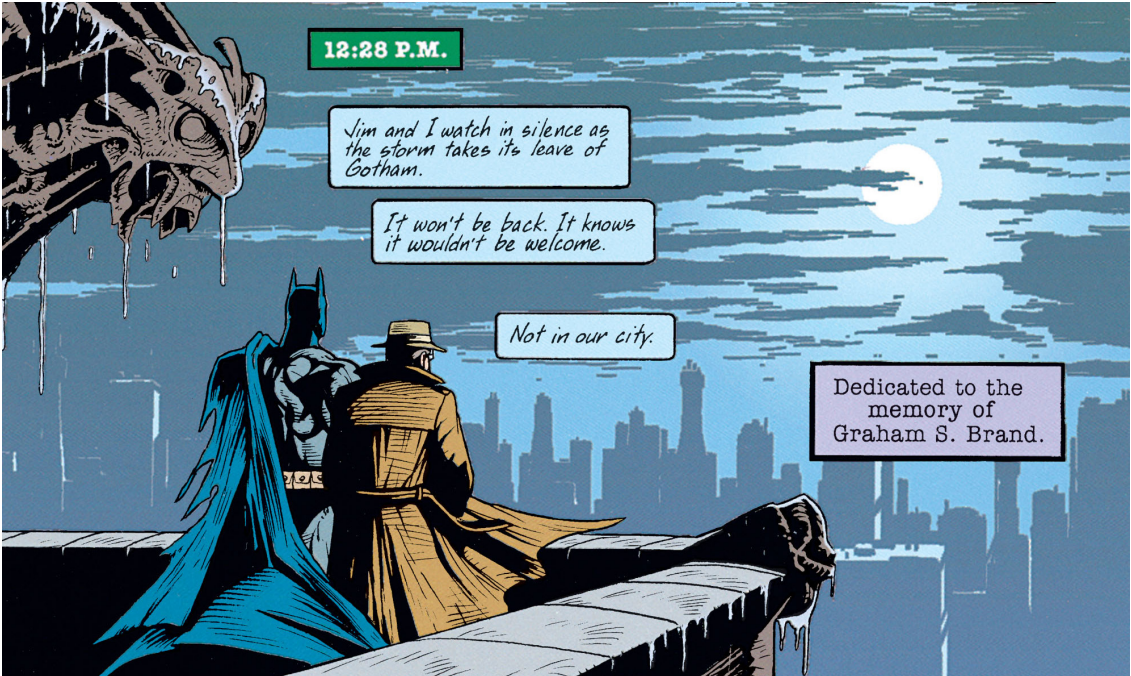




1975-12-31

GOtham CITY





12:28 P.M.

*Jim and I watch in silence as  
the storm takes its leave of  
Gotham.*

*It won't be back. It knows  
it wouldn't be welcome.*

*Not in our city.*

Dedicated to the  
memory of  
Graham S. Brand.